



THE
GOLDEN TREASURY
OF THE BEST SONGS AND LYRICAL POEMS
IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

SELECTED AND ARRANGED WITH NOTES BY
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REVISED AND ENLARGED



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ALFRED TENNYSON

POET LAUREATE

THIS book in its progress has recalled often to my memory a man with whose friendship we were once honoured, to whom no region of English Literature was unfamiliar, and who, whilst rich in all the noble gifts of Nature, was most eminently distinguished by the noblest and the rarest,—just judgment and high-hearted patriotism. It would have been hence a peculiar pleasure and pride to dedicate what I have endeavoured to make a true national Anthology of three centuries to Henry Hallam. But he is beyond the reach of any human tokens of love and reverence, and I desire therefore to place before it a name united with his by associations which, while Poetry retains her hold on the minds of Englishmen, are not likely to be forgotten.

Your encouragement, given while traversing the wild scenery of Tintern Dinas, led me to begin the work, and it has been completed under your advice and assistance. For the favour now asked I have thus a second reason and to this I may add, the homage which is your right as Poet, and the gratitude due to a Friend, whose regard I rate at no common value

Permit me then to inscribe to yourself a book which, I hope, may be found by many a lifelong fountain of innocent and exalted pleasure, a source of animation to friends when they meet, and able to sweeten solitude itself with best society,—with the companionship of the wise and the good, with the beauty which the eye cannot see, and the music only heard in silence. If this Collection proves a storehouse of delight to Labour and to Poverty,—if it teaches those indifferent to the Poets to love them, and those who love them to love them more, the aim and the desire entertained in framing it will be fully accomplished

F T P

MAY 1861

PREFACE

THIS little Collection differs, it is believed, from others in the attempt made to include in it all the best original Lyrical pieces and Songs in our language (save a very few regretfully omitted on account of length), by writers not living,—and none beside the best. Many familiar verses will hence be met with, many also which should be familiar—the Editor will regard as his fittest readers those who love Poetry so well, that he can offer them nothing not already known and valued.

The Editor is acquainted with no strict and exhaustive definition of Lyrical Poetry, but he has found the task of practical decision increase in clearness and in facility as he advanced with the work, whilst keeping in view a few simple principles. Lyrical has been here held essentially to imply that each Poem shall turn on some single thought, feeling, or situation. In accordance with this, narrative, descriptive, and didactic poems,—unless accompanied by rapidity of movement, brevity, and the colouring of human passion,—have been excluded. Humorous poetry, except in the very unfrequent instances where a truly poetical tone pervades the whole, with what is strictly personal, occasional, and religious, has been considered foreign to the idea of the book. Blank verse and the ten-syllable couplet, with all pieces markedly dramatic, have been rejected as alien from what is commonly understood by Song, and rarely conforming to Lyrical conditions in treatment. But it is not anticipated, nor is it possible, that all readers shall think the line accurately drawn. Some poems, as Gray's *Elegy*, the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, Wordsworth's *Ruth* or Campbell's *Lord Ullin*, might be claimed with perhaps equal justice for a narrative or descriptive selection whilst with reference especially to Ballads and Sonnets, the Editor can only state that he has taken his utmost pains to decide without caprice or partiality.

This also is all he can plead in regard to a point even more liable to question,—what degree of merit should give rank among the Best. That a poem shall be worthy of the writer's genius,—that it shall reach a perfection commensurate with its aim,—that we should require finish in proportion to brevity,—that passion, colour, and originality cannot atone for serious imperfections in clearness, unity or truth,—that a few good lines do not make a good poem, that popular estimate is serviceable as a guidepost more than as a compass,—above all, that excellence should be looked for rather in the whole than in the parts,—such and other such canons have been always steadily regarded. He may however add that the pieces chosen, and a far larger number rejected, have been carefully and repeatedly considered, and that he has been aided throughout by two friends of independent and exercised judgment, besides the distinguished person addressed in the Dedication. It is hoped that by this procedure the volume has been freed from that one-sidedness which must beset individual decisions.—but for the final choice the Editor is alone responsible.

Chalmers' vast collection, with the whole works of all accessible poets not contained in it, and the best Anthologies of different periods, have been twice systematically read through and it is hence improbable that any omissions which may be regretted are due to oversight. The poems are printed entire, except in a very few instances where a stanza or passage has been omitted. These omissions have been risked only when the piece could be thus brought to a closer lyrical unity and, as essentially opposed to this unity, extracts, obviously such, are excluded. In regard to the text, the purpose of the book has appeared to justify the choice of the most poetical version, wherever more than one exists, and much labour has been given to present each poem, in disposition, spelling, and punctuation, to the greatest advantage.

In the arrangement, the most poetically effective order has been attempted. The English mind has passed through phases of thought and cultivation so

various and so opposed during these three centuries of Poetry, that a rapid passage between old and new, like rapid alteration of the eye's focus in looking at the landscape, will always be wearisome and hurtful to the sense of Beauty. The poems have been therefore distributed into Books corresponding, I to the ninety years closing about 1616, II thence to 1700, III to 1800, IV to the half century just ended. Or, looking at the Poets who more or less give each portion its distinctive character, they might be called the Books of Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, and Wordsworth. The volume, in this respect, so far as the limitations of its range allow, accurately reflects the natural growth and evolution of our Poetry. A rigidly chronological sequence, however, rather fits a collection aiming at instruction than at pleasure, and the wisdom which comes through pleasure.—within each book the pieces have therefore been arranged in gradations of feeling or subject. And it is hoped that the contents of this Anthology will thus be found to present a certain unity, 'as episodes,' in the noble language of Shelley, 'to that great Poem which all poets, like the co-operating thoughts of one great mind, have built up since the beginning of the world.'

As he closes his long survey, the Editor trusts he may add without egotism, that he has found the vague general verdict of popular Fame more just than those have thought, who, with too severe a criticism, would confine judgments on Poetry to 'the selected few of many generations.' Not many appear to have gained reputation without some gift or performance that, in due degree, deserved it. and if no verses by certain writers who show less strength than sweetness, or more thought than mastery of expression, are printed in this volume, it should not be imagined that they have been excluded without much hesitation and regret,—far less that they have been slighted. Throughout this vast and pathetic array of Singers now silent, few have been honoured with the name Poet, and have not possessed a skill in words, a sympathy with beauty, a tenderness of feeling, or seriousness in reflection, which render their works, although never perhaps

attaining that loftiest and finest excellence here required, —better worth reading than much of what fills the scanty hours that most men spare for self improvement, or for pleasure in any of its more elevated and permanent forms.—And if this be true of even mediocre poetry, for how much more are we indebted to the best! Like the fabled fountain of the Azores, but with a more various power, the magic of this Art can confer on each period of life its appropriate blessing on early years Experience, on maturity Calm, on age, Youthfulness Poetry gives treasures 'more golden than gold,' leading us in higher and healthier ways than those of the world, and interpreting to us the lessons of Nature But she speaks best for herself Her true accents, if the plan has been executed with success, may be heard throughout the following pages —wherever the Poets of England are honoured, wherever the dominant language of the world is spoken, it is hoped that they will find fit audience

1861

Some poems, especially in Book I, have been added.—either on better acquaintance;—in deference to critical suggestions,—or unknown to the Editor when first gathering his harvest For aid in these after-gleanings he is specially indebted to the excellent reprints of rare early verse given us by Dr. Hannah, Dr. Grosart, Mr. Arber, Mr. Bullen, and others,—and (in regard to the additions of 1883) to the advice of that distinguished Friend, by whom the final choice has been so largely guided The text has also been carefully revised from authoritative sources It has still seemed best, for many reasons, to retain the original limit by which the selection was confined to those then no longer living But the editor hopes that, so far as in him lies, a complete and definitive collection of our best Lyrics, to the centennial year of this fast closing century, is now offered

1883 1890 1891

Contents

DEDICATION	
PREFACE	PAGE
BOOK I	1
BOOK II	56
BOOK III	133
BOOK IV	197
NOTES	349
INDEX OF WRITERS	371
INDEX OF FIRST LINES	375

Εἰς τὸν λειμῶνα καθίσας,
ἔδρεπεν ἕτερον ἐφ' ἐτέρῳ
αἰρόμενος ἄγρευμ' ἀνθέων
ἀδομένα ψυχᾷ——

The Golden Treasury

Book First

I

SPRING

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king,
Then blooms each thing, then mads dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty buds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !
Spring ! the sweet Spring !

T Nash

II

THE FAIRY LIE

I

Where the bee sucks, there suck I
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 There I couch, when owls do cry
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough !

III

2

Come unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands -
 Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd
 The wild waves whist,
 Foot it fealty here and there ,
 And, sweet Spites, the burthen bear.
 Hark, hark !
 Bow-how
 The watch-dogs bark
 Bow wow
 Hark, hark ! I hear
 The strain of strutting chanticleer
 Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow !

W Shakespeare

IV

SUMMONS TO LOVE

Phoebus, arise !
 And paint the sable skies
 With azure, white, and red
 Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed

That she may thy career with roses spread :
The nightingales thy coming each-where sing
Make an eternal Spring !
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead ,
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And emperor-like decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair
Chase hence the ugly night
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light
—This is that happy morn,
That day, long-wishéd day
Of all my life so dark,
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn
And fates my hopes betray),
Which, purely white, deserves
An everlasting diamond should it mark
This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My Love, to hear and recompense my love
Fair King, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see than those which by Penéus' streams
Did once thy heart surprize
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise
If that ye winds would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your furious chiding stay ,
Let Zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play
—The winds all silent are,
And Phoebus in his chair
Ensaffroning sea and air
Makes vanish every star
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels
The fields with flowers are deck'd in every hue,
The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue ,
Here is the pleasant place—
And nothing wanting is, save She, alas !

W Drummond of Hawthornden

V

TIME AND LOVE

I

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
 The rich proud cost of out-worn hurried age,
 When sometime lofty towers I see down razed,
 And bias eternal slave to mortal rage,
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,
 Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
 When I have seen such interchange of state,
 Or state itself confounded to decay,
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat—
 That Time will come and take my Love away:
 —This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

W Shakespeare

VI

2

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
 But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
 O how shall summer's honey breath hold out
 Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
 O fearful meditation! where, alack!
 Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back,
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
 O! none, unless this miracle have might,
 That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

W Shakespeare

VII

*THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS
LOVE*

Come live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield

There will we sit upon the rocks
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals

There will I make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kittle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs •
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love

C Marlowe

VIII

OMNIA VINCIT

Fain would I change that note
 To which fond Love hath charm'd me
 Long long to sing by rote,
 Fancying that that harm'd me
 Yet when this thought doth come
 'Love is the perfect sum
 Of all delight,'
 I have no other choice
 Either for pen or voice
 To sing or write.

O Love ! they wrong thee much
 That say thy sweet is bitter,
 When thy rich fruit is such
 As nothing can be sweeter
 Fair house of joy and bliss,
 Where truest pleasure is,
 I do adore thee
 I know thee what thou art,
 I serve thee with my heart,
 And fall before thee !

Anon.

IX

A MADRIGAL

Crabbed Age and Youth
 Cannot live together
 Youth is full of pleasance,
 Age is full of care,
 Youth like summer morn,
 Age like winter weather,
 Youth like summer brave,
 Age like winter bare :

Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, Age is lame
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold,
Youth is wild, and Age is tame —
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee ,
O ' my Love, my Love is young ' !
Age, I do defy thee—
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long

W Shakespeare

x

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat—
Come hither, come hither, come hither ' !
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets—
Come hither, come hither, come hither ' !
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather

IV Shakespeare

XI

It was a lover and his lass

With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino !
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing hey ding a ding
Sweet lovers love the Spring

Between the acies of the eye
These pretty country folks would lie
This carol they began that hour,
How that life was but a flower

And therefore take the present time

With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino !
For love is crownéd with the prime
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing hey ding a ding
Sweet lovers love the Spring

W Shakespeare

XII

PRESENT IN ABSENCE

Absence, hear thou this protestation
Against thy strength,
Distance, and length ,
Do what thou canst for alteration
For hearts of truest mettle
Absence doth join, and Time doth settle
Who loves a mistress of such quality,
His mind hath found
Affection's ground
Beyond time, place, and mortality
To hearts that cannot vary
Absence is present, Time doth tarry

By absence this good means I gain,
 That I can catch her,
 Where none can match her,
 In some close corner of my brain
 There I embrace and kiss her,
 And so I both enjoy and miss her.

J Donne.

XIII

VIA AMORIS

High way, since you my chief Parnassus be,
 And that my Muse, to some ears not unsweet,
 Tunes her words to tripping hoises' feet
 More oft than to a chamber-melody,—
 Now, blessed you bear onward blessed me
 To her, where I my heart, safe-left, shall meet,
 My Muse and I must you of duty greet
 With thanks and wishes, wishing thankfully,
 Be you still fair, honour'd by public heed,
 By no encroachment wrong'd, nor time forgot,
 Nor blamed for blood, nor shamed for sinful deed,
 And that you know I envy you no lot
 Of highest wish, I wish you so much bliss,—
 Hundreds of years you Stella's feet may kiss!

Sir P Sidney

XIV

ABSENCE

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
 Upon the hours and times of your desire?
 I have no precious time at all to spend
 Nor services to do, till you require
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
 When you have bid your servant once adieu

Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
 But like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
 Save, where you are, how happy you make those ,
 So true a fool is love, that in you will
 Though you do anything, he thinks no ill

W Shakespeare

XV

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From Thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
 What old December's bareness every where !
 And yet this time removed was summer's time
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
 Bearing the wanton burden of the pime
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
 But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit ;
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
 And, thou away, the very birds are mute ,
 Or if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near

W Shakespeare

XVI

A CONSOLATION

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
 I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate ,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featured like him, like him with friends possest,
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least ,

Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on Thee—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate,
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings

W Shakespeare

XVII

THE UNCHANGEABLE

O never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie,
That is my home of love, if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose in it thou art my all

W Shakespeare

XVIII

To me, fair Friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed
Such seems your beauty still Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived,

So you sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived
 For fear of which, hea! this, thou age unbied,—
 Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead

IV Shakespeare

XIV

ROSALINE

Like to the clear in highest sphere
 Where all imperial glory shines,
 Of selfsame colour is her hair
 Whether unfolded, or in twines

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
 Resembling heaven by every wink ,
 The Gods do fear whenas they glow,
 And I do tremble when I think

Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
 That beautifies Aurora's face,
 Or like the silver crimson shroud
 That Phoebus' smiling looks doth grace ,

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !

Her lips are like two budded roses
 Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,
 Within which bounds she balm encloses
 Apt to entice a deity

Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Her neck is like a stately tower
 Where Love himself imprison'd lies,
 To watch for glances every hour
 From her divine and sacred eyes

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !

Her paps are centres of delight,
 Her breasts are orbs of heavenly flame,
 Where Nature moulds the dew of light
 To feed perfection with the same

Heigh ho, would she were mine !

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
 With marble white, with sapphire blue
 Her body every way is fed,
 Yet soft in touch and sweet in view

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !

Nature herself her shape admires ,
 The Gods are wounded in her sight ,
 And Love forsakes his heavenly fires
 And at her eyes his brand doth light -

Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan
 The absence of fair Rosaline,
 Since for a fair there's fairer none,
 Nor for her virtues so divine

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline ,

Heigh ho, my heart ! would God that she were mine !

T Lodge

XX

COLIN

Beauty sat bathing by a spring
 Where fairest shades did hide her ,
 The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
 The cool streams ran beside her
 My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye
 To see what was forbidden
 But better memory said, fie !

So vain desire was chidden —

Hey nonny nonny O !

Hey nonny nonny !

Into a slumber then I fell,
 When fond imagination
 Seemed to see, but could not tell
 Her feature or her fashion
 But ev'n as babes in dreams do smile,
 And sometimes fall a-weeping,
 So I awaked, as wise this while
 As when I fell a-sleeping —

Hey nonny nonny O !

Hey nonny nonny !

The Shepherd's Tonne

XXI

A PICTURE

Sweet Love, if thou wilt gain a monarch's glory,
Subdue her heart, who makes me glad and sorry
Out of thy golden quiver
Take thou thy strongest arrow
That will through bone and marrow,
And me and thee of grief and fear deliver —
But come behind, for if she look upon thee,
Alas ! poor Love ! then thou art woe-begone thee !

Anon

XXII

A SONG FOR MUSIC

Weep you no more, sad fountains —
What need you flow so fast ?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste !
But my Sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies,
Sleeping
Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets —
Doth not the sun rise smiling,
When fair at even he sets ?
— Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes !
Melt not in weeping !
While She lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies,
Sleeping !

Anon

XXIII

TO HIS LOVE

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date .

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;
Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest —

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

W Shakespeare

XXIV

TO HIS LOVE

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights ,

Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have exprest
Ev'n such a beauty as you master now

So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all, you prefiguring ,
And for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing

For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise

W. Shakespeare

XXV

BASIA

Turn back, you wanton flyer,
 And answer my desire
 With mutual greeting
 Yet bend a little nearer,—
 True beauty still shines clearer
 In closer meeting !
 Hearts with hearts delighted
 Should strive to be united,
 Each other's arms with arms enchaining,—
 Hearts with a thought,
 Rosy lips with a kiss still entertaining

What harvest half so sweet is
 As still to reap the kisses
 Grown ripe in sowing ?
 And straight to be receiver
 Of that which thou art giver,
 Rich in bestowing ?
 There is no strict observing
 Of times' or seasons' swerving,
 There is ever one fresh spring abiding,—
 Then what we sow with our lips
 Let us reap, love's gains dividing
T. Campion

XXVI

ADVICE TO A GIRL

Never love unless you can
 Bear with all the faults of man !
 Men sometimes will jealous be
 Though but little cause they see,
 And hang the head as discontent,
 And speak what straight they will repent.

Men, that but one Saint adore,
 Make a show of love to more ;
 Beauty must be scorn'd in none,
 Though but truly served in one .
 For what is courtship but disguise ?
 True hearts may have dissembling eyes

Men, when their affairs require,
 Must awhile themselves retire ,
 Sometimes hunt, and sometimes hawk,
 And not ever sit and talk —
 If these and such-like you can bear,
 Then like, and love, and never fear !
T. Campion

XXVII

LOVE'S PERJURIES

On a day, alack the day !
 Love, whose month is ever May,
 Spied a blossom passing fair
 Playing in the wanton air
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, 'gan passage find ,
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ,
 Air, would I might triumph so !
 But, alack, my hand is sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet ,
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet
 Do not call it sin in me
 That I am forsworn for thee
 Thou for whom Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiop were,
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.

W. Shakespeare

XXVIII

A SUPPLICATION

Forget not yet the tried intent
 Of such a truth as I have meant,
 My great travail so gladly spent,
 Forget not yet !

Forget not yet when first began
 The weary life ye know, since when
 The suit, the service none tell can,
 Forget not yet !

Forget not yet the great assays,
 The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
 The painful patience in delays,
 Forget not yet !

Forget not ! O, forget not this,
 How long ago hath been, and is
 The mind that never meant amiss—
 Forget not yet !

Forget not then thine own approved
 The which so long hath thee so loved,
 Whose steadfast faith yet never moved—
 Forget not this !

Str T Wyatt

XXIX

TO AURORA

O if thou knew'st how thou thyself dost harm,
 And dost prejudice thy bliss, and spoil my rest,
 Then thou would'st melt the ice out of thy breast
 And thy relenting heart would kindly warm

O if thy pride did not our joys controul,
 What world of loving wonders should'st thou see !
 For if I saw thee once transform'd in me,
 Then in thy bosom I would pour my soul,

Then all my thoughts should in thy visage shine,
 And if that aught mischanced thou should'st not moan
 Nor bear the burthen of thy griefs alone,
 No, I would have my share in what were thine

And whilst we thus should make our sorrows one,
 This happy harmony would make them none.

W. Alexander, Earl of Stirling

xxx

IN LACRIMAS

I saw my Lady weep,
 And Sorrow proud to be advanced so
 In those fair eyes where all perfections keep
 Her face was full of woe,
 But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts
 Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts

Sorrow was there made fair,
 And Passion, wise, Tears, a delightful thing,
 Silence, beyond all speech, a wisdom rare
 She made her sighs to sing,
 And all things with so sweet a sadness move
 As made my heart at once both grieve and love

O fairer than aught else
 The world can show, leave off in time to grieve !
 Enough, enough your joyful look excels
 Tears kill the heart, believe
 O strive not to be excellent in woe,
 Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow

Anon

XXVI

TRUE LOVE

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove —

O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ,
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ,
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out ev'n to the edge of doom —

If this be error, and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved

W Shakespeare

XXVII

A DITTY

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
 By just exchange one for another given
 I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
 There never was a better bargain driven

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
 My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides
 He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
 I cherish his because in me it bides

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

St P. Sidney

XXXIII

LOVE'S INSIGHT

Though otheis may Her brow adoie
Yet moie must I, that therein see fai moie
Than any other's eyes have powei to see
 She is to me
More than to any otheis she can be !
I can discern moie secret notes
That in the margin of her cheeks Love quotes,
Than any else besides have art to read
 No looks piceed
From those fai eyes but to me wonder breed.

Anon.

XXXIV

LOVE'S OMNIPRESENCE

Were I as base as is the lowly plain,
And you, my Love, as high as heaven above,
Yet should the thoughts of me your humble swain
Ascend to heaven, in honour of my Love
Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
And you, my Love, as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
Whereso'er you were, with you my love should go
Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies,
My love should shine on you like to the sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes
Till heaven wax'd blind, and till the world were done
Whereso'er I am, below, or else above you,
Whereso'er you are, my heart shall truly love you

J Sylvester

XXXV

CARPE DIEM

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
 O stay and hear ' your true-love's coming
 That can sing both high and low,
 Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
 Journeys end in lovers meeting—
 Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter,
 Present mirth hath present laughter,
 What's to come is still unsure
 In delay there lies no plenty,—
 Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-twenty,
 Youth's a stuff will not endure

IV *Shakespeare*

XXXVI

AN HONEST AUTOLYCUS

Fine knacks for ladies, cheap, choice, brave, and new,
 Good penny-worths,—but money cannot move
 I keep a fair but for the Fair to view,
 A beggar may be liberal of love
 Though all my wares be trash, the heart is true—
 The heart is true

Great gifts are guiles and look for gifts again;
 My trifles come as treasures from my mind,
 It is a precious jewel to be plain,
 Sometimes in shell the orient'st pearls we find :—
 Of others take a sheaf, of me a grain!
 Of me a grain!

Anon.

XXXVII

WINTER

When icicles hang by the wall
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl

Tu-whit !

Tu-who ! A meiry note !
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot

When all about the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl—
 Then nightly sings the staring owl

Tu-whit !

Tu-who ! A merry note !
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot

W Shakespeare

XXXVIII

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang

In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest

In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie
 As the death-bed whereon it must expue,
 Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by

—This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more
strong,

To love that well which thou must leave ere long

W Shakespeare

XXXIX

MEMORY

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste,

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night.
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoan'd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

—But if the while I think on thee, dear Friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end

W Shakespeare

XL

SLEEP

Come, Sleep O Sleep! the certain knot of peace,
The bating-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low;

With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw
O make in me those civil wars to cease,
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so

Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf of noise and blind of light,
A rosy garland and a weary head
And if these things, as being thine in light,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see

Sir P. Sidney

XLI

REVOLUTIONS

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore
So do our minutes hasten to their end,
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend

Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crook'd eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave, doth now his gift confound

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow —

And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand
Praising Thy worth, despite his cruel hand

W. Shakespeare

XLII

Farewell ! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing,
My bonds in thee are all determinate.

For how do I hold thee but by thy granting ?
And for that riches where is my deserving ?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving

Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
 Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking,
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
 Comes home again, on better judgment making.

Thus have I had thee as a dream doth flatter,
 In sleep, a king, but waking, no such matter

W Shakespeare

XLIII

THE LIFE WITHOUT PASSION

They that have power to hurt, and will do none,
 That do not do the thing they most do show,
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow,—

They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
 And husband nature's riches from expense;
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,
 Others, but stewards of their excellence

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
 Though to itself it only live and die,
 But if that flower with base infection meet,
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity.

For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds,
 Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds

W Shakespeare

XLIV

THE LOVER'S APPEAL

And wilt thou leave me thus?
 Say nay! say nay! for shame,
 To save thee from the blame
 Of all my grief and grame
 And wilt thou leave me thus?
 Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath loved thee so long
In wealth and woe among
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay ! say nay !

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart
Never for to depart
Neither for pain nor smart
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay ! say nay !

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee?
Alas ! thy cruelty !
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay ! say nay !

Sir T Wyat

XLV

THE NIGHTINGALE

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring ,
Every thing did banish moan
Save the Nightingale alone
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty
That to hear it was great pity
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry ,
Teru, teru, by and by
That to hear her so complain
Scaice I could from tears refrain ,

For her griefs so lively shown
 Made me think upon mine own
 —Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
 None takes pity on thy pain
 Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
 Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee,
 King Pandion, he is dead,
 All thy friends are lapp'd in lead
 All thy fellow birds do sing
 Careless of thy sorrowing
 Even so, poor bird, like thee
 None alive will pity me

R Barnefield

XLVI

Care-charmer! Sleep, son of the sable Night,
 Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
 Relieve my languish, and restore the light,
 With dark forgetting of my care return

And let the day be time enough to mourn
 The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth
 Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
 Without the torment of the night's untruth

Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
 To model forth the passions of the morrow,
 Never let rising Sun approve you liars,
 To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow

Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
 And never wake to feel the day's disdain

S Daniel

XLVII

The nightingale, as soon as April bringeth
 Unto her rested sense a perfect waking,
 While late-bare earth, proud of new clothing, springeth,
 Sings out her woes, a thorn her song book making,

And mournfully bewailing,
 Her throat in tunes expresseseth
 What grief her breast oppresseseth
 For Tereus' force on her chaste will prevailing
 O Philomela fair, O take some gladness,
 That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness
 Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth,
 Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart invadeth
 Alas, she hath no other cause of anguish
 But Tereus' love, on her by strong hand wroken,
 Wherein she suffering, all her spouts languish,
 Full womanlike complains her will was broken.
 But I, who, daily craving,
 Cannot have to content me,
 Have more cause to lament me,
 Since wanting is more woe than too much having
 O Philomela fair, O take some gladness
 That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness
 Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth,
 Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart invadeth
Sir P Sidney

XLVIII

FRUSTRA

Take, O take those lips away
 That so sweetly were forsworn,
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn
 But my kisses bring again,
 Bring again—
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
 Seal'd in vain !

W Shakespeare

LOVE'S FAREWELL

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part,—
Nay I have done, you get no more of me ;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free ,

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain

Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes,

—Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover !

M. Drayton

L

IN IMAGINE PERTRANSIT HOMO

Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow !
Though thou be black as night
And she made all of light,
Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow !

Follow her, whose light thy light depriveth !
Though here thou liv'st disgraced,
And she in heaven is placed,
Yet follow her whose light the world reviveth !

Follow those pure beams, whose beauty burneth,
That so have scorched thee
As thou still black must be
Till her kind beams thy black to brightness turneth.

Follow her, while yet her glory shineth '
 There comes a luckless night
 That will dim all her light ;
 —And this the black unhappy shade divmeth.

Follow still, since so thy fates ordained '
 The sun must have his shade,
 Till both at once do fade,—
 The sun still proved, the shadow still disdainéd

T. Campion

LI

BLIND LOVE

O me ! what eyes hath Love put in my head
 Which have no correspondence with true sight
 Or if they have, where is my judgment fled
 That censures falsely what they see aright ?

If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
 What means the world to say it is not so ?
 If it be not, then love doth well denote
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's No,

How can it ? O how can love's eye be true,
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears ?
 No marvel then though I mistake my view
 The sun itself sees not till heaven clears

O cunning Love ! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
 Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find !

W. Shakespeare

LII

Sleep, angry beauty, sleep and fear not me !
 For who a sleeping lion dares provoke ?
 It shall suffice me here to sit and see

Those lips shut up that never kindly spoke
 What sight can more content a lover's mind
 Than beauty seeming harmless, if not kind ?

My words have chain'd her, for secure she sleeps,
 Though guilty much of wrong done to my love ;
 And in her slumber, see ' she close eyed weeps .

Dreams often more than waking passions move.
 Plead, Sleep, my cause, and make her soft like thee
 That she in peace may wake and pity me

T. Campion

LIII

THE UNFAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

While that the sun with his beams hot
 Scorched the fruits in vale and mountain,
 Philon the shepherd, late forgot,
 Sitting beside a crystal fountain,

In shadow of a green oak tree

Upon his pipe this song play'd he

Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,
 Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love ,
 Your mind is light, soon lost for new love

So long as I was in your sight
 I was your heart, your soul, and treasure ,
 And evermore you sobb'd and sigh'd
 Burning in flames beyond all measure

—Three days endued your love to me,

And it was lost in other three !

Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,
 Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love ,
 Your mind is light, soon lost for new love

Another Shepherd you did see
 To whom your heart was soon enchain'd ,
 Full soon your love was leapt from me,
 Full soon my place he had obtained

Soon came a third, your love to win,

And we were out and he was in

Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,
 Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love ,
 Your mind is light, soon lost for new love

Sure you have made me passing glad
 That you your mind so soon removed,
 Before that I the leisure had
 To choose you for my best beloved

For all your love was past and done

Two days before it was begun —

Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,
 Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love,
 Your mind is light, soon lost for new love

Anon

LIV

ADVICE TO A LOVER

The sea hath many thousand sands,
 The sun hath motes as many,
 The sky is full of stars, and Love
 As full of woes as any
 Believe me, that do know the elf,
 And make no trial by thyself !

It is in truth a pretty toy
 For babes to play withal —
 But O ! the honeys of our youth
 Are oft our age's gall !
 Self-proof in time will make thee know
 He was a prophet told thee so ,

A prophet that, Cassandra like,
 Tells truth without belief,
 For headstrong Youth will run his race,
 Although his goal be grief —
 Love's Martyr, when his heat is past,
 Proves Care's Confessor at the last

Anon

LV

A RENUNCIATION³

Thou art not fair, for all thy red and white,
 For all those rosy ornaments in thee,—
 Thou art not sweet, though made of mere delight,
 Not fair, not sweet—unless thou pity me !
 I will not soothe thy fancies, thou shalt prove
 That beauty is no beauty without love

—Yet love not me, nor seek not to allure
 My thoughts with beauty, were it more divine
 Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,
 I'll not be wrapp'd up in those arms of thine
 —Now show it, if thou be a woman right—
 Embrace and kiss and love me in despite !

T. Campion

LVI

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude,
 Thy tooth is not so keen
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green holly
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly .
 Then, heigh ho ! the holly !
 This life is most jolly.
 Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot
 Though thou the waters waip,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As fiend remember'd not
 Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green holly
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly
 Then, heigh ho ! the holly !
 This life is most jolly

W. Shakespeare

LVII

A SWEET LULLABY

Come little babe, come silly soul,
Thy father's shame, thy mother's grief,
Born as I doubt to all our dole,
And to thy self unhappy chief.
Sing Lullaby and lap it warm,
Poor soul that thinks no creature harm

Thou little think'st and less dost know,
The cause of this thy mother's moan,
Thou want'st the wit to wail her woe,
And I myself am all alone
Why dost thou weep? why dost thou wail?
And knowest not yet what thou dost ail

Come little wretch, ah silly heart,
Mine only joy, what can I more?
If there be any wrong thy smart
That may the destinies implore
'Twas I, I say, against my will,
I wail the time, but be thou still

And dost thou smile, oh thy sweet face!
Would God Himself He might thee see,
No doubt thou would'st soon purchase grace,
I know right well, for thee and me
But come to mother, babe, and play,
For father false is fled away

Sweet boy, if it by fortune chance,
Thy father home again to send,
If death do strike me with his lance,
Yet mayst thou me to him commend
If any ask thy mother's name,
Tell how by love she purchased blame

Then will his gentle heart soon yield,
I know him of a noble mind,
Although a Lion in the field,

A Lamb in town thou shalt him find
 Ask blessing, babe, be not afraid,
 His suga'd words hath me betray'd

Then mayst thou joy and be right glad,
 Although in woe I seem to moan,
 Thy father is no rascal lad,
 A noble youth of blood and bone
 His glancing looks, if he once smile,
 Right honest women may beguile

Come, little boy, and rock asleep,
 Sing lullaby and be thou still,
 I that can do nought else but weep,
 Will sit by thee and wail my fill.
 God bless my babe, and lullaby
 From this thy father's quality !

Anon.

LVIII

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies !
 How silently, and with how wan a face !
 What, may it be that e'en in heavenly place
 That busy archer his sharp arrows tries !

Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case,
 I read it in thy looks, thy languish'd grace,
 To me, that feel the like, thy state describes

Then, e'en of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
 Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit ?
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?
 Do they above love to be loved, and yet

Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess ?
 Do they call virtue, there, ungratefulness ?

Sir P. Sidney

IIX

O CRUDELIS AMOR

When thou must home to shades of underground,
 And there arrived, a new admired guest,
 The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
 White Iopé, blithe Helen, and the rest,
 To hear the stories of thy finish'd love
 From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move,
 Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
 Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
 Of tourneys and great challenges of Knights,
 And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake
 When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
 Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me!

T Campron

LX

SEPHESTIA'S SONG TO HER CHILD

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
 When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

Mother's wag, pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy,
 When thy father first did see
 Such a boy by him and me,
 He was glad, I was woe,
 Fortune changéd made him so,
 When he left his pretty boy
 Last his sorrow, first his joy

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
 When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

Streaming tears that never stint,
 Like peail drops from a flint,
 Fell by couse from his eyes,
 That one another's place supplies,
 Thus he grieved in every part,
 Tears of blood fell from his heart,
 When he left his pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
 When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee
 The wanton smiled, father wept,
 Mother cried, baby leapt,
 More he crow'd, more we cried,
 Nature could not sorrow hide
 He must go, he must kiss
 Child and mother, baby bless,
 For he left his pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy
 Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
 When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.

R Greene

LXI

A LAMENT

My thoughts hold mortal strife,
 I do detest my life,
 And with lamenting cries
 Peace to my soul to bring
 Oft call that prince which here doth monarchize
 —But he, grim grinning King,
 Who carffis scoins, and doth the blest surprize,
 Late having deck'd with beauty's rose his tomb,
 Disdains to crop a weed, and will not come

W Drummond

LXII

DIRGE OF LOVE

Come away, come away, Death,
 And in sad cypries let me be laid.
 Fly away, fly away, breath,
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 O prepare it !
 My part of death, no one so true
 Did share it

Not a flower, not a flower sweet
 On my black coffin let there be strown ,
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O where
 Sad true lover never find my grave,
 To weep there

W Shakespeare

LXIII

TO HIS LUTE

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
 With thy green mother in some shady grove,
 When immelodious winds but made thee move,
 And birds their ramage did on thee bestow
 Since that dear Voice which did thy sounds approve,
 Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
 Is reft from Earth to tune those spheres above,
 What art thou but a harbinger of woe ?
 Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
 But orphans' wailings to the fainting ear ,
 Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear ,
 For which be silent as in woods before
 Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
 Like widow'd turtle, still her loss complain

IV Drummond

LXIV

FIDELF

Fear no more the heat o' the sun
 Nor the furious winter's rages,
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone and ta'en thy wages
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke,
 Care no more to clothe and eat;
 To thee the need is as the oak
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust

Fear no more the lightning flash
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone,
 Fear not slander, censure rash,
 Thou hast finish'd joy and moan
 All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust

W Shakespeare

LXV

A SEA DIRGE

Full fathom five thy father lies
 Of his bones are coral made
 Those are pearls that were his eyes
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell
 Hark! now I hear them,—
 Ding, dong, bell

W Shakespeare

LXVI

A LAND DIRGE

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm,
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again

J Webster

LXVII

POST MORTEM

If Thou survive my well-contented day
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,

Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme
Exceeded by the height of happier men

O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought—
'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage

But since he died, and poets better prove,
Thus for their style I'll read, his for his love '

W Shakespeare

LXVIII

THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world, that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell

Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it, for I love you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
 If thinking on me then should make you woe

O if, I say, you look upon this verse
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
 But let your love even with my life decay,

Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

W Shakespeare

LXIX

YOUNG LOVE

Tell me where is Fancy bled,
 Or in the heart, or in the head?
 How begot, how nourished?

Reply, reply

It is engender'd in the eyes,
 With gazing fed, and Fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies
 Let us all ring Fancy's knell,
 I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell
 —Ding, dong, bell

W Shakespeare

LXX

A DILEMMA

Lady, when I behold the roses spouting
 Which clad in damask mantles deck the arbours,
 And then behold your lips where sweet love
 harbours,
 My eyes present me with a double doubting
 For viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes
 Whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roses
Anon

LXXI

ROSALYND'S MADRIGAL

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
 Doth suck his sweet,
 Now with his wings he plays with me,
 Now with his feet
 Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
 His bed amidst my tender breast,
 My kisses are his daily feast,
 And yet he robs me of my rest
 Ah ! wanton, will ye ?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
 With pretty flight,
 And makes his pillow of my knee
 The livelong night
 Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
 He music plays if so I sing,
 He lends me every lovely thing,
 Yet cruel he my heart doth sting
 Whist, wanton, will ye ?

Else I with roses every day
 Will whip you hence,

And bind you, when you long to play,
 For your offence,
 I'll shut my eyes to keep you in,
 I'll make you fast it for your sin,
 I'll count your power not worth a pin,
 —Alas ! what hereby shall I win,
 If he gainsay me ?

What if I beat the wanton boy
 With many a rod ?
 He will repay me with annoy,
 Because a god
 Then sit thou safely on my knee,
 And let thy bower my bosom be,
 Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee,
 O Cupid ! so thou pity me,
 Spare not, but play thee !

T Lodge

LXXII

CUPID AND CAMPASPE

Cupid and my Campaspé play'd
 At cards for kisses, Cupid paid
 He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
 His mother's doves, and team of sparrows,
 Loses them too, then down he throws
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on's cheek (but none knows how),
 With these, the crystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple on his chin;
 All these did my Campaspe win
 And last he set her both his eyes—
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise
 O Love ! has she done this to thee ?
 What shall, alas ! become of me ?

J. I. lyke

LXXIII

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow ,
Sweet air blow soft, mount larks aloft
To give my Love good morrow !
Wings from the wind to please her mind
Notes from the lark I'll borrow ,
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
To give my Love good-morrow ,
To give my Love good-morrow
Notes from them both I'll borrow

Wake from thy nest, Robin red breast,
Sing, buds, in every furrow ;
And from each hill, let music shrill
Give my fair Love good-morrow !
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow !
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
Sing my fair Love good-morrow ,
To give my Love good-morrow
Sing, buds, in every furrow !

T Heywood

LXXIV

PROTHALAMION

Calm was the day, and through the trembling air
Sweet-breathing Zephyrus did softly play—
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titan's beams, which then did glister fair ,
When I, (whom sullen care,
Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
In princes' court, and expectation vain
Of idle hopes, which still do fly away
Like empty shadows, did afflict my brain)
Walk'd forth to ease my pain

Along the shore of silver-streaming Thames,
 Whose rutty bank, the which his river hems,
 Was painted all with variable flowers,
 And all the meads adorn'd with dainty gems
 Fit to deck maidens' bowers,
 And crown their paramours
 Against the bridal day, which is not long
 Sweet Thames ' run softly, till I end my song

There in a meadow by the river's side
 A flock of nymphs I chanced to espy,
 All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
 With goodly greenish locks all loose untied
 As each had been a bride,
 And each one had a little wicker basket
 Made of fine twigs, entrail'd curiously
 In which they gather'd flowers to fill their flasket,
 And with fine fingers crompt full feateously
 The tender stalks on high
 Of every sort which in that meadow grew
 They gather'd some, the violet, pallid blue,
 The little daisy that at evening closes,
 The virgin lily and the primrose true,
 With store of vermeil roses,
 To deck their bridegrooms' posies
 Against the bridal day, which was not long
 Sweet Thames ' run softly, till I end my song

With that I saw two Swans of goodly hue
 Come softly swimming down along the Lec,
 Two fairer birds I yet did never see,
 The snow which doth the top of Pindus strow
 Did never whiter show,
 Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would be
 For love of Leda, whiter did appear,
 Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
 Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near,
 So purely white they were
 That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
 Seem'd foul to them, and bade his billows spare
 To wet their silken feathers, lest they might
 Soil their fair plumes with water not so fair,

And mar then beauties bright
That shone as Heaven's light
Against their bridal day, which was not long
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song

Eftsoons the nymphs, which now had flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood
As they came floating on the crystal flood ;
Whom when they saw, they stood amazed still
Then wondering eyes to fill ,
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fair
Of fowls, so lovely, that they sure did deem
Them heavenly born, or to be that same pan
Which through the sky draw Venus' silver team ,
For sure they did not seem
To be begot of any earthly seed,
But rather Angels, or of Angels' breed ,
Yet were they bred of summer's heat, they say,
In sweetest season, when each flower and weed
The earth did fresh array ,
So fresh they seem'd as day,
Ev'n as their bridal day, which was not long
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,
All which upon those goodly birds they threw
And all the waves did strew,
That like old Peneus' waters they did seem
When down along by pleasant Tempe's shore
Scatter'd with flowers, through Thessaly they stream,
That they appear, through lilies' plenteous stoie,
Like a bride's chamber-floor
Two of those nymphs meanwhile two garlands bound
Of freshest flowers which in that mead they found,
The which presenting all in trim array,
Their snowy foreheads therewithal they crown'd ,
Whilst one did sing this lay
Prepared against that day,
Against their bridal day, which was not long
Sweet Thames ! run softly till I end my song

'Ye gentle buds ' the world's fan ornament,
 And Heaven's glory, whom this happy hour
 Doth lead unto your lovers' blissful bower,
 Joy may you have, and gentle heart's content
 Of your love's complement ,
 And let fan Venus, that is queen of love,
 With her heart-quelling son upon you smile,
 Whose smile, they say, hath virtue to remove
 All love's dislike, and friendship's faulty guile
 For ever to assail
 Let endless peace your steadfast hearts accord,
 And blessed plenty wait upon your board ;
 And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound,
 That fruitful issue may to you afford
 Which may your foes confound,
 And make your joys redound
 Upon your bridal day, which is not long
 Sweet Thames ' run softly, till I end my song '

So ended she , and all the rest around
 To her redoubled that her undersong,
 Which said their bridal day should not be long
 And gentle Echo from the neighbour ground
 Their accents did resound
 So forth those joyous buds did pass along
 Adown the Lee that to them murmur'd low,
 As he would speak but that he lack'd a tongue ,
 Yet did by signs his glad affection show,
 Making his stream run slow
 And all the fowl which in his flood did dwell
 'Gan flock about these twain, that did excel
 The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend
 The lesser stars So they, enamored well,
 Did on those two attend,
 And then best service lend
 Against their wedding day, which was not long
 Sweet Thames ' run softly, till I end my song

At length they all to merry London came,
 To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
 That to me gave this life's first native source,
 Though from another place I take my name,

An house of ancient fame
 There when they came whereas those bricky towers
 The which on Thames' broad agéd back do ride,
 Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
 There whilome wont the Templar-knights to bide,
 Till they decay'd through pride,
 Next whereunto there stands a stately place,
 Where oft I gainéd gifts and goodly grace
 Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell,
 Whose want too well now feels my friendless case,
 But ah ' here fits not well
 Old woes, but joys to tell
 Against the bridal day, which is not long
 Sweet Thames ' run softly, till I end my song

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
 Great England's glory and the world's wide wonder,
 Whose dreadful name late through all Spain did
 thunder,
 And Hercules' two pillars standing near
 Did make to quake and fear
 Fair branch of honour, flower of chivalry '
 That fillest England with thy triumphs' fame
 Joy have thou of thy noble victory,
 And endless happiness of thine own name
 That promiseth the same,
 That through thy prowess and victorious arms
 Thy country may be freed from foreign harms,
 And great Elisa's glorious name may ring
 Through all the world, fill'd with thy wide alarms,
 Which some brave Muse may sing
 To ages following
 Upon the bridal day, which is not long
 Sweet Thames ' run softly, till I end my song

From those high towers this noble lord issuing
 Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hair
 In th' ocean billows he hath bathéd fair,
 Descended to the river's open viewing
 With a great train ensuing
 Above the rest were goodly to be seen
 Two gentle knights of lovely face and feature,

Beseeming well the bower of any queen,
 With gifts of wit and ornaments of nature,
 Fit for so goodly stature,
 That like the twins of Jove they seem'd in sight
 Which deck the baldric of the Heavens bright,
 They two, forth pacing to the river's side,
 Received those two fair brides, their love's delight,
 Which, at th' appointed tide,
 Each one did make his bride
 Against their bridal day, which is not long
 Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song

E. Spenser

LXXV

THE HAPPY HEART

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?
 O sweet content !
 Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd ?
 O punishment !
 Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd
 To add to golden numbers, golden numbers ?
 O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !
 Work apace, apace, apace, apace,
 Honest labour bears a lovely face,
 Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny !

 Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring ?
 O sweet content !
 Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own
 tears ?
 O punishment !
 Then he that patiently want's burden bears
 No burden bears, but is a king, a king !
 O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !
 Work apace, apace, apace, apace,
 Honest labour bears a lovely face,
 Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny !

T. Dekker

LXXVI

SIC TRANSIT

Come, cheerful day, part of my life to me ,
 For while thou view'st me with thy fading light
 Part of my life doth still depart with thee,
 And I still onward haste to my last night
 Time's fatal wings do ever forward fly—
 So every day we live a day we die

But O ye nights, ordain'd for barren rest,
 How are my days deprived of life in you
 When heavy sleep my soul hath dispossessed,
 By feigned death life sweetly to renew '
 Part of my life, in that, you life deny
 So every day we live, a day we die

T. Campton

LXXVII

This Life, which seems so fair,
 Is like a bubble blown up in the air
 By sporting children's breath,
 Who chase it everywhere
 And strive who can most motion it bequeath
 And though it sometimes seem of its own might
 Like to an eye of gold to be fix'd there,
 And firm to hover in that empty height,
 That only is because it is so light
 —But in that pomp it doth not long appear ,
 For when 'tis most admired, in a thought,
 Because it erst was nought, it turns to nought

W. Drummond

LXVIII

SOUL AND BODY

Poor Soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
 [Foil'd by] those rebel powers that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within, and suffer death,
 Panting thy outward walls so costly gay?

Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?

Then, Soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy stoie,
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross,
 Within be fed, without be rich no more —

So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
 And death once dead, there's no more dying then

IV Shakespeare

LXXIX

The man of life upright,
 Whose guiltless heart is free
 From all dishonest deeds,
 Or thought of vanity,

The man whose silent days
 In harmless joys are spent,
 Whom hopes cannot delude
 Nor sorrow discontent

That man needs neither towers
 Nor armour for defence,
 Nor secret vaults to fly
 From thunder's violence

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies

Thus scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things,

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage

T. Campion

LXXX

THE LESSONS OF NATURE

Of this fair volume which we Would do name
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of Him who it corrects, and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare

Find out His power which wildest powers doth tame,
His providence extending everywhere,
His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page, no period of the same

But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with colour'd vellum, leaves of gold,
Fau dangling ribbands, leaving what is best,
On the great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold,

Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought

W. Drummond

LXXXI

Doth then the world go thus, doth all thus move ?
 Is this the justice which on Earth we find ?
 Is this that firm decree which all doth bind ?
 Are these your influences, Powers above ?

Those souls which vice's moody mists most blind,
 Blind Fortune, blindly, most then friend doth prove,
 And they who thee, poor idol Virtue ' love,
 Ply like a feather toss'd by storm and wind

Ah ' if a Providence doth sway this all
 Why should best minds groan under most distress ?
 Or why should pride humility make thrall,
 And injuries the innocent oppress ?

Heavens ' hinder, stop this fate, or grant a time
 When good may have, as well as bad, their prime '

W Drummond

LXXXII

THE WORLD'S WAY

Tired with all these, for restless death I cry—
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,
 And needy nothing tumm'd in jollity,
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,

And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
 And maiden virtue rudely trampled,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
 And strength by limping sway disabled,

And art made tongue-tied by authority,
 And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
 And captive Good attending captain Ill —

—Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
 Save that, to die, I leave my Love alone

W Shakespeare

LXXXIII

A WISH

Happy were he could finish forth his fate
 In some unhaunted desert, where, obscure
 From all society, from love and hate
 Of worldly folk, there should he sleep secure ,

Then wake again, and yield God ever praise ,
 Content with hip, with haws, and bramblebery ,
 In contemplation passing still his days,
 And change of holy thoughts to make him merry

Who, when he dies, his tomb might be the bush
 Where harmless robin resteth with the thrush
 —Happy were he !

R Devereux, Earl of Essex

LXXXIV

SAINT JOHN BAPTIST

The last and greatest Herald of Heaven's King
 Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
 Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
 Which he more harmless found than man, and mild.

His food was locusts, and what there doth spring,
 With honey that from virgin hives distill'd ,
 Paich'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
 Made him appear, long since from earth exiled

There burst he forth All ye whose hopes rely
 On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,
 Repent, repent, and from old errors turn !
 —Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry ?

Only the echoes, which he made relent,
 Rung from then flinty caves, Repent ! Repent !

W Drummond

The Golden Treasury

Book Second

LXXXV

ODE ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

This is the month, and this the happy morn
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring,
For so the holy sages once did sing
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that fair-beaming blaze of Majesty
Wherewith He wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside, and, here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain
To welcome Him to this His new abode,
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
bright?

See how from far, upon the eastern road,
The star-led w~~iz~~ards haste with odours sweet
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode
And lay it lowly at His blessed feet,
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the Angel quire
From out His secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire

THE HYMN

It was the winter wild
While the heaven-born Child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies,
Nature in awe to Him
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace,
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready habingiel,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land

No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around
The idle spear and shield were high uphung,
The hooked chariot stood

Unstain'd with hostile blood ,
 The trumpet spake not to the arméd throng ,
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew then sovian Lord was by

But peaceful was the night
 Wherein the Prince of Light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began
 The winds, with wonder whist,
 Smoothly the waters kist
 Whispering new joys to the mild océan—
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
 Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
 Bending one way their precious influence ,
 And will not take their flight
 For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ,
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow
 Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid them go

And though the shady gloom
 Had given day her room,
 The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
 And hid his head for shame,
 As his inferior flame
 The new-enlighten'd world no more should need ,
 He saw a greater Sun appear
 Than his bright throne, or burning axle-tree could bear

The shepherds on the lawn
 Or eie the point of dawn
 Sate simply chatting in a rustic row ,
 Full little thought they then
 That the mighty Pan
 Was kindly come to live with them below ,
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep --

When such music sweet
 Their hearts and ears did greet

As never was by mortal finger strook—
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringéd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took
The an, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly
close

Nature, that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ,
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light
That with long beams the shamefaced night array'd ,
The helméd Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made
But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung ,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep

Ring out, ye crystal spheres !
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so ,
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time ,
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow ,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ,
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould ,
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow , and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ,
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall

But wisest Fate says No ,
This must not yet be so ,
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss ,
So both Himself and us to glorify
Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through
the deep ,

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbroke
The aged Earth aghast
With terror of that blast
Shall from the surface to the centre shake,
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His
throne

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins , for from this happy day
The old Dragon under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurpéd sway ,

And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail

The Oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archéd roof in words deceiving
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving
No nightly trance or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell

The lonely mountains o'er
And the resounding shore
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament,
From haunted spring and dale
Edged with poplar pale
The parting Genius is with sighing sent,
With flower inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
mourn

In consecrated earth
And on the holy hearth
The Lars and Lemurés moan with midnight plaint,
In urns, and altars round
A dread and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint,
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat
Peor and Baalim
Forsake then temples dim,
With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine,
And moonéd Ashtaroth
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not gut with tapers' holy shine,
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz
mourn

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue,

In vain with cymbals' ring
 They call the grisly king,
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue ,
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
 Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste

Nor is Osiris seen
 In Memphian grove, or green,
 Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest ,
 Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud ,
 In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
 The sable-stoléd sorcerers bear his worshipt ark

He feels from Juda's land
 The dreaded Infant's hand ,
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn
 Nor all the gods beside
 Longer dare abide,
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine
 Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,
 Can in His swaddling bands control the damned crew

So, when the sun in bed
 Curtain'd with cloudy red
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to the infernal jail,
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave ,
 And the yellow-skirted fays
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved
 maze

But see ' the Virgin blest
 Hath laid her Babe to rest ,
 Time is, our tedious song should here have ending
 Heaven's youngest-teeméd star
 Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
 Her sleeping Lord with hand-maid lamp attending
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright-harness'd Angels sit in order serviceable

Milton

LXXXVI

SONG FOR ST CECILIA'S DAY, 1687

From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony
This universal frame began
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead !
Then cold and hot and moist and dry
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey
From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man

What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well
What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of angel
And mortal alarms
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries ' Hark ! the foes come ,
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat ! '

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers

The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion
For the fair disdainful dame

But oh ! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise ?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees unrooted left their place
Sequacious of the lyre
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher
When to her Organ vocal breath was given
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd—
Mistaking Earth for Heaven

Grand Chorus

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above,
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky

J. Dryden

LXXXVII

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

Avenge, O Lord ! Thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold ;
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,

Forget not In Thy book record their groans
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks Their moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway

The triple Tyrant that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who, having learnt Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe

J Milton

LXXXVIII

*HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S
RETURN FROM IRELAND*

The forward youth that would appeal,
Must now forsake his Muses dear,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armour's rust,
Removing from the wall
The corslet of the hall

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Uigéd his active star

And like the three-fork'd lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
Did thorough his own Side
His fiery way divide

For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous, or enemy ;
And with such, to enclose
Is more than to oppose ,

Then burning through the air he went
And palaces and temples rent,
And Caesar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry heaven's flame,
And if we would speak true,
Much to the Man is due

Who, from his private gardens, where
He lived reserved and austere,
(As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot,)

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of time,
And cast the Kingdoms old
Into another mould,

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient Rights in vain—
But those do hold or break
As men are strong or weak,

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war
Where his were not the deepest scar?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art,

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's narrow case,

That thence the Royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn
While round the arm'd bands
Did clap their bloody hands

He nothing common did or mean
 Upon that memorable scene,
 But with his keener eye
 The axe's edge did try ,

Nor call'd the Gods, with vulgar spite,
 To vindicate his helpless right ,
 But bow'd his comely head
 Down, as upon a bed

—This was that memorable hour
 Which first assured the forc'd power
 So when they did design
 The Capitol's first line,

A Bleeding Head, where they begun,
 Did fright the architects to run ,
 And yet in that the State
 Foresaw its happy fate '

And now the Irish are ashamed
 To see themselves in one year tamed
 So much one man can do
 That does both act and know

They can affirm his praises best,
 And have, though overcome, confest
 How good he is, how just
 And fit for highest trust

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
 But still in the Republic's hand—
 How fit he is to sway
 That can so well obey '

He to the Commons' feet presents
 A Kingdom for his first year's rents,
 And (what he may) forbears
 His fame, to make it theirs

And has his sword and spoils ungirt
 To lay them at the Public's skirt
 So when the falcon high
 Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having kill'd, no more doth search
 But on the next green bough ^{to} perch,
 Where, when he first does lure,
 The falconer has her sure

—What may not then our Isle presume
 While victory his crest does plume?
 What may not others fear
 If thus he crowns each year?

As Caesar he, ere long, to Gaul,
 To Italy an Hannibal,
 And to all States not free
 Shall climactic be

The Pict no shelter now shall find
 Within his parti-colour'd mind,
 But from this valour sad
 Shrink underneath the plaid—

Happy, if in the tufted brake
 The English hunter him mistake,
 Nor lay his hounds in near
 The Caledonian deer

But Thou, the War's and Fortune's son,
 March indefatigably on,
 And for the last effect
 Still keep the sword erect

Besides the force it has to fight
 The sprits of the shady night,
 The same arts that did gain
 A power, must it maintain

A Marvell

LXVVIX

LYCIDIAS

Elegy on a Friend drowned in the Irish Channel

1637

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forced fingers rude

Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
 Compels me to disturb your season due
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string
 Hence with denial vain and coy excuse
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favour my destined urn,
 And as he passes, turn
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill
 Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
 Under the opening eyelids of the Moin,
 We drove a field, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
 Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering
 wheel

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to the oaten flute,
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long,
 And old Damoetas loved to hear our song

But, oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes, mourn
 The willows and the hazel copses green
 Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays --

As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds, that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that then gay wardrobe wear
 When first the white-thorn blows,
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream
 Ay me! I fondly dream—
 Had ye been there For what could that have
 done?

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal nature did lament,
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days,
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears
 And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise'
 Phoebus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears,
 'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistening foil
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove,
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.'

O fountain Aëthuse, and thou honour'd flood
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood
 But now my oar proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea
 That came in Neptune's plea,
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swan?
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings
 That blows from off each beaked promontory
 They knew not of his story,
 And sage Hippotadés their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panopé with all her sisters play'd
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark
 Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe
 'Ah! who hath reft,' quoth he, 'my dearest pledge'
 Last came, and last did go
 The Pilot of the Galilean lake,
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain),
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake
 'How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
 Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake
 Creep and intude and climb into the fold'
 Of other care they little reckoning make
 Than how to scramble at the shears' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to
 hold
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
 What recks it them? What need they? They are
 sped,
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs

Giate on their scrannel pipes of wretched stiaw ,
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said
 —But that two-handed engine at the door
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more '

Return, Alphéus , the dead voice is past
 That shrunk thy streams , return, Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks ,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes
 That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears
 Bid amarantus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears
 To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise —
 Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
 Wash far away,—where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides
 Where thou perihaps, under the whelming tide,
 Visitest the bottom of the monstrous world ,
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
 Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold,
 —Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth
 —And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth !

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high
 Through the dear night of Him that walk'd the waves,
 Where, other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love
 There entertain him all the Saints above
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing, in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more,
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
 While the still moor went out with sandals gray,
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the western bay
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new

J Milton

xc

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Mortality, behold and fear
 What a change of flesh is here !
 Think how many royal bones
 Sleep within these heaps of stones,
 Here they lie, had realms and lands,
 Who now want strength to stir their hands,

Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust
 They preach, 'In greatness is our trust.'
 Here's an acre sown indeed
 With the richest of all seed
 That the earth did ever suck in
 Since the first man died for sin
 Here the bones of birth have cried
 'Though gods they were, as men they died !'
 Here are sins, ignoble things,
 Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings
 Here's a world of pomp and state
 Buried in dust, once dead by fate

F Beaumont

XC I

THE LAST CONQUEROR

Victorious men of earth, no more
 Proclaim how wide your empires are ,
 Though you bind in every shore
 And your triumphs reach as far
 As night or day,
 Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey
 And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
 Death calls ye to the crowd of common men
 Devouring Famine, Plague, and War,
 Each able to undo mankind,
 Death's servile emissaries are ,
 Nor to these alone confined,
 He hath at will
 More quaint and subtle ways to kill ,
 A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
 Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart

J Shirley

XC II

DEATH THE LEVELLER

The glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things ,
 There is no armour against fate ,
 Death lays his icy hand on kings :

Sceptre and Crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade
 Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill
 But their strong nerves at last must yield,
 They tame but one another still
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath
 When they, pale captives, creep to death
 The garlands wither on your brow ;
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
 Upon Death's purple altar now
 See where the victor-victim bleeds
 Your heads must come
 To the cold tomb,
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust

J Shirley

XCIII

*WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED
 TO THE CITY*

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms
 He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bowels
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower

Went to the ground and the reported air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare

J Milton

XCIV

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
 E're half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He returning chide,—
 Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?
 I fondly ask —But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
 Either man's work, or His own gifts who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best His state

Is kingly, thousands at His bidding speed
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest —
 They also serve who only stand and wait

J Milton

XCV

CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born and taught
 That serveth not another's will,
 Whose armour is his honest thought
 And simple truth his utmost skill

Whose passions not his masters are,
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Untied unto the world by care
 Of public fame, or private breath,

Who envies none that chance doth raise
 Nor vice, Who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given by praise,
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat,
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great,

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of His grace than gifts to lend,
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a religious book or friend,

—This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall,
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And having nothing, yet hath all

Sir H Wotton

XCVI

THE NOBLE NATURE

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make Man better be,
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night—
 It was the plant and flower of Light
 In small proportions we just beauties see,
 And in short measures life may perfect be

B Jonson

XCVII

THE GIFTS OF GOD

When God at first made Man,
 Having a glass of blessings standing by ,
 Let us (said He) pour on him all we can
 Let the world's riches, which disperséd lie,
 Contract into a span

So strength first made a way ,
 Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure,
 Rest in the bottom lay

For if I should (said He)
 Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
 He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature,
 So both should losers be

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessness
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to My breast

G Herbert

XCVIII

THE RETREAT

Happy those early days, when I
 Shined in my Angel-infancy !
 Before I understood this place
 Appointed for my second race,
 Or taught my soul to fancy aught
 But a white, celestial thought ;
 When yet I had not walk'd above
 A mile or two from my first Love,

And looking back, at that short space
 Could see a glimpse of His bright face ,
 When on some gilded cloud or flower
 My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
 And in those weaker glories spy
 Some shadows of eternity ,
 Before I taught my tongue to wound
 My conscience with a sinful sound,
 Or had the black art to dispense
 A several sin to every sense,
 But felt through all this fleshly dress
 Bright shoots of everlastingness

O how I long to travel back,
 And tread again that ancient track !
 That I might once more reach that plain
 Where first I left my glorious train ,
 From whence th' enlighten'd spirit sees
 That shady City of palm trees !
 But ah ! my soul with too much stay
 Is drunk, and staggers in the way —
 Some men a forward motion love,
 But I by backward steps would move ,
 And when this dust falls to the urn,
 In that state I came, return

H Vaughan

XCIX

TO MR LAWRENCE

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won

From the hard season gaining? Time will run
 On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice

Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise

J Milton

C

TO CYRIACK SKINNER

Cyriack, whose grandsire, on the royal bench
Of British Themis, with no mean applause
Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrench,

To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting draws,
Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intend, and what the French

To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way,
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,

And disapproves that cue, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains

J Milton

CI

A HYMN IN PRAISE OF NEPTUNE

Of Neptune's empire let us sing,
At whose command the waves obey,
To whom the rivers tribute pay,
Down the high mountains sliding;
To whom the scaly nation yields
Homage for the crystal fields
Wherein they dwell,

And every sea-god pays a gem
 Yearly out of his watery cell,
 To deck great Neptune's diadem

The Tritons dancing in a ring,
 Before his palace gates do make
 The water with their echoes quake,
 Like the great thunder sounding
 The sea-nymphs chaunt their accents shrill,
 And the Syriens taught to kill
 With their sweet voice,
 Make every echoing rock reply,
 Unto their gentle murmuring noise,
 The praise of Neptune's empery

T. Campion

CII

HYMN TO DIANA

Queen and Huntress chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair
 State in wonted manner keep
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose,
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear when day did close
 Bless us then with wished sight,
 Goddess excellently bright

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
 And thy crystal-shining quiver,
 Give unto the flying haire
 Space to breathe, how short soever
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess excellently bright!

B. Jonson

CIII

WISHES FOR THE SUPPOSED MISTRESS

Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible She
That shall command my heart and me

Where'er she lie,
Lock'd up from mortal eye
In shady leaves of destiny

Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps tread our earth,

Till that divine
Idea take a shine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine

—Meet you her, my Wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye call'd, my absent kisses

I wish her beauty
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tye, or glist'ning shoe-tie .

Something more than
Taffeta or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan

A face that's best
By its own beauty diest,
And can alone commend the rest

A face made up
Out of no other shop
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope

Sydnaean showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers

Whate'er delight
 Can make day's forehead bright
 Or give down to the wings of night

Soft silken hours,
 Open suns, shady bowers,
 'Bove all, nothing within that lowers

Days, that need borrow
 No part of their good morrow
 From a fore spent night of sorrow

Days, that in spite
 Of darkness, by the light
 Of a clear mind are day all night

Life, that dares send
 A challenge to his end,
 And when it comes, say, 'Welcome, friend'

I wish her store
 Of worth may leave her poor
 Of wishes, and I wish——no more

Now, if Time knows
 That Her, whose radiant brows
 Weave them a garland of my vows,

Her that dares be
 What these lines wish to see
 I seek no further, it is She

'Tis She, and here
 Lo! I uncliothe and clear
 My wishes' cloudy character

Such worth as this is
 Shall fix my flying wishes,
 And determine them to kisses

Let her full glory,
 My fancies, fly before ye,
 Be ye my fictions —but her story

R. Crashaw

CIV

THE GREAT ADVENTURER

Over the mountains
And over the waves,
Under the fountains
And under the graves,
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey,
Over rocks that are steepest
Love will find out the way

Where there is no place
For the glow worm to lie,
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly,
Where the midge dares not venture
Lest herself fast she lay,
If love come, he will enter
And soon find out his way

You may esteem him
A child for his might,
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight,
But if she whom love doth honour
Be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way

Some think to lose him
By having him confined,
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind,
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that you may,
Blind love, if so ye call him,
Will find out his way

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist ,
Or you may inveigle
The phoenix of the east ,
The lioness, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey ,
But you'll ne'er stop a lover
He will find out his way

Anon

CV

*THE PICTURE OF LITTLE T C IN A
PROSPECT OF FLOWERS*

See with what simplicity
This nymph begins her golden days !
In the green grass she loves to lie,
And there with her fair aspect tames
The wilder flowers, and gives them names ,
But only with the roses plays,

And them does tell

What colours best become them, and what smell

Who can foretell for what high cause
This darling of the Gods was born ?
Yet this is she whose chaste laws
The wanton Love shall one day fear,
And, under her command severe,
See his bow broke, and ensigns torn

Happy who can

Appease this virtuous enemy of man !

O then let me in time compound
And parley with those conquering eyes,
Ere they have tried their force to wound ,
Ere with their glancing wheels they drive
In triumph over hearts that strive,
And them that yield but more despise

Let me be laid,

Where I may see the glories from some shade

But O young beauty of the woods,
Whom Nature counts with fruits and flowers,
Gather the flowers, but spare the buds,
Lest FLORA, angry at thy crime
To kill her infants in their prime,
Should quickly make th' example yours,
And ere we see—
Nip in the blossom—all our hopes and thee

Your chains in harmless childhood lay
Like metals in a mine ,
Age from no face takes more away
Than youth conceal'd in thine
But as your chains insensibly
To then perfection piest,
So love as unperceived did fly,
And center'd in my breast

My passion with your beauty grew,
 While Cupid at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart
 Each gloued in then wanton part,
 To make a lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his art—
 To make a beauty, she

Sir C. Sidley

CVII

CONSTANCY

I cannot change, as others do,
 Though you unjustly scorn,
 Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
 For you alone was born,
 No, Phyllis, no, your heart to move
 A suer way I'll try,—
 And to revenge my slighted love,
 Will still love on, and die

When, kill'd with grief, Amintas lies,
 And you to mind shall call
 The sighs that now unpitied rise,
 The tears that vainly fall,
 That welcome hour that ends his smart
 Will then begin your pain,
 For such a faithful tender heart
 Can never break in vain

J. Wilmot, Earl of Rochester

CVIII

COUNSEL TO GIRLS

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a flying
 And this same flower that smiles to-day,
 To-morrow will be dying

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
 The higher he's a-getting
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting

That age is best which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer,
 But being spent, the worse, and worst
 Times, still succeed the former

Then be not coy, but use your time,
 And while ye may, go marry
 For having lost but once your prime,
 You may for ever tarry

R. Herrick

CIX

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
 To war and arms I fly

True, a new mistress now I chase,
 The first foe in the field,
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As you too shall adore,
 I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
 Loved I not Honour more

Colonel Lovelace

CX

ELIZABETH OF BOHEMIA

You meaner beauties of the night,
 That poorly satisfy our eyes
 More by your number than your light,

You common people of the skies,
What are you, when the Moon shall rise?

You curious chanteis of the wood
That waile forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents, what's your praise
When Philomel her voice doth raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,—
What are you, when the Rose is blown?

So when my Mistiess shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
Tell me, if she were not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

Sir H. Wotton

CXI

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY

Daughter to that good Earl, once President
Of England's Council and her Treasury,
Who lived in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,

Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Chaeroneia, fatal to liberty,
Kill'd with report that old man eloquent,—

Though later born than to have known the days
Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I see him living yet,

So well your words his noble virtues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, honour'd Margaret

J. Milton

CXII

THE TRUE BEAUTY

He that loves a rosy cheek
 On a coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires,
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away
 But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never-dying fires —
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes

T. Carew

CXIII

TO DIANE ME

Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes
 Which starlike sparkle in their skies,
 Nor be you proud, that you can see
 All hearts your captives, yours yet free
 Be you not proud of that rich hair
 Which wantons with the lovesick air,
 Whenas that ruby which you wear,
 Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
 Will last to be a precious stone
 When all your world of beauty's gone

R. Herrick

CXIV

Love in thy youth, fair Maid, be wise,
 Old Time will make thee colder,
 And though each morning new arise
 Yet we each day grow older

Thou as Heaven art fair and young,
 Thine eyes like twin stars shining,
 But ere another day be sprung
 All these will be declining
 Then winter comes with all his feais,
 And all thy sweets shall boirow,
 Too late then wilt thou shower thy teais,—
 And I too late shall sorrow!

Anon

CXV

Go, lovely Rose!
 Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be

Tell her that's young
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired

Then die! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

E Waller

CXXI

TO CELIA

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine ,
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup
 And I'll not look for wine
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine ,
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine

 I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not wither'd be ,
 But thou thereon didst only breathe
 And sent'st it back to me ,
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself but thee '

B Jonson

CXXII

HENRY RIFE

There is a garden in her face
 Where roses and white lilies blow ,
 A heavenly paradise is that place,
 Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow ,
 There cherries grow that none may buy,
 Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry

 Those cherries fairly do enclose
 Of orient pearl a double row,
 Which when her lovely laughter shows,
 They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow
 Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
 Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry

Her eyes like angels watch them still ,
 Her brows like bended bows do stand,
 Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
 All that approach with eye or hand
 These sacred cherries to come nigh,
 Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry !

Anon

CXXIII

CORINNA'S MAYING

Get up, get up for shame ! The blooming morn
 Upon her wings presents the god unshorn
 See how Aurora throws her fair
 Fresh-quilted colours through the air
 Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see
 The dew bespangling herb and tree
 Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
 Above an hour since ; yet you not diest,
 Nay ! not so much as out of bed ?
 When all the buds have matins said,
 And sung their thankful hymns 'tis sin,
 Nay, profanation, to keep in,—
 Whenas a thousand virgins on this day,
 Spring, sooner than the laik, to fetch-in May.
 Rise , and put on your foliage, and be seen
 To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and green,
 And sweet as Flora Take no care
 For jewels for your gown, or hair
 Fear not , the leaves will strew
 Gems in abundance upon you
 Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
 Against you come, some orient pearls unwept
 Come, and receive them while the light
 Hangs on the dew-locks of the night
 And Titan on the eastern hill
 Retires himself, or else stands still
 Till you come forth Wash, dress, be brief in
 praying
 Few beads are best, when once we go a Maying

Come, my Corinna, come ; and come, mark
 How each field turns a street , each street a park
 Made green, and trimm'd with trees see how
 Devotion gives each house a bough
 Or branch Each porch, each door, ere this,
 An ark, a tabernacle is,
 Made up of white thorn neatly interwove ,
 As if here were those cooler shades of love
 Can such delights be in the street,
 And open fields, and we not see't ?
 Come, we'll abroad and let's obey
 The proclamation made for May
 And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ,
 But, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying

There's not a budding boy, or girl, this day,
 But is got up, and gone to bring in May
 A deal of youth, ere this, is come
 Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
 Some have despatch'd their cries and clamour,
 Before that we have left to dream
 And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
 And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth
 Many a green-gown has been given ,
 Many a kiss, both odd and even
 Many a glance too has been sent
 From out the eye, Love's firmament
 Many a jest told of the keys betraying
 This night, and locks pick'd —Yet we're not a
 Maying

—Come, let us go, while we are in our prime ,
 And take the harmless folly of the time '
 We shall grow old apace, and die
 Before we know our liberty
 Our life is short , and our days run
 As fast away as does the sun —
 And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
 Once lost, can ne'er be found again
 So when or you or I are made
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade ,

All love, all liking, all delight
 Lies drown'd with us in endless night
 Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
 Come, my Comina ! come, let's go a Maying

R Herrick

CXX

THE POETRY OF DRESS

I

A sweet disorder in the dress
 Kindles in clothes a wantonness —
 A lawn about the shoulders thrown
 Into a fine distraction,—
 An ering lace, which here and there
 Enthral's the crimson stomacher,—
 A cuff neglectful, and thereby
 Ribbands to flow confusedly,—
 A winning wave, deserving note,
 In the tempestuous petticoat,—
 A careless shoe string, in whose tie
 I see a wild civility,—
 Do more bewitch me, than when art
 Is too precise in every part

R Herrick

CXX

2

Whenas in silks my Julia goes
 Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows
 That liquefaction of her clothes

 Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
 That brave vibration each way free,
 O how that glittering taketh me !

R Herrick

CXXI

3

My Love in her attune doth shew her wit,
 It doth so well become her
 For every season she hath dressings fit,
 For Winter, Spring, and Summer
 No beauty she doth miss
 When all her robes are on
 But Beauty's self she is
 When all her robes are gone

Anon

CXXII

ON A GIRDLE

That which her slender waist confined
 Shall now my joyful temples bind
 No monarch but would give his crown
 His arms might ^{we} what this has done

It was my Heaven's extremest sphere,
 The pale which held that lovely deer
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love
 Did all within this circle move

A narrow compass ' and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair
 Give me but what this ribbon bound,
 Take all the rest the Sun goes round

E. Waller

CXXIII

A MYSTICAL ECSTASY

E'en like two little bank-dividing brooks,
 That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
 And having ranged and search'd a thousand nooks,
 Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,
 Where in a greater current they conjoin
 So I my Best-Belovéd's am, so He is mine

E'en so we met, and after long pursuit,
 E'en so we join'd, we both became enture,
 No need for either to renew a suit,
 For I was flax and he was flames of fire
 Our firm-united souls did more than twine,
 So I my Best-Belovéd's am, so He is mine
 If all those glittering Monarchs that command
 The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
 Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land,
 I would not change my fortunes for them all
 Their wealth is but a counter to my coin
 The world's but theirs, but my Belovéd's mine
F Quarles

CXXIV

*TO ANTHEA WHO MAY COMMAND HIM
 ANY THING*

Bid me to live, and I will live
 Thy Protestant to be
 Or bid me love, and I will give
 A loving heart to thee
 A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
 A heart as sound and free
 As in the whole world thou canst find,
 That heart I'll give to thee
 Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
 To honour thy decree
 Or bid it languish quite away,
 And 't shall do so for thee
 Bid me to weep, and I will weep
 While I have eyes to see
 And having none, yet I will keep
 A heart to weep for thee.
 Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
 Under that cypress tree
 Or bid me die, and I will dare
 E'en Death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
 The very eyes of me,
 And hast command of every part,
 To live and die for thee

R. Hurick

CXXV

Love not me for comely grace,
 For my pleasing eye or face,
 Nor for any outward part,
 No, nor for my constant heart,—
 For those may fail, or turn to ill,
 So thou and I shall sever
 Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
 And love me still, but know not why—
 So hast thou the same reason still
 To dote upon me ever !

Anon

CXXVI

Not, Celia, that I juster am
 Or better than the rest,
 For I would change each hour, like them,
 Were not my heart at rest

But I am tied to very thee
 By every thought I have,
 Thy face I only care to see,
 Thy heart I only crave

All that in woman is adored
 In thy dear self I find—
 For the whole sex can but afford
 The handsome and the kind

Why then should I seek further store,
 And still make love anew?
 When change itself can give no more,
 'Tis easy to be true

Sir C. Sedley

CXXVII

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON

When Love with unconfinéd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates ,
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fetter'd to her eye,
The Gods that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames ,
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes that tinkle in the deep
Know no such liberty

When, (like committed linnets), I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty
And glories of my King ,
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargéd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ,
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage ,
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty

Colonel Lovelace

CXXVIII

TO LUCISTA, GOING BEYOND THE
SEAS

If to be absent were to be
 Away from thee ,
 Or that when I am gone
 You or I were alone ,
 Then, my Lucista, might I crave
 Pity from blustering wind, or swallowing wave
 But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
 To swell my sul,
 Or pay a tear to 'suage
 The foaming blue-god's rage ,
 For whether he will let me pass
 Or no, I'm still as happy as I was

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
 Our faith and truth,
 Like separated souls,
 All time and space controls
 Above the highest sphere we meet
 Unseen, unknown, and greet as Angels greet
 So then we do anticipate
 Our after-fate,
 And are alive i' the skies,
 If thus our lips and eyes
 Can speak like spirits unconfined
 In Heaven, their earthly bodies left behind

Colonel Lovelace

CXXIX

ENCOURAGEMENTS TO A LOVER

Why so pale and wan, fond lover ?
 Prythee, why so pale ?
 Will, if looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail ?
 Prythee, why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
 Prythee, why so mute ?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't ?
 Prythee, why so mute ?

Quit, quit, for shame ! this will not move,
 This cannot take her,
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her
 The D—l take her !

Sir J Suckling

CXXX

A SUPPLICATION

Awake, awake, my Lyre !
 And tell thy silent master's humble tale
 In sounds that may prevail,
 Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire :
 Though so exalted she
 And I so lowly be
 Tell her, such different notes make all thy harmony

Hark, how the strings awake !
 And, though the moving hand approach not near,
 Themselves with awful fear
 A kind of numerous trembling make
 Now all thy forces try,
 Now all thy charms apply,
 Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye

Weak Lyre ! thy virtue sure
 Is useless here, since thou art only found
 To cure, but not to wound,
 And she to wound, but not to cure
 Too weak too wilt thou prove
 My passion to remove,
 Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to Love

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyie !
 For thou canst never tell my humble tale
 In sounds that will prevail,
 Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire ,
 All thy vain muth lay by,
 Bid thy stings silent lie,
 Sleep, sleep again, my Lyie, and let thy master die
.1 Cowley

CXXVI

THE MANLY HEART

Shall I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair ?
 Or make pale my cheeks with care
 'Cause another's rosy air ?
 Be she fairer than the day
 Or the flowery meads in May—
 If she think not well of me
 What care I how fair she be ?

Shall my silly heart be pined
 'Cause I see a woman kind ;
 Or a well disposed nature
 Joined with a lovely feature ?
 Be she meeke, kinder, than
 Turtle dove or pelican,
 If she be not so to me
 What care I how kind she be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move
 Me to perish for her love ?
 Or her well-deservings known
 Make me quite forget mine own ?
 Be she with that goodness blest
 Which may merit name of Best ,
 If she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
 Shall I play the fool and die?
 She that bears a noble mind
 If not outward helps she find,
 Thinks what with them he would do
 Who without them dares her woo,
 And unless that mind I see,
 What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
 I will ne'er the more despair,
 If she love me, this believe,
 I will die ere she shall grieve,
 If she slight me when I woo,
 I can scorn and let her go,
 For if she be not for me,
 What care I for whom she be?

G Wither

CXXXII

MELANCHOLY

Hence, all you vain delights,
 As short as are the nights
 Wherein you spend you folly
 There's nought in this life sweet
 If man were wise to see't,
 But only melancholy,
 O sweetest Melancholy !
 Welcome, folded arms, and fix'd eyes,
 A sigh that piercing moistifies,
 A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
 A tongue chain'd up without a sound !
 Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
 Places which pale passion loves !
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
 Are warmly housed save bats and owls !
 A midnight bell, a parting groan !
 These are the sounds we feed upon,
 Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,
 Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy

J Fletcher

CXXVIII

FORSAKEN

O waly waly up the bank,
 And waly waly down the brae,
 And waly waly yon burn side
 Where I and my Love went to gae !
 I leant my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty tree ,
 But first it bow'd, and sync it brak,
 Sac my true Love did lichtly me

O waly waly, but love be bonny
 A little time while it is new ,
 But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld
 And fades awa' like morning dew
 O wherefore should I busk my head ?
 Or wherefore should I kame my hair ?
 For my true Love has me forsook,
 And says he'll never loe me mair

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed ,
 The sheets shall ne'er be prest by me
 Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
 Since my true Love has forsaken me
 Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree ?
 O gentle Death, when wilt thou come ?
 For of my life I am wearie

'Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie ;
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
 But my Love's heart grown cauld to me
 When we came in by Glasgow town
 We were a comely sight to see ;
 My Love was clad in the black velvet,
 And I mysell in cramasie.

But hadst wist, before I kist,
That love had been sae ill to win ,
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd
And pinn'd it with a siller pin
And, O ' if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysell were dead and gane,
And the green grass growing over me '

Anon

CXXXIV

Upon my lap my sovereign sits
And sucks upon my breast ,
Meantime his love maintains my life
And gives my sense her rest
Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy '

When thou hast taken thy repast,
Repose, my babe, on me ,
So may thy mother and thy nurse
Thy cradle also be
Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy '

I grieve that duty doth not work
All that my wishing would,
Because I would not be to thee
But in the best I should
Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy '

Yet as I am, and as I may,
I must and will be thine,
Though all too little for thy self
Vouchsafing to be mine
Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy '

Anon

CXXV

FAIR HELEN

I wish I were where Helen lies ,
Night and day on me she cries ,
O that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirconnell lea !

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms buid Helen dropt,
And died to succour me !

O think na but my heart was sair
When my Love dropt down and spak nae mair !
I laid her down wi' meikle care
On fau Kirconnell lea

As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell lea ,

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackéd him in pieces sma',
I hackéd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me

O Helen fau, beyond compare !
I'll make a gairland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for everman
Until the day I die

O that I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ,
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, ' Haste and come to me ! '

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
On fau Kirconnell lea

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell lea

I wish I were where Helen lies ,
Night and day on me she cries ,
And I am weary of the skies,
Since my Love died for me

Anon

CXXXVI

THE TWA CORBIES

As I was walking all alane
I heard twa corbies making a mane ,
The tane unto the t'other say,
'Where sall we gang and dine today?'

'—In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain Knight ,
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair

'His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet

'Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pick out his bonnie blue een
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare

'Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane ,
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair '

Anon

CXXVII

ON THE DEATH OF MR WILLIAM
HERVEY

It was a dismal and a fearful night,—
 Scarce could the Morn drive on th' unwilling light,
 When sleep, death's image, left my troubled breast,
 By something liker death possess
 My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
 And on my soul hung the dull weight
 Of some intolerable fate
 What bell was that? Ah me! Too much I know!

My sweet companion, and my gentle peer,
 Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
 Thy end for ever, and my life, to moan?
 O thou hast left me all alone!
 Thy soul and body, when death's agony
 Besieged around thy noble heart,
 Did not with more reluctance part
 Than I, my dearest friend, do part from thee

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,
 Have ye not seen us walking every day?
 Was there a tree about which did not know
 The love betwixt us two?
 Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade,
 Or your sad branches thicker join,
 And into darksome shades combine,
 Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid

Large was his soul, as large a soul as e'er
 Submitted to inform a body here,
 High as the place 'twas shortly in Heaven to have,
 But low and humble as his grave,
 So high that all the virtues there did come
 As to the chiefest seat
 Conspicuous, and great,
 So low that for me too it made a room

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,
As if for him knowledge had rather sought ,
Nor did more learning ever crowded he
 In such a short mortality
Whene'er the skilful youth discoursed or writ,
 Still did the notions throng
 About his eloquent tongue ,
Nor could his ink flow faster than his wit

His mirth was the pure spirits of various wit,
Yet never did his God or friends forget.
And when deep talk and wisdom came in view,
 Retired, and gave to them their due
For the rich help of books he always took,
 Though his own searching mind before
 Was so with notions written o'er,
As if wise Nature had made that her book

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
He always lived, as other saints do die
Still with his soul severe account he kept,
 Weeping all debts out ere he slept
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
 Like the sun's laborious light,
 Which still in water sets at night,
Un sullied with his journey of the day

A Cowley

CXXXVIII

FRIENDS IN PARADISE

They are all gone into the world of light !
 And I alone sit lingering here ,
Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear —

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
 After the sun's remove

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Meie glimmering and decays

O holy Hope ! and high Humility,
High as the heavens above !
These are your walks, and you have shew'd them
me,
To kindle my cold love

Dear, beauteous Death ! the jewel of the just,
Shining no where, but in the dark ,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bud's nest, may
know
At first sight, if the bud be flown ,
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown

And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep ,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep
H Vaughan

CVXXIX

TO BLOSSOMS

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last

What, were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good-night ?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave
And after they have shown their pride
 Like you, awhile, they glide
 Into the grave

R Herrick

CXL

TO DAFFODILS

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon
As yet the early-rising Sun
 Has not attain'd his noon
 Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even-song ,
And, having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along

We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a Spring ,
As quick a growth to meet decay
 As you, or any thing
 We die,
As your hours do, and day
 Away
 Like to the Summer's rain ,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew
 Ne'er to be found again

R. Herrick

CXXI

THE GIRL DESCRIBES HER FAWN

With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at my own fingers nursed ,
And as it grew, so every day
It wax'd more white and sweet than they—
It had so sweet a breath ' and oft
I blush'd to see its foot more soft
And white,—shall I say,—than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land !

It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race —
And when 't had left me far away
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness
And all the sprung-time of the year
It only lovéd to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie ,
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes —
For in the flaxen lilies' shade
It like a bank of lilies laid

Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips e'en seem'd to bleed
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold —
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without—roses within

A Marvell

CXLII

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their uncessant labours see
Crown'd from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-verg'd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid ;
While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of Repose

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy sister dear !
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men -
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistiess' name
Little, alas, they know or heed
How far these beauties hers exceed !
Fair trees ! wheres'e'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found

When we have run our passions' heat
 Love hither makes his best retreat
 The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
 Still in a tree did end their race,
 Apollo hunted Daphne so
 Only that she might laurel grow,
 And Pan did after Syrinx speed
 Not as a nymph, but for a reed

What wondrous life is this I lead!
 Ripe apples drop about my head,
 The luscious clusters of the vine
 Upon my mouth do crush their wine,
 The nectarine and curious peach
 Into my hands themselves do reach,
 Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
 Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
 Withdraws into its happiness,
 The mind, that ocean where each kind
 Does straight its own resemblance find,
 Yet it creates, transcending these,
 Far other worlds, and other seas,
 Annihilating all that's made
 To a green thought in a green shade

Here at the fountain's sliding foot
 Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
 Casting the body's vest aside
 My soul into the boughs does glide,
 There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
 Then whets and clips its silver wings,
 And, till prepared for longer flight,
 Waves in its plumes the various light

Such was that happy Garden-state
 While man there walk'd without a mate
 After a place so pure and sweet,
 What other help could yet be meet!
 But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
 To wander solitary there

Two paradises 'twere in one,
To live in Paradise alone

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new '
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers '

A Marvell

CXLIII

FORTUNATI NIMIUM

Jack and Joan, they think no ill,
But loving live, and merry still,
Do their week-day's work, and pray
Devoutly on the holy-day:
Skip and trip it on the green,
And help to choose the Summer Queen,
Lash out at a country feast
Their silver penny with the best

Well can they judge of nappy ale,
And tell at large a winter tale,
Climb up to the apple loft,
And turn the crabs till they be soft
Tib is all the father's joy,
And little Tom the mother's boy —
All their pleasure is, Content,
And care, to pay their yearly rent

Joan can call by name her cows
And deck her windows with green boughs,
She can wreaths and tutties make,
And tum with plums a bridal cake
Jack knows what brings gain or loss,
And his long flail can stoutly toss
Makes the hedge which others break,
And ever thinks what he doth speak.

—Now, you countly dames and knights,
 That study only strange delights,
 Though you scorn the homespun gray,
 And revel in your rich array,
 Though your tongues dissemble deep
 And can your heads from danger keep,
 Yet, for all your pomp and train,
 Secure lives the silly swain !

T. Campion

CXLIV

L'ALLEGRO

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
 In Stygian cave forlorn
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shudders, and sights
 unholy !
 Find out some uncouth cell
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings
 And the night-raven sings,
 There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell

But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
 In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth
 With two sister Graces more
 To ivy-crown'd Bacchus bore,
 Or whether (as some sages sing)
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring
 Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
 As he met her once a-Maying—
 There on beds of violets blue
 And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew
 Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blithe, and debonaire

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek,
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides --
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty,
And if I give thee honour due
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee
In unprov'd pleasures free,
To hear the lark begin his flight
And singing startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise,
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow
Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine --
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerily rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,

And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures,
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide,
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses,
And then in haste her bower she leaves
With Thelys to bind the sheaves,
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead

Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sun-shine holyday,
Till the live long day-light fail
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Faery Mab the junkets eat -
She was punch'd, and pull'd, she said,
And he, by Fire's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thrack'd the corn

That ten day-labourers could not end ,
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
 And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length;
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength ,
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep

Tower'd cities please us then
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
 In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry ,
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild

And ever against eating cares
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony ,
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber, on a bed
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regan'd Eurydice

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live

J Milton

CXLV

II. PENSEROSO

Hence, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bled !
How little you bestead
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys !
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess
As thick and numberless
As the gay notes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train

But hail, thou goddess sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy !
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue ,
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might becom,
Or that staid Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's prize above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended
Yet thou art higher far descended
Thee bright han'd Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore ,
His daughter she , in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cypres lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commencing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spacious Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing
And add to these retired Leisure
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure —
But first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation,
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song
In her sweetest saddest plight
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak
—Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song,
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering Moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud

Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far off Curlew sound
 Over some wide-water'd shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar
 O! if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm
 To bless the doors from nightly harm

O! let my lamp at midnight hour
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind, that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook.
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet, or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 O! the tale of Troy divine;
 Or what (though late) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage

But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musaeus from his bowel,
 O! bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew non-tears down Pluto's cheek
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek!
 O! call up him that left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold,
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wondrous horse of brass

On which the Tartar king did ride
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung
Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and frownc'd as she was wont
With the Attic Boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves
With minute drops from off the eaves
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaming beams, me, goddess, bring
To arch'd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heav'd stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook
Where no profane eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honey'd thigh
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep,
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,

And love the high-embow'd roof,
 With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight
 Casting a dim religious light
 There let the pealing organ blow
 To the full-voiced quire below
 In service high and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hury gown and mossy cell
 Where I may sit and nightly spell
 Of every star that heaven doth shew,
 And every herb that sips the dew,
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

J. Milton

CXLVI

SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDA

Where the remote Bermudas ride
 In the ocean's bosom unespied,
 From a small boat that row'd along
 The listening winds received this song
 'What should we do but sing His praise
 That led us through the watery maze
 Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,
 That lift the deep upon their backs,
 Unto an isle so long unknown,
 And yet far kinder than our own?
 He lands us on a grassy stage,
 Safe from the storms, and pelate's rage
 He gave us this eternal Spring
 Which here enamels everything,

And sends the fowls to us in care
 On daily visits through the air
 He hangs in shades the orange bright
 Like golden lamps in a green night,
 And does in the pomegranates close
 Jewels more rich than Ormus shows
 He makes the figs our mouths to meet
 And throws the melons at our feet ;
 But apples plants of such a price,
 No tree could ever bear them twice
 With cedars chosen by His hand
 From Lebanon He stores the land ,
 And makes the hollow seas that roar
 Proclaim the ambergris on shore
 He cast (of which we rather boast)
 The Gospel's pearl upon our coast ,
 And in these rocks for us did frame
 A temple where to sound His name.
 Oh ! let our voice His praise exalt
 Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
 Which thence (perhaps) rebounding may
 Echo beyond the Mexique bay !'
 —Thus sung they in the English boat
 A holy and a cheerful note
 And all the way, to guide their chime,
 With falling oars they kept the time

A Marvell

CXLVII

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
 Sphere-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and Verse !
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ,
 Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce ,
 And to our high-raised phantasy present
 That undisturbed Song of pure concent
 Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
 To Him that sits thereon,

With saintly shout and solemn jubilee ,
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
 Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow ,
 And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms
 Singing everlastingly
 That we on Earth, with undiscording voice
 May rightly answer that melodious noise ,
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
 Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good
 O may we soon again renew that Song,
 And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
 To His celestial consort us unite,
 To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light !
J Milton

CXLVIII

NOX NOCTI INDICAT SCIENTIAM

When I survey the bright
 Celestial sphere
 So rich with jewels hung, that night
 Doth like an Ethiop bride appear ,

 My soul her wings doth spread,
 And heaven-ward flies,
 The Almighty's mysteries to read
 In the large volumes of the skies

 For the bright fumament
 Shoots forth no flame
 So silent, but is eloquent
 In speaking the Creator's name

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Removed far from our human sight,

But if we steadfast look,
We shall discern
In it as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn

It tells the Conqueror,
That far-stretch'd power
Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour

That from the farthest North
Some nation may
Yet undiscover'd issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway

Some nation yet shut in
With hills of ice,
May be let out to scourge his sin,
Till they shall equal him in vice

And then they likewise shall
Their ruin have,
For as yourselves your Empires fall,
And every Kingdom hath a grave

Thus those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires
And all the pride of life, confute

For they have watch'd since first
The World had birth
And found sin in itself accursed,
And nothing permanent on earth.

W Habington

CXLIX

HYMN TO DARKNESS

Hail thou most sacred venerable thing !
 What Muse is worthy thee to sing ?
 Thee, from whose pregnant universal womb
 All things, ev'n Light, thy rival, first did come.
 What dares he not attempt that sings of thee,
 Thou first and greatest mystery ?
 Who can the secrets of thy essence tell ?
 Thou, like the light of God, art inaccessible

 Before great Love this monument did raise,
 This ample theatre of praise,
 Before the folding circles of the sky
 Were tuned by Him, Who is all harmony,
 Before the morning Stars their hymn began,
 Before the council held for man,
 Before the birth of either time or place,
 Thou reign'st unquestion'd monarch in the empty
 space

 Thy native lot thou didst to Light resign,
 But still half of the globe is thine
 Here with a quiet, but yet awful hand,
 Like the best emperors thou dost command
 To thee the stars above their brightness owe,
 And mortals their repose below
 To thy protection fear and sorrow flee,
 And those that weary are of light, find rest in thee
J Norris of Bemerton

CL

A VISION

I saw Eternity the other night,
 Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
 All calm, as it was bright —
 And round beneath it, Time, in hours, days, years,
 Driven by the spheres,
 Like a vast shadow moved, in which the World
 And all her train were hurl'd

H Vaughan

CLI

*ALEXANDER'S FEAST, OR, THE POWER
 OF MUSIC*

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son—
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne,
 His valiant peers were placed around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound,
 (So should desert in arms be crown'd),
 The lovely Thais by his side
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride —
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave
 None but the brave
 None but the brave deserves the fair!

Timotheus placed on high
 Amid the tuneful quire
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre
 The trembling notes ascend the sky
 And heavenly joys inspire
 The song began from Jove
 Who left his blissful seats above—

K

He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood;
 Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth exposed he lies
 With not a friend to close his eyes
 — With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of Chance below,
 And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow

The mighty master smiled to see
 That love was in the next degree,
 'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
 Honour but an empty bubble,
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying,
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee!
 — The many rend the skies with loud applause,
 So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again
 At length with love and wine at once oppress'd
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast

Now strike the golden lyre again:
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
 Break his bands of sleep asunder
 And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder

Hark, hark ! the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head
 As awaked from the dead
 And amazed he stares around
 Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
 See the Furies arise !
 See the snakes that they rear
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand !
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain
 And unburied remain
 Inglorious on the plain
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew !
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods
 —The princes applaud with a furious joy
 And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to
 destroy,
 Thus led the way
 To light him to his prey,
 And like another Helen, fired another Troy !

—Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows leun'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before
 —Let old Timotheus yield the prize
 Or both divide the crown,
 He raised a mortal to the skies,
 She drew an angel down !

J Dryden

The Golden Treasury

Book Third

CLII

ODE ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM VICISSITUDE

Now the golden Morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
She woos the tardy Spring
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet,
Forgetful of their wintry trance
The birds his presence greet
But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy,
And lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly,
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by
Their raptures now that wildly flow
No yesterday nor morrow know,
'Tis Man alone that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past misfortune's brow
 Soft reflection's hand can trace,
 And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
 A melancholy grace ;
 While hope prolongs our happier hour,
 Or deepest shades, that dimly lour
 And blacken round our weary way,
 Gilds with a gleam of distant day

Still, where rosy pleasure leads,
 See a kindred grief pursue ,
 Behind the steps that misery treads
 Approaching comfort view
 The hues of bliss more brightly glow
 Chastised by sabler tints of woe,
 And blended form, with artful strife,
 The strength and harmony of life

See the wretch that long has tost
 On the thorny bed of pain,
 At length repair his vigour lost
 And breathe and walk again :
 The meanest floweret of the vale,
 The simplest note that swells the gale,
 The common sun, the air, the skies,
 To him are opening Paradise

T Gray

CLIII

ODE TO SIMPLICITY

O Thou, by Nature taught
 To breathe her genuine thought
 In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong ,
 Who first, on mountains wild,
 In Fancy, loveliest child,
 Thy babe, or Pleasure's, nursed the powers of song !
 Thou who with hermit heart,
 Disdain'st the wealth of art,
 And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall,
 But com'st, a decent maid
 In Attic robe array'd,
 O chaste, unboastful Nymph, to thee I call !

By all the honey'd store
On Hybla's thymy shore,
By all her blooms and mingled murmurs dear ,
By her whose love-lorn woe
In evening musings slow
Soothed sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear

By old Cephisus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep
In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat ;
On whose enamell'd side,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allured thy future feet —

O sister meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse !
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though Beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none esteem
But Virtue's patriot theme,
You loved her hills, and led her laureat band ,
But stay'd to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne ,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her altar'd land

No more, in hall or bower,
The Passions own thy power ,
Love, only Love, her forceless numbers mean .
For thou hast left her shrine ,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene

Though taste, though genius, bless
To some divine excess,
Faints the cold work till thou inspire the whole ,
What each, what all supply
May count, may charm our eye ,
Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul !

Of these let others ask
To aid some mighty task ;

I only seek to find thy temperate vale
 Where oft my need might sound
 To maids and shepherds round,
 And all thy sons, O Nature ! learn my tale

H Collins

CLIV

SOLITUDE

Happy the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air
 In his own ground

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years, slide soft away
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night, study and ease
 Together mixt, sweet recreation,
 And innocence, which most does please
 With meditation

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die ;
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie

A Pope

CIV

THE BLIND BOY

O say what is that thing call'd Light,
 Which I must ne'er enjoy,
 What are the blessings of the sight,
 O tell your poor blind boy !

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright,
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play,
And could I ever keep awake
With me 'twere always day

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe,
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy

C Cibber

CLVI

*ON A FAVOURITE CAT, DROWNED IN A
TUB OF GOLD FISHES*

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow,
Demurest of the tabby kind
The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below

Her conscious tail her joy declared
The fan round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes—
She saw, and purr'd applause

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,

The Gem of the stream
 Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
 Through richest purple, to the view
 Betray'd a golden gleam

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw •
 A whisker first, and then a claw
 With many an ardent wish
 She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize—
 What female heart can gold despise?
 What Cat's avise to fish?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent
 Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
 Nor knew the gulf between—
 Malignant Fate sat by and smiled—
 The slippery verge her feet beguiled,
 She tumbled headlong in !

Eight times emerging from the flood
 She mew'd to every watery God
 Some speedy aid to send —
 No Dolphin came, no Nereid stir'd,
 Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard—
 A favourite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties ! undeceived
 Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
 And be with caution bold •
 Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
 And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
 Nor all that glistens, gold !

T. Gray

CLVII

TO CHARLOTTE PULTENEY

Timely blossom, Infant fun,
 Fondling of a happy pan,
 Every morn and every night
 Their solicitous delight,
 Sleeping, waking, still at ease,

Pleasing, without skill to please ,
 Little gossip, blithe and hale,
 Tatling many a broken tale,
 Singing many a tuneless song,
 Lavish of a heedless tongue ;
 Simple maiden, void of art,
 Babbling out the very heart,
 Yet abandon'd to thy will,
 Yet imagining no ill,
 Yet too innocent to blush ,
 Like the linnet in the bush
 To the mother-linnet's note
 Moduling her slender throat ,
 Chirping forth thy petty joys,
 Wanton in the change of toys,
 Like the linnet green, in May
 Flitting to each bloomy spray ,
 Wearied then and glad of rest,
 Like the linnet in the nest —
 Thus thy present happy lot
 This, in time will be forgot :
 Other pleasures, other cares,
 Ever-busy Time prepares ,
 And thou shalt in thy daughter see,
 This picture, once, resembled thee

A Phœbe

CLVIII

RULE BRITANNIA

When Britain first at Heaven's command
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of her land,
 And guardian angels sung the strain
 Rule, Britannia ! Britannia rules the waves :
 Britons never shall be slaves

 The nations not so blest as thee
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
 Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free
 The dread and envy of them all

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
 As the loud blast that tears the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 And work their woe and thy renown

To thee belongs the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore it circles thine

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair,
 Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crown'd
 And manly hearts to guard the fair —
 Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
 Britons never shall be slaves!

J Thomson

CLIX

THE BARD

Pindaric Ode

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
 Confusion on thy banners wait,
 Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing
 They mock the air with idle state
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'
 —Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array —
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance,

'To arms!' cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe
With haggard eyes the Poet stood,
(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air)
And with a master's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre
'Hail, how each giant-oak and desert-cave
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarse murmurs breathe,
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's hair, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie
Smear'd with gore and ghastly pale
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail,
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep, They do not sleep,
On yonder cliffs, a guesly band,
I see them sit, They linger yet,
Avengers of their native land
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line

*Weave the warp and weave the woof
The winding sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.*

*Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death thro' Berkley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king!*

*She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of heaven! What terrors round him
wait!*

*Amazement in his van, with flight combined,
And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind*

*'Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!*

No pitying heart, no eye, afford

A tear to grace his obsequies

Is the sable warrior fled?

*Thy son is gone He rests among the dead
The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born?*

—Gone to salute the rising morn

Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows,

While proudly riding o'er the azure realm

In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes

Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm

Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,

That hush'd in grim repose expects his evening prey.

' Fill high the sparkling bowl,

The rich repast prepare,

Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast

Close by the regal chair

Fell Thirst and Famine scowl

A baleful smile upon their baffled guest,

Heard ye the din of battle bray,

Lance to lance, and horse to horse?

Long years of havoc urge their destined course,

And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,

With many a foul and midnight murder fed,

Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,

And spare the meek usurper's holy head!

Above, below, the rose of snow,

*Twined with her blushing foe, we spread
The bristled boar in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom*

*'Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof, The thread is spun,)
Half of thy heart we consecrate
(The web is wove, The work is done)*

—Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn
In yon bright track that fires the western skies
They melt, they vanish from my eyes
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail —
All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's issue, hail!

'Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their stately fronts they rear,
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play?
Hear from the grave, great Taliesin, hear,
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour'd wings

'The veise adorn again
Fierce war, and faithful love,
And truth severe, by fairy fiction diest
In buskin'd measures move
Pale grief, and pleasing pain,
With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast
A voice as of the cherub-choir

Gales from blooming Eden bear,
 And distant wablings lessen on my ear
 That lost in long futurity expire
 Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud
 Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray
 Enough for me with joy I see
 The different doom our fates assign
 Be thine despair and sceptred care,
 To triumph and to die are mine,
 —He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's
 height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night

T Gray

CLX

ODE WRITTEN IN 1746

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest !
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod
 By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
 And Freedom shall awhile repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there !

W Collins

CLXI

LAMENT FOR CULLODEN

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ;
 For e'en and morn she cries, Alas !
 And aye the saut tear blins her ee
 Drumossie moor—Drumossie day—

A waefu' day it was to me '
 For there I lost my father dear,
 My father dear, and brethren three
 Their winding-sheet the bloody clay,
 Their graves aie growing green to see
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's ee '
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
 A bloody man I trow thou be ,
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee

R Burns

CLXII

LAMENT FOR FLODDEN

I've heard them liting at our ewe milking,
 Lasses a' liting before dawn o' day ,
 But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away
 At bughts, in the morning, nae blythe lads aie
 scorning,
 Lasses are lonely and dowie and wae ,
 Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
 Ilk ane lifts her leggin and hies hei away
 In hai'st, at the shearing, nae youths now aie jeeing,
 Bandsters aie lyait, and runkled, and gray ,
 At fan or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away
 At e'en, in the gloaming, nae younkers are roaming
 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play ,
 But ilk ane sits dearie, lamenting her dearie—
 The Flowers of the Forest are weded away
 Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the
 Border !
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day ,
 The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the
 foie-most,
 The prime of our land, aie cauld in the clay

We'll hear nae mair liting at the ewe-milking ,
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae ;
 Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
 The Floweis of the Forest are a' wede away

J Elliott

CLXIII

THE BRAES OF YARROW

Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream,
 When first on them I met my lover ,
 Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
 When now thy waves his body cover ' !
 For ever now, O Yarrow stream ' !
 Thou art to me a stream of sorrow ,
 For never on thy banks shall I
 Behold my Love, the flower of Yarrow ' !

He promised me a milk-white steed
 To bear me to his father's bowers ,
 He promised me a little page
 To squire me to his father's towers ,
 He promised me a wedding-ring,—
 The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow,—
 Now he is wedded to his grave,
 Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow ' !

Sweet were his words when last we met ,
 My passion I as freely told him ,
 Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
 That I should never more behold him ' !
 Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost ,
 It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow ,
 Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
 And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow

His mother from the window look'd
 With all the longing of a mother ,
 His little sister weeping walk'd
 The green-wood path to meet her brother ,
 They sought him east, they sought him west,
 They sought him all the forest thorough ,
 They only saw the cloud of night,
 They only heard the roar of Yarrow

No longer from thy window look—
 Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !
 No longer walk, thou lovely maid ,
 Alas, thou hast no more a brother !
 No longer seek him east or west
 And search no more the forest thorough ,
 For, wandering in the night so dark,
 He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
 No other youth shall be my marrow—
 I'll seek thy body in the stream,
 And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow
 —The tear did never leave her cheek,
 No other youth became her marrow ,
 She found his body in the stream,
 And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow
J Logan

CLXIV

WILLY DROWNED IN YARROW

Down in yon garden sweet and gay
 Where bonnie grows the lily,
 I heard a fau maid sighing say,
 ' My wish be wi' sweet Willie '
 ' Willie's rare, and Willie's fau,
 And Willie's wondrous bonny ,
 And Willie hecht to marry me
 Gin e'er he married ony
 ' O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
 From where my Love repaueth,
 Convey a kiss frae his dear mouth
 And tell me how he fareth '
 ' O tell sweet Willie to come doun
 And hear the mavis singing,
 And see the birds on ilka bush
 And leaves around them hinging

'The lav'lock there, wi' her white breast
And gentle throat sae narow,
There's sport enouch for gentlemen
On Leader haughs and Yarrow

'O Leader haughs are wide and braid
And Yarrow haughs are bonny,
There Willie hecht to marry me
If e'er he married ony

'But Willie's gone, whom I thought on,
And does not hear me weeping,
Draws many a tear frae true love's e'e
When other maids are sleeping

'Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
The night I'll mak' it narow,
For a' the live-lang winter night
I lie twined o' my mairrow

'O came ye by yon water-side?
Pou'd you the rose or lily?
Or came you by yon meadow green,
Or saw you my sweet Willie?'

She sought him up, she sought him down,
She sought him braid and narow,
Syne, in the cleaving of a craig,
She found him drown'd in Yarrow'

Anon

CIXV

LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

Toll for the Brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side

A land-breeze shook the shrouds
And she was overset ;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ,
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done

It was not in the battle ,
No tempest gave the shock ,
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men

—Weigh the vessel up
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tears that England owes

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er ,
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more

W Cowper

CLXXI

BLACK-EYED SUSAN

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard ;
' O ' where shall I my true-love find ?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true
If my sweet William sails among the crew '

William, who high upon the yard
 Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below
 The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast
 If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest —
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet

'O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain,
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee

'Believe not what the landmen say
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 In every port a mistress find.
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For Thou art present wheresoe'er I go

'If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white
 Thus every beauteous object that I view
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue

'Though battle call me from thy arms
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn,
 Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
 William shall to his Dear return
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan'

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread
 No longer must she stay aboard,

They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
'Adieu ' she cries, and waved her hly hand

J Gay

CLXVII

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley
Her father he makes cabbage-nets
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em.
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley
When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely,
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely—
But let him bang his bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day—
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday,
For then I'm diest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley

My master carries me to church,
 And often am I blamed
 Because I leave him in the lurch
 As soon as text is named ,
 I leave the church in sermon-time
 And slink away to Sally ,
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley

When Christmas comes about again
 O then I shall have money ,
 I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
 I'll give it to my honey
 I would it were ten thousand pound,
 I'd give it all to Sally ,
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley

My master and the neighbours all
 Make game of me and Sally,
 And, but for her, I'd better be
 A slave and row a galley ,
 But when my seven long years are out
 O then I'll marry Sally,—
 O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed
 But not in our alley !

H Carey

CLXVIII

A FAREWELL

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 An' fill it in a silver tassie ,
 That I may drink before I go
 A service to my bonnie lassie
 The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the feiry,
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
 And I maun leave my bonnie Mary

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rank'd ready,
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody,
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry,
Nor shout o' war that's heard afar—
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

R Burns

CLXIX

If doughty deeds my lady please
Right soon I'll mount my steed;
And strong his arm, and fast his seat
That bears frae me the meed
I'll wear thy colours in my cap
Thy picture at my heart,
And he that bends not to thine eye
Shall rue it to his smart!
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love,
O tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take
Tho' ne'er another trow me

If gay attne delight thine eye
I'll dight me in array,
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch,
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thyself,
That voice that nane can match

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow,
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,
I never loved but you
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue,
For you alone I strive to sing,
O tell me how to woo!

Then tell me how to woo thee, Love ,
 O tell me how to woo thee '
 For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
 Tho' ne'er another trow me

Graham of Gastmore

CLXX

TO A YOUNG LADY

Sweet stream, that winds through yonder glade,
 Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—
 Silent and chaste she steals along,
 Far from the world's gay busy throng
 With gentle yet prevailing force,
 Intent upon her destined course ,
 Graceful and useful all she does,
 Blessing and blest where'er she goes ;
 Pure-bosom'd as that watery glass,
 And Heaven reflected in her face

W Cowper

CLXXI

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

Sleep on, and dream of Heaven awhile—
 Tho' shut so close thy laughing eyes,
 Thy rosy lips still wear a smile
 And move, and breathe delicious sighs '
 Ah, now soft blushes tinge her cheeks
 And mantle o'er her neck of snow
 Ah, now she murmurs, now she speaks
 What most I wish—and fear to know '
 She starts, she trembles, and she weeps '
 Her fair hands folded on her breast
 —And now, how like a saint she sleeps '
 A seraph in the realms of rest '

Sleep on secure ! Above controul
Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee
And may the secret of thy soul
Remain within its sanctuary !

S Rogers

CI XXII

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to Love,
And when we meet a mutual heart
Come in between, and bid us part ?

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish and wish the soul away ,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone ?

But busy, busy, still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care ,
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine

J Thomson

CLXXIII

The merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
But Cloe is my real flame

My softest veise, my darling lyre
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay—
When Cloe noted her desire
That I should sing, that I should play

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs ,
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes

Fan Cloe blush'd Euphelia frown'd
 I sung, and gazed, I play'd, and trembled
 And Venus to the Loves around
 Remark'd how ill we all dissembled

M Prior

CLXXIV

LOVE'S SECRET

Never seek to tell thy love,
 Love that never told can be,
 For the gentle wind doth move
 Silently, invisibly

I told my love, I told my love,
 I told her all my heart,
 Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears —
 Ah ! she did depart

Soon after she was gone from me
 A traveller came by,
 Silently, invisibly
 He took her with a sigh

W Blake

CLXXV

When lovely woman stoops to folly
 And finds too late that men betray,—
 What charm can soothe her melancholy,
 What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover
 And wring his bosom, is—to die

O. Goldsmith

CLXXVI

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon
 How can ye blume sae fau'
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae fu' o' care'

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
 That sings upon the bough;
 Thou minds me o' the happy days
 When my fause Luvie was true

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
 That sings beside thy mate,
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
 And wist na o' my fate

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
 To see the woodbine twine,
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,
 And sae did I o' mine

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Frae aff its thorny tree,
 And my fause luvie staw the rose,
 But left the thorn wi' me

R Burns

CLXXVII

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

A Pindaric Ode

Awake, Aeolian lyre, awake,
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings
 From Helicon's harmonious springs

A thousand rills then mazy progress take
 The laughing flowers that round them blow
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow
 Now the rich stream of music winds along
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,

Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign ,
Now rolling down the steep again
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the
 roar

Oh ! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell ! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car
And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye

Thee the voice, the dance, obey
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay
 O'er Idalia's velvet-green
 The rosy-crown'd Loves are seen
 On Cytherea's day,
 With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
 Frisking light in folio measures,
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet
 To brisk notes in cadence beating
 Glance their many-twinkling feet
 Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare
 Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay
 With arms sublime that float upon the air
 In gliding state she wins her easy way.
 O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
 The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love

Man's feeble race what ills await !
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of fate !
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.

Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse ?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry
He gives to range the dreary sky
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war

In climes beyond the solar road
Where shaggy foams o'er ice-built mountains foam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Aegean deep,
Fields that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Maeander's ambe waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of anguish !
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around,
Every shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion ! next, thy sea-encircled coast.

Far from the sun and summer-gale
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stay'd,
To him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled

'This pencil take' (she said), 'whose colours clean
 Richly paint the vernal year
 Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal Boy'
 This can unlock the gates of joy,
 Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
 Ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears'

Nor second He, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy
 The secrets of the abyss to spy

He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time
 The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,
 He saw, but blasted with excess of light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night
 Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
 Two coursers of ethereal race,
 With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding
 pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
 Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
 Scatters from her pictured urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn

But ah! 'tis heard no more—
 Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
 Wakes thee now? Tho' he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,

That the Theban eagle bear,
 Sailing with supreme dominion

Thro' the azure deep of air
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun.

Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate
 Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great

T. Gray

CLXXVIII

THE PASSIONS

An Ode for Music

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting,
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refined
'Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings, own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre
And swept with hurried hand the strings

With woeful measures wan Despan,
Low sullen sounds, his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fan,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure
And bade the lovely scenes at distance haul
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale

She call'd on Echo still through all the song,
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden
hair,—

And longer had she sung—but with a frown
Revenge impatient rose
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And with a withering look
The war-denouncing trumpet took
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat,
And, though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting
from his head

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it counted Love, now raving call'd on
Hate

With eyes up-raised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul
And dashing soft from rocks around
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound,
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure
stole,
Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away

But O! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,

Hei bow across hei shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known !
 The oak-crown'd Sisters and their chaste-eyed Queen,
 Satyrs and Sylvan Boys, were seen
 Peeping from forth their alleys green
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ,
 And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best
 They would have thought who heard the strain
 They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids
 Amidst the festal-sounding shades
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing ,
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ,
 And he, amidst his folic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid !
 Why, goddess ! why, to us denied,
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
 As in that loved Athenian bower
 You learn'd an all-commanding power,
 Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd,
 Can well recall what then it heard
 Where is thy native simple heart
 Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?
 Alike, as in that eldèr time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
 Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
 Fill thy recording Sister's page ,—
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,

Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age
 E'en all at once together found,
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound —
 O bid our vain endeavours cease
 Revive the just designs of Greece
 Return in all thy simple state !
 Confirm the tales her sons relate !

W Collins

CLXXIX

THE SONG OF DAVID

He sang of God, the mighty source
 Of all things, the stupendous force
 On which all strength depends
 From Whose right arm, beneath Whose eyes,
 All period, power, and enterprise
 Commences, reigns, and ends

The world, the clustering spheres He made,
 The glorious light, the soothing shade,
 Dale, champaign, grove and hill
 The multitudinous abyss,
 Where secrecy remains in bliss,
 And wisdom hides her skill

Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said
 To Moses while Earth heard in dread,
 And, smitten to the heart,
 At once, above, beneath, around,
 All Nature, without voice or sound,
 Replied, ' O Lord, THOU ART '

C Smart

CLXXX

INFANT JOY

' I have no name ,
I am but two days old '
—What shall I call thee ?
' I happy am ,
Joy is my name '
—Sweet joy befall thee '

Pretty joy !
Sweet joy, but two days old ,
Sweet joy I call thee
Thou dost smile
I sing the while,
Sweet joy befall thee '

W. Blake

A CRADLE SONG

CLXXXI

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night ;
Sleep, sleep , in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles

As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart doth rest

Oh the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep '
When thy little heart doth wake,
Then the dreadful light shall break

W Blake

CLXXVII

ODE ON THE SPRING

I o' where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
 Fair Venus' train, appear,
 Disclose the long-expecting flowers
 And wake the purple year !
 The Attic warbler pours her throat
 Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
 The untaught harmony of Spring
 While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
 Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
 Their gather'd fragrance fling

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
 A broader, browner shade,
 Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
 O'er-canopies the glade,
 Beside some water's rushy brink
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think
 (At ease reclined in rustic state)
 How vain the ardour of the crowd,
 How low, how little are the proud,
 How indigent the great !

Still is the toiling hand of Care,
 The panting herds repose
 Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows !
 The insect youth are on the wing,
 Eager to taste the honied spring
 And float amid the liquid noon
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,
 Some show their gaily-gilded trim
 Quick-glancing to the sun

To Contemplation's sober eye
 Such is the race of Man
 And they that creep, and they that
 Shall end where they began
 Alike the Busy and the Gay

But flutter thro' life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours diest
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, then airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply
Poor mortalist ! and what art thou ?
A solitary fly !
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display
On hasty wings thy youth is flown ,
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May

T Gray

CLXXXIII

THE POPLAR FIELD

The poplars are fell'd , farewell to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade ,
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom then image receives

Twelve years have elapsed since I first took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade !

The blackbird has fled to another retreat
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat ,
And the scene where his melody charm'd me before
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
With a turf on my breast and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead

The change both my heart and my fancy employs ,
 I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys .
 Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,
 Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we

W Cowper

CLXXXIV

TO A MOUSE

*On turning her up in her nest, with the plough,
 November, 1785*

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'ious beastie,
 O what a panic's in thy breastie !
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering biattle !
 I wad be laith to in an' chase thee
 Wi' murd'ring pattle !

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor eath-born companion,
 An' fellow mortal !

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve ,
 What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
 A daimen-icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
 And never miss't !

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
 Its silly wa's the win's aie stiewin .
 And naething, now, to big a new aie,
 O' foggage green !
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin'
 Baith snell an' keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash ' the cruel coultter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee but heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble '
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble
An' cranreuch cauld '

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promised joy

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me '
The present only toucheth thee .
But, Och ' I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear '
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear '

R Burns

CLXXXV

A WISH

Mine be a cot beside the hill ,
A bee hive's hum shall soothe my ear ,
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ,
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest

Around my ivied porch shall spring
 Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ,
 And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
 In russet-gown and apron blue

The village-church among the trees,
 Where first our marriage-vows were given,
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze
 And point with taper spire to Heaven

S Rogers

CLXXXVI

ODE TO EVENING

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
 May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales ,

O Nymph reserved,—while now the bright-hau'd
 sun
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed ,

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum,—
 Now teach me, maid composed,
 To breathe some soften'd strain

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
 May not unseemly with its stillness suit ,
 As, musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial loved return

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his waining lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with
sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene ,
Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams

Or, if chill blustering winds or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spues ,
And hears their simple bell , and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light ,

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ,
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train
And rudely rends thy robes ,

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name !

W Collins

CLXXXVII

*ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY
CHURCHYARD*

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn
Or busy housewife ply her evening care
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke,
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike th' inevitable hour —
The paths of glory lead but to the grave

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll,
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbad nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined,
Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ,
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ,
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn ,

' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would love ,
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

' One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ,
Another came , nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ,

' The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn '

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown ,
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth
And melancholy mark'd him for her own

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God

T Gray

CLXXXVIII

MARY MORISON

O Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour '
Those smiles and glances let me see
That make the miser's treasure poor
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison

Yestreen when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,—
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw
 Tho' this was fan, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
 'Ye are na Mary Morison'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee?
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown,
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison

R Burns

CLXXXIX

BONNIE LESLEY

O saw ye bonnie Lesley
 As she gaed o'er the border?
 She's gane, like Alexander,
 To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
 And love but her for ever,
 For Nature made her what she is,
 And ne'er made sic anither!

Thou art a queen, Fair Lesley,
 Thy subjects we, before thee,
 Thou art divine, Fair Lesley,
 The hearts o' men adore thee

The Deil he could na scaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee,
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,
 And say 'I canna wrang thee!'

The Powers aboon will tent thee ,
 Misfortune sha' na steer thee ,
 Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee

Return again, Fan Lesley,
 Return to Caledonie !
 That we may brag we hae a lass
 There's nane again sae bonnie

R Burns

CXC

O my Luve's like a red, red rose
 That's newly sprung in June
 O my Luve's like the melodie
 That's sweetly play'd in tune

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in luve am I
 And I will luve thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;
 I will luve thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run

And fare thee weel, my only Luve !
 And fare thee weel awhile !
 And I will come again, my Luve,
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile

R Burns

CXCI

HIGHLAND MARY

Ye banks and braes and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be y our woods, and fair y our floweis,
 You waters never drumlie !

There simmer first unfauld her robes,
 And there the langest tarry,
 For there I took the last faieweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasp'd her to my bosom !
 The golden hours on angel wings
 Flew o'er me and my dearie,
 For dear to me as light and life
 Was my sweet Highland Mary

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace
 Our parting was fu' tender,
 And pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursel's asunder,
 But, Oh ! fell Death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early !
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly,
 And mouldering now in silent dust
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
 But still within my bosom's coe
 Shall live my Highland Mary

R. Burns

CXCII

AULD ROBIN GRAY

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye a
 hame,
 And a' the warld to rest are gane,
 The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
 While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his
bride ,

But saving a croun he had naething else beside
To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea ,
And the croun and the pund were bath for me

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my father brak his arm, and the cow was
stoun awa ,

My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea—
And auld Robin Gray came a-coutin' me

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin ,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win ,
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his
e'e

Said, Jennie, for their sakes, O, mairry me !

My heart it said nay , I look'd for Jamie back ,
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a
wrack ,

His ship it was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee ?
Or why do I live to cry, Wae's me ?

My father urgit sair my mother didna speak ,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to
break

They gi'ed him my hand, but my heart was at the sea ,
Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wiath, for I couldna think it he—
Till he said, I'm come hame to marry thee.

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say ,
We took but ae kiss, and I bad him gang away
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee ,
And why was I born to say, Wae's me !

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin ,
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin ,
But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me

Lady A. Lindsay

CXCIII

DUNCAN GRAY

Duncan Gray cam here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't ,
On blythe Yule night when we weie fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't
Maggie coost hei head fu' high,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh ,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd ,
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Ciarg ,
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleei't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin ower a linn !

Time and chance are but a tide,
Slighted love is san to bide,
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie dee ?
She may gae to—France for me !

How it comes let doctors tell,
Meg grew sick—as he grew well ,
Something in her bosom wings,
For relief a sigh she brings ,
And O, her een, they spak sic things !

Duncan was a lad o' grace ,
Maggie's was a piteous case ,
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath ,
Now they're crouse and canty baith
Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

R Burns

CXCIV

THE SAILOR'S WIFE

And are ye sure the news is true ?
And are ye sure he's weel ?
Is this a time to think o' wark ?
Ye jades, lay by your wheel ,
Is this the time to spin a thread,
When Colin's at the door ?
Reach down my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a' ,
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'
And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop's satin gown ,
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin's in the town
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My stockins pearly blue ,
It's a' to please our gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true
Rise, lass, and mak a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot ,
Gie little Kate her button gown
And Jock his Sunday coat ,
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Then hose as white as snaw ,
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been long awa'
There's twa fat hens upo' the coop
Been fed this month and mair ,
Mak haste and thrav then necks about,
That Colin weel may fare ,
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look biaw,
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa' ?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
 His breath like caller air,
 His very foot has music in't
 As he comes up the stair—
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
 In troth I'm like to greet'

If Colin's weel, and weel content,
 I hae nae mair to crave
 And gin I live to keep him sae,
 I'm blest aboon the lave
 And will I see his face again,
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
 In troth I'm like to greet
 For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a',
 There's little pleasure in the house
 When our gudeman's awa'

W J Muckle

CXCV

ABSENCE

When I think on the happy days
 I spent wi' you, my dearie,
 And now what lands between us lie,
 How can I be but eeie'

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
 As ye weie wae and weary'
 It was na sae ye glinted by
 When I was wi' my dearie

Anon

CXCVI

JEAN

Of a' the aunts the wind can blaw
 I dearly like the West,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best
 There wild woods grow, and rivers low,
 And mony a hill between,
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair.
 I hear her in the tunefu' buds,
 I hear her charm the air
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 There's not a bonnie bud that sings
 But minds me o' my Jean

O blaw ye westlin winds, blaw saft
 Among the leafy trees,
 Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale
 Bring hame the laden becs,
 And bring the lassie back to me
 That's aye sae neat and clean,
 Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
 Sae charming is my Jean

What sighs and vows amang the knowes
 Ilae pass'd atween us twa!
 How fond to meet, how wae to part
 That night she gaed awa'!
 The Poweis aboon can only ken
 To whom the heart is seen,
 That nane can be sae dear to me
 As my sweet lovely Jean!

R Burns

CXC VII

JOHN ANDERSON

John Anderson my jo, John,
 When we were first acquaint
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent,
 But now your brow is bald, John,
 Your locks are like the snow,
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither,
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson my jo

R Burns

CXC VIII

THE LAND O' THE LEAL

I'm wearing awa', Jean,
 Like snaw when its thaw, Jean,
 I'm weaing awa'
 To the land o' the leal
 There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
 There's neither could nor care, Jean,
 The day is aye fair
 In the land o' the leal
 Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
 Your task's ended noo, Jean,
 And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith guid and faa, Jean ,
O we grudged her icht sair
To the land o' the leal !

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
My soul lang's to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal
Now fae ye weel, my ain Jean,
This wairld's care is vain, Jean ,
We'll meet and aye be faa
In the land o' the leal

Lady Nairn

CXCIX

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF
ETON COLLEGE

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade ,
And ye, that from the stately bow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way

Ah happy hills ! ah pleasing shade !
Ah fields beloved in vain !
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain !
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh then gladsome wing
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling cicle's speed
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty.
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign
And unknown regions dare descry
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd,
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born,
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light
That fly th' approach of morn

Alas! regardless of their doom
The little victims play,
No sense have they of ills to come
Nor care beyond to-day
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah show them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey, the murderous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame that sculks behind ;
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
 Or Jealousy with rankling tooth
 That inly gnaws the secret heart,
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,
 Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice
 And ginning Infamy
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try
 And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
 That mocks the tear it forced to flow ,
 And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
 And moody Madness laughing wild
 Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
 A griesly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their queen
 This racks the joints this fires the veins,
 That every labouring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage
 Lo ' Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming Age

To each his sufferings all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan ,
 The tender for another's pain,
 Th' unfeeling for his own
 Yet, ah ! why should they know then fate,
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies ?
 Thought would destroy their paradise
 No more ,—where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise

T Gray

CC

THE SHRUBBERY

O happy shades ' to me unblest '
 Friendly to peace, but not to me '
 How ill the scene that offends rest,
 And heart that cannot rest, agree '
 This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
 Those alders quivering to the breeze,
 Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,
 And please, if anything could please
 But fix'd unalterable Care
 Foregoes not what she feels within,
 Shows the same sadness everywhere,
 And slights the season and the scene
 For all that pleased in wood or lawn
 While Peace possess'd these silent bowers,
 Her animating smile withdrawn,
 Has lost its beauties and its powers
 The saint or moralist should tread
 This moss-grown alley, musing, slow,
 They seek like me the secret shade,
 But not, like me, to nourish woe '
 Me, fruitful scenes and prospects waste
 Alike admonish not to roam ,
 These tell me of enjoyments past,
 And those of sorrows yet to come

W Cowper

CCI

HYMN TO ADVERSITY

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and torturing howl
 The bad affright, afflict the best '
 Bound in thy adamant chain
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth
 And bade to form her infant mind
 Stern, rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore ,
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle blood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good
 Light they dispense, and with them go
 The summer friend, the flattering foe ,
 By vain Prosperity received,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd
 Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend
 Warm Charity, the general friend,
 With Justice, to herself severe,
 And Pity dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear

Oh ! gently on thy suppliant's head
 Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand !
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Not circled with the vengeful band
 (As by the impious thou art seen)
 With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty, —

Thy form benign, oh goddess, wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic train be there
 To soften, not to wound my heart
 The generous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

T Gray

CCII

*THE SOLITUDE OF
ALEXANDER SELKIRK*

I am monarch of all I survey ,
My right there is none to dispute ,
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute
O Solitude ' where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech ,
I start at the sound of my own
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see ,
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me

Society, Friendship, and Love
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove
How soon would I taste you again ' !
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more .
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me ?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light
 When I think of my own native land
 In a moment I seem to be there ,
 But alas ! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair ,
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair
 There's mercy in every place,
 And mercy, encouraging thought !
 Gives even affliction a grace
 And reconciles man to his lot

W Cowper

CCIII

TO MARY UNWIN

Mary ! I want a lyre with other strings,
 Such aid from Heaven as some have feign'd they
 diew,

An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
 And undebased by praise of meaner things,

That ere through age or woe I shed my wings
 I may record thy worth with honour due,
 In verse as musical as thou art true,
 And that immortalizes whom it sings —

But thou hast little need There is a Book
 By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
 On which the eyes of God not rarely look,

A chronicle of actions just and bright—
 There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine ,
 And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine

W Cowper

TO THE SAME

The twentieth year is well-nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast,
Ah would that this might be the last !
My Mary !

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow—
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary !

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary !

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary !

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary !

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream,
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary !

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary !

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary !

Partakers of thy sad decline
 Thy hands their little force resign,
 Yet, gently prest, press gently mine,
 My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st
 That now at every step thou mov'st
 Upheld by two, yet still thou lov'st,
 My Mary!

And still to love, though prest with ill,
 In wintry age to feel no chill,
 With me is to be lovely still,
 My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know
 How oft the sadness that I show
 Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
 My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
 With much resemblance of the past,
 Thy worn-out heart will break at last—
 My Mary!

W. Cowper

CCV

THE CASTAWAY

Obscurest night involved the sky,
 The Atlantic billows roar'd,
 When such a destined wretch as I,
 Wash'd headlong from on board,
 Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
 His floating home for ever left

No braver chief could Albion boast
 Than he with whom he went,
 Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
 With warmer wishes sent

He loved them both, but both in vain,
 Not him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay,
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away,
But waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despan of life

He shouted nor his friends had fail'd
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevail'd,
That, pitiless peirforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind

Some succour yet they could afford,
And such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delay'd not to bestow
But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seem'd, could he
Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
Alone could rescue them,
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh

He long survives, who lives an hour
In ocean, self-upheld,
And so long he, with unspent power,
His destiny repell'd,
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried 'Adieu'

At length, his transient respite past,
His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast,
Could catch the sound no more,
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him , but the page
 Of narrative sincere,
 That tells his name, his worth, his age,
 Is wet with Anson's tear
 And tears by bards or heroes shed
 Alike immortalize the dead
 I therefore purpose not, or dream,
 Descanting on his fate,
 To give the melancholy theme
 A more enduring date
 But misery still delights to trace
 Its semblance in another's case
 No voice divine the storm allay'd,
 No light propitious shone,
 When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
 We perish'd, each alone
 But I beneath a rougher sea,
 And whelm'd in deeper gulfs than he

W Cowper

CCVI

TOMORROW

In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
 May my fate no less fortunate be
 Than a snug elbow-chair will afford for reclining,
 And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea ,
 With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,
 While I carol away idle sorrow,
 And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn
 Look forward with hope for Tomorrow
 With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade
 too,
 As the sunshine or rain may prevail ,
 And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade
 too,
 With a barn for the use of the flail
 A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
 And a pulse when a friend wants to borrow ;
 I'll envy no Nabob his riches or fame,
 Or what honours may wait him Tomorrow

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely

Secured by a neighbouring hill ,

And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly

By the sound of a murmuring rill

And while peace and plenty I find at my board,

With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,

With my friends may I share what Today may afford,

And let them spread the table Tomorrow

And when I at last must throw off this frail cov'ring

Which I've worn for three-score years and ten,

On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep
hov'ring,

Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again .

But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,

And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow ,

As this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare Today,

May become Everlasting Tomorrow.

J Collins

CCVII

Life ! I know not what thou art,

But know that thou and I must part ,

And when, or how, or where we met

I own to me's a secret yet

Life ! we've been long together

Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;

'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—

Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ,

—Then steal away, give little warning,

Choose thine own time ,

Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter
clime

Bid me Good Morning

A L Barbauld

The Golden Treasury

Book Fourth

CCVIII

TO THE MUSES

Whether on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased ,
Whether in Heaven ye wander far,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air,
Where the melodious winds have birth ,
Whether on crystal rocks ye rove
Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove, —
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry ,
How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoy'd in you !
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few.

W Blake

CCIX

ODE ON THE POETS

Bards of Passion and of Mirth
Ye have left your souls on earth !
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new ?

—Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon ,
With the noise of fountains wond'rous
And the parle of voices thund'ious ,
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns ,
Underneath large blue bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not ,
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, tranced thing,
But divine melodious truth ,
Philosophic numbers smooth ,
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again ,
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumber'd, never cloying
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week ,
Of their sorrows and delights ,
Of their passions and their spites ,
Of their glory and their shame ,
What doth strengthen and what maim —
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away

Bards of Passion and of Mirth
Ye have left your souls on earth '
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new '

J Keats

CCX

*ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S
HOMER*

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen,
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold

—Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken,
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes

He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien

J Keats

CCXI

LOVE

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruin'd tower

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the lights of eve,
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She lean'd against the arméd man,
The statue of the arméd knight ,
She stood and listen'd to my lay,
Amid the lingering light

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope ' my joy ' my Genevieve '
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ,
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand ,
And that for ten long years he woo'd
The Lady of the Land

I told her how he pined · and ah '
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love
Interpreted my own

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace ,
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face !

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night ,

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade, —

There came and look'd him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright ,
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight '

And that unknowing what he did,
He leap'd amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land ,—

And how she wept, and clasp'd his knees ;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain ,—

And that she nursed him in a cave,
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay ,—

His dying words—but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity '

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve ,
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve ,

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long '

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love, and virgin shame ,
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name

Her bosom heaved—she stepp'd aside,
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept

She half inclosed me with her arms,
 She press'd me with a meek embrace ,
 And bending back her head, look'd up,
 And gazed upon my face

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
 And partly 'twas a bashful art
 That I might rather feel, than see,
 The swelling of her heart

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
 And told her love with virgin pride ,
 And so I won my Genevieve,
 My bright and beauteous Bride

S T Coleridge

CCXII

ALL FOR LOVE

O talk not to me of a name great in story ,
 The days of our youth are the days of our glory ,
 And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and twenty
 Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is
 wrinkled?

'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew be-
 sprinkled .

Then away with all such from the head that is
 hoary—

What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory ?

Oh Fame !—if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
 'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
 Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
 She thought that I was not unworthy to love her

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee ,
 Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee ,
 When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my
 story,

I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory

Lord Byron

CCXIII

THE OUTLAW

O Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer-queen
And as I rode by Dalton-Hall
Beneath the turrets high,
A Maiden on the castle-wall
Was singing merrily
'O Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen'

'If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we
That dwell by dale and down
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
As blithe as Queen of May'
Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green,
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen'

'I read you, by your bugle-horn
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn
To keep the king's greenwood'
'A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light,
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night'
Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay,
I would I were with Edmund there
To reign his Queen of May'

' With burnish'd brand and musketoon
 So gallantly you come,
 I read you for a bold Dragoon
 That lists the tuck of drum '
 ' I list no more the tuck of drum,
 No more the trumpet hear,
 But when the beetle sounds his hum
 My comrades take the spear
 And O ' though Brignall banks be fair
 And Greta woods be gay,
 Yet mickle must the maiden dare
 Would reign my Queen of May '
 ' Maiden ' a nameless life I lead,
 A nameless death I'll die,
 The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
 Were better mate than I '
 And when I'm with my comrades met
 Beneath the greenwood bough,—
 What once we were we all forget,
 Nor think what we are now '

Chorus

' Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
 And Greta woods are green,
 And you may gather garlands there
 Would grace a summer-queen '

Sir W Scott

CCXIV

There be none of Beauty's daughters
 With a magic like Thee,
 And like music on the waters
 Is thy sweet voice to me.
 When, as if its sound were causing
 The charmed ocean's pausing,
 The waves lie still and gleaming,
 And the lull'd winds seem dreaming

And the midnight moon is weaving
 Her bright chain o'er the deep,
 Whose breast is gently heaving
 As an infant's asleep
 So the spirit bows before thee
 To listen and adore thee,
 With a full but soft emotion,
 Like the swell of Summer's ocean

Lord Byron

CCXV

THE INDIAN SERENADE

I arise from dreams of Thee
 In the first sweet sleep of night,
 When the winds are breathing low
 And the stars are shining bright
 I arise from dreams of thee,
 And a spirit in my feet
 Hath led me—who knows how?
 To thy chamber-window, Sweet !

The wandering airs they faint
 On the dark, the silent stream—
 The champak odours fail
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream,
 The nightingale's complaint
 It dies upon her heart,
 As I must die on thine
 O beloved as thou art !

Oh lift me from the grass !
 I die, I faint, I fail !
 Let thy love in kisses rain
 On my lips and eyelids pale
 My cheek is cold and white, alas !
 My heart beats loud and fast,
 Oh ! press it close to thine again
 Where it will break at last

P. B. Shelley

CCXVI

She walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes,
 Thus mellow'd to that tender light
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impair'd the nameless grace
 Which waves in every raven tress
 Or softly lightens o'er her face,
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-place

And on that cheek and o'er that brow
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow
 But tell of days in goodness spent,—
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent

Lord Byron

CCXVII

She was a Phantom of delight
 When first she gleam'd upon my sight,
 A lovely Apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament;
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
 Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair,
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn,
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin-liberty,

A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food,
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine ,
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller between life and death
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ,
 A perfect Woman, nobly plann'd
 To warn, to comfort, and command ,
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright
 With something of an angel-light

W. Wordsworth

CCXVIII

She is not fair to outward view
 As many maidens be ,
 Her loveliness I never knew
 Until she smiled on me
 O then I saw her eye was bright,
 A well of love, a spring of light
 But now her looks are coy and cold,
 To mine they ne'er reply,
 And yet I cease not to behold
 The love-light in her eye
 Her very frowns are fairer far
 Than smiles of other maidens are

H Coleridge

CCXIX

I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden ,
Thou needest not fear mine ,
My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burthen thine

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion ,
Thou needest not fear mine ,
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine

P B Shelley

CCXX

She dwelt among the untrod ways
Beside the spings of Dove ,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye '
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ,
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me !

W Wordsworth

CCXXI

I travell'd among unknown men
In lands beyond the sea ,
No, England ' did I know till then
What love I bore to thee

'Tis past, that melancholy dream '
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time, for still I seem
To love thee more and more

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire,
And she I cherish'd turn'd her wheel
Beside an English fire

Thy mornings show'd, thy nights conceal'd
The bowers where Lucy play'd,
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eyes survey'd

W Wordsworth

CCXXII

THE EDUCATION OF NATURE

Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, 'A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown
This Child I to myself will take,
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own

'Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse - and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain

'She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs,
And her's shall be the breathing balm,
And her's the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things

' The floating clouds then state shall lend
 To her , for her the willow bend ,
 Nor shall she fail to see
 Ev'n in the motions of the storm
 Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
 By silent sympathy

' The stars of midnight shall be dear
 To her , and she shall lean her ear
 In many a secret place
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
 And beauty born of murmuring sound
 Shall pass into her face

' And vital feelings of delight
 Shall rear her form to stately height,
 Her virgin bosom swell ,
 Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
 While she and I together live
 Here in this happy dell '

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
 How soon my Lucy's race was run '
 She died, and left to me
 This heath, this calm and quiet scene ,
 The memory of what has been,
 And never more will be

W. Wordsworth

CCXXIII

A slumber did my spirit seal ,
 I had no human fears
 She seem'd a thing that could not feel
 The touch of earthly years

No motion has she now, no force
 She neither hears nor sees ,
 Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course
 With rocks, and stones, and trees.

W. Wordsworth

CCXXIV

A LOST LOVE

I meet thy pensive, moonlight face ,
Thy thrilling voice I hear ,
And former hours and scenes retrace,
Too fleeting, and too dear '
Then sighs and tears flow fast and free,
Though none is nigh to share ,
And life has nought beside for me
So sweet as this despair
There are crush'd hearts that will not break ,
And mine, methinks, is one ,
Or thus I should not weep and wake,
And thou to slumber gone
I little thought it thus could be
In days more sad and far—
That earth could have a place for me,
And thou no longer there
Yet death cannot our hearts divide,
Or make thee less my own
'Twere sweeter sleeping at thy side
Than watching here alone
Yet never, never can we part,
While Memory holds her reign
Thine, thine is still this wither'd heart,
Till we shall meet again

H F Lyte

CCXXV

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A Chieftain to the Highlands bound
Cries 'Boatman, do not tarry '
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the fenny '

'Now who be ye, would c'oss Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?'
'O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And thus, Lord Ullin's daughter

'And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

'His horsemen hard behind us ride—
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bide,
When they have slain her lover?'

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
'I'll go, my chief, I'm ready
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady —

'And by my word ! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ,
So though the waves are raging white
I'll row you o'er the ferry '

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ,
And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer

'O haste thee, haste !' the lady cries,
'Though tempests round us gather .
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father '

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh ! too strong for human hand
The tempest gather'd o'er her

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing

For, soe dismay'd, through storm and shade
His child he did discover —
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover

'Come back ! come back !' he cried in grief
'Across this stormy water
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter !— Oh, my daughter !'

'Twas vain the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting

T Campbell

CCXXVI

LUCY GRAY

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray
And when I cross'd the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ,
She dwelt on a wide moor,
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ,
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen

'To-night will be a stormy night —
You to the town must go ,
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow'

'That, Father ' will I gladly do :
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon ' '

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapp'd a faggot-band ,
He plied his work ,—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand

Not blither is the mountain roe
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke

The storm came on before its time
She wander'd up and down ,
And many a hill did Lucy climb
But never reach'd the town

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ,
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlook'd the moor ,
And thence they saw the bridge of wood
A furlong from their door

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried
'In heaven we all shall meet ' '
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They track'd the footmarks small ,
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall

And then an open field they cross'd
The marks were still the same ,
They track'd them on, nor ever lost ,
And to the bidge they came

They follow'ſ from the ſnowy bank
 Thoſe footmarks, one by one,
 Into the middle of the plank,
 And further there were none !

—Yet ſome maintain that to this day
 She is a living child,
 That you may ſee ſweet Lucy Gray
 Upon the loneſome wild

O'er rough and ſmooth ſhe trips along,
 And never looks behind,
 And ſings a ſolitary ſong
 That whiſtles in the wind

W Wordsworth

CCXXVII

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

'Why weep ye by the tide, ladie ?
 Why weep ye by the tide ?
 I'll wed ye to my youngſt ſon,
 And ye ſall be his bride
 And ye ſall be his bride, ladie,
 Sae comely to be ſeen'—
 But aye ſhe looſt the teais down fa'
 For Jock of Hazeldean

'Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
 And dry that cheek ſo pale ;
 Young Frank is chief of Eirington
 And lord of Langley-dale,
 His ſtep is firſt in peaceful ha',
 His ſword in battle keen'—
 But aye ſhe looſt the tears down fa'
 For Jock of Hazeldean

'A chain of gold ye ſall not lack,
 Nor braid to bind your hau,
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
 Noi palfrey freſh and fan ,

And you the foremost o' them a'
 Shall ride our forest-queen'—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock of Hazeldean

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
 The tapers glimmer'd fair,
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
 And dame and knight are there
 They sought her baith by bower and ha',
 The ladie was not seen!
 She's o'er the Border, and awa'
 Wi' Jock of Hazeldean

Sir W Scott

CCXXVIII

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

The fountains mingle with the river
 And the rivers with the ocean,
 The winds of heaven mix for ever
 With a sweet emotion,
 Nothing in the world is single,
 All things by a law divine
 In one another's being mingle—
 Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
 And the waves clasp one another,
 No sister-flower would be forgiven
 If it disdain'd its brother,
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea—
 What are all these kissings worth,
 If thou kiss not me?

P B Shelley

CCXXIX

ECHOES

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To Music at night
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away o'er lawns and lakes
Goes answering light !

Yet Love hath echoes truer far
And far more sweet
Than e'er, beneath the moonlight's stai,
Of horn or lute or soft guitar
The songs repeat

'Tis when the sigh,—in youth sincere
And only then,
The sigh that's breathed for one to hear—
Is by that one, that only Dear
Breathed back again

T Moore

CCXXX

A SERENADE

Ah ! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange-flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea
The lark, his lay who thrill'd all day,
Sits hush'd his partner nigh ,
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,
But where is County Guy ?
The village maid steals through the shade
Her shepherd's suit to hear ,
To Beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born Cavalier

The star of Love, all stars above,
 Now reigns o'er earth and sky,
 And high and low the influence know—
 But where is County Guy?

Sir W Scott

CCXXXI

TO THE EVENING STAR

Gem of the crimson-colour'd Even,
 Companion of retiring day,
 Why at the closing gates of heaven,
 Beloved Star, dost thou delay?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns
 When soft the tear of twilight flows,
 So due thy plighted love returns
 To chambers brighter than the rose,

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love
 So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
 Sure some enamour'd orb above
 Descends and burns to meet with thee

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour
 When all unheavenly passions fly,
 Chased by the soul-subduing power
 Of Love's delicious witchery

O 'sacred to the fall of day
 Queen of propitious stars, appeal,
 And early rise, and long delay,
 When Caroline herself is here!

Shine on her chosen green resort
 Whose trees the sunward summit crown,
 And wanton flowers, that well may court
 An angel's feet to tread them down —

Shine on her sweetly scented road
 Thou star of evening's purple dome,
 That lead'st the nightingale abroad,
 And guid'st the pilgrim to his home.

Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath
Embalms the soft exhaling dew,
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath
To kiss the cheek of rosy hue —

Where, winnow'd by the gentle air,
Her silken tresses darkly flow
And fall upon her brow so fair,
Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline
In converse sweet to wander far—
O bring with thee my Caroline,
And thou shalt be my Ruling Star !

T Campbell

CCXXXII

TO THE NIGHT

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night !
Out of the misty eastern cave
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight !

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray
Stain-wrought,
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought !

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sigh'd for thee,
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and
And the weary Day turn'd to his
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sigh'd for thee

Thy brother Death came, and¹ cried
 Wouldst thou me?
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmur'd like a noon-tide bee
 Shall I nestle near thy side?
 Wouldst thou me?—And I replied
 No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon—
 Sleep will come when thou art fled,
 Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, beloved Night—
 Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon!

P B Shelley

CCXXXIII

TO A DISTANT FRIEND

Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
 Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
 Of absence withers what was once so fair?
 Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?

Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,
 Bound to thy service with unceasing care—
 The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
 For nought but what thy happiness could spare

Speak!—though this soft warm heart, once free to
 hold
 A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
 Be left more desolate, more dreary cold

Than a forsaken bird's-nest fill'd with snow
 'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—
 Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

W Wordsworth

CCXXXIV

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss,
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this !

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow ,
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame
I hear thy name spoken
And share in its shame

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear ,
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear ?
They know not I knew thee
Who knew thee too well
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell

In secret we met
In silence I grieve
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?—
With silence and tears

Lord Byron

CCXXXV

HAPPY INSENSIBILITY

In a dear-nighted December,
 Too happy, happy tree,
 Thy branches ne'er remember
 Their green felicity
 The north cannot undo them
 With a sleety whistle through them,
 Nor frozen thawings glue them
 From budding at the prime

In a drear-nighted December,
 Too happy, happy brook,
 Thy bubblings ne'er remember
 Apollo's summer look,
 But with a sweet forgetting
 They stay their crystal fretting,
 Never, never petting
 About the frozen time

Ah ! would 'twere so with many
 A gentle girl and boy !
 But were there ever any
 Writhed not at passéd joy ?
 To know the change and feel it,
 When there is none to heal it
 Nor numbéd sense to steal it—
 Was never said in rhyme

J Keats

CCXXXVI

Where shall the lover rest
 Whom the fates sever
 From his true marden's breast
 Parted for ever ?

Where, through groves deep and high
Sounds the fair billow,
Where early violets die
Under the willow
Eleu loro
Soft shall be his pillow

There through the summer day
Cool streams are laving
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving,
There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake
Never, O never !
Eleu loro
Never, O never !

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Run, and leave her ?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying,
Eleu loro
There shall he be lying

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the falsehearted,
His warm blood the wolf shall lap
Ere life be parted
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever,
Blessing shall hallow it
Never, O never !
Eleu loro
Never, O never !
Sir W Scott

CCXXXVII

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

'O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing

'O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms '
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done

'I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever-dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too '

'I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild

'I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone ,
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan

'I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song

'She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna-dew,
And sure in language strange she said
"I love thee true "

'She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sigh'd full sore ,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four

' And there she-julléd me asleep,
 And there I dream'd—Ah ' woe betide '
 The latest dream I ever dream'd
 On the cold hill's side

' I saw pale kings and princes too,
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all
 They cried—" La belle Dame sans Merci
 Hath thee in thrall ' "

' I saw then staved lips in the gloam
 With horrid waining gapéd wide,
 And I awoke and found me here
 On the cold hill's side

' And this is why I sojourn here
 Alone and palely loitering,
 Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
 And no buds sing '

J Keats

CCXXXVIII

THE ROVER

A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
 A weary lot is thine '
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
 And press the rue for wine
 A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
 A feather of the blue,
 A doublet of the Lincoln green—
 No more of me you knew
 My Love '
 No more of me you knew

' This morn is merry June, I trow,
 The rose is budding fair,
 But she shall bloom in winter snow
 Ere we two meet again '

He tun'd his charge as
 Upon the river shore,
 He gave the bridle-reins a shake,
 Said ' Adieu for evermore
 My Love '
 And adieu for evermore '
 Sir W Scott

CCXXXIX

THE FLIGHT OF LOVE

When the lamp is shatter'd
 The light in the dust lies dead—
 When the cloud is scatter'd,
 The rainbow's glory is shed
 When the lute is broken,
 Sweet tones are remember'd not ,
 When the lips have spoken,
 Loved accents are soon forgot

As music and splendour
 Survive not the lamp and the lute,
 The heart's echoes render
 No song when the spirit is mute—
 No song but sad dirges,
 Like the wind through a ruin'd cell,
 Or the mournful sures
 That ring the dead seaman's knell

When hearts have once mingled,
 Love first leaves the well-built nest ,
 The weak one is singled
 To endure what it once possessed
 O Love ' who bewailest
 The faulty of all things here,
 Why choose you the frailest
 For your cradle, your home, and your bier ?

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high ,
Bright reason will mock thee
Like the sun from a wintry sky
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come

P. B. Shelley

CCXL

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH

O lovers' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing ;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering
Disease had been in Mary's bower
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower
To watch her Love's returning

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper shining
By fits a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying ,
By fits so ashy pale she grew
Her maidens thought her dying

Yet keenest powers to see and hear
Seem'd in her frame residing ,
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear
She heard her lover's riding ;
Ere scarce a distant form was kenn'd
She knew and waved to greet him,
And o'er the battlement did bend
As on the wing to meet him

He came—he pass'd—an heedless gaze
 As o'er some stranger glancing,
 Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
 Lost in his counsels' prancing—
 The castle-arch, whose hollow tone
 Returns each whisper spoken,
 Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
 Which told her heart was broken

Sir W Scott

CCXLI

Earl March look'd on his dying child,
 And, smit with grief to view her—
 The youth, he cried, whom I exiled
 Shall be restored to woo her

She's at the window many an hour
 His coming to discover
 And he look'd up to Ellen's bowen
 And she look'd on her lover—

But ah ! so pale, he knew her not,
 Though her smile on him was dwelling—
 And am I then forgot—forgot ?
 It broke the heart of Ellen

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,
 Her cheek is cold as ashes,
 Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
 To lift their silken lashes

T Campbell

CCXLII

Bright Star ! would I were steadfast as thou art—
 Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
 And watching, with eternal lids apart,
 Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,

The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors —

No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair Love's ripening breast
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest ,

Still, still to hear her tender taken breath,
And so live ever,—or else swoon to death

J Keats

CCXI III

THE TERROR OF DEATH

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high-piled books, in charact'ry
Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd grain ,

When I behold, upon the night's star'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance ,

And when I feel, fair Creature of an hour !
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love—then on the shore

Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink

J Keats

CCXLIV

DESIDERIA

Surprized by joy—impatient as the wind—
 I turn'd to share the transport—Oh ' with whom
 But Thee—deep buried in the silent tomb,
 That spot which no vicissitude can find ?

Love, faithful love recall'd thee to my mind—
 But how could I forget thee ? Through what power
 Even for the least division of an hour
 Have I been so beguiled as to be blind

To my most grievous loss '—That thought's return
 Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore
 Save one, one only, when I stood foilorn,

Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more ,
 That neither present time, nor years unborn
 Could to my sight that heavenly face restore

W Wordsworth

CCXLV

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping,
 I fly
 To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in
 thine eye ,
 And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions
 of air
 To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to
 me there
 And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the sky '
 Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear
 When our voices, commingling, breathed like one on
 the ear ,
 And as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison
 rolls,

I think, oh my Love! 'tis thy voice, from the Kingdom of Souls
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear

T Moore

CCXLVI

ELEGY ON THYRZA

And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth,
And forms so soft and charms so rare
Too soon return'd to Earth!
Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look

I will not ask where thou liest low
Nor gaze upon the spot,
These flowers or weeds at will may grow
So I behold them not
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved, and long must love,
Like common earth can rot,
To me there needs no stone to tell
'Tis Nothing that I loved so well

Yet did I love thee to the last,
As fervently as thou
Who didst not change through all the past
And canst not alter now
The love where Death has set his seal
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me,

The better days of life we're ours ,
 The worst can be but mine -
 The sun that cheers, the storm that lours,
 Shall never more be thine
 The silence of that dreamless sleep
 I envy now too much to weep ;
 Nor need I to repine
 That all those charms have pass'd away
 I might have watch'd through long decay
 The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd
 Must fall the earliest prey ,
 Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,
 The leaves must drop away
 And yet it were a greater grief
 To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
 Than see it pluck'd today ,
 Since earthly eye but ill can bear
 To trace the change to foul from fair
 I know not if I could have borne
 To see thy beauties fade ,
 The night that follow'd such a morn
 Had worn a deeper shade
 Thy day without a cloud hath past,
 And thou wert lovely to the last,
 Extinguish'd, not decay'd ,
 As stars that shoot along the sky
 Shine brightest as they fall from high
 As once I wept, if I could weep,
 My tears might well be shed
 To think I was not near, to keep
 One vigil o'er thy bed
 To gaze, how fondly ' on thy face,
 To fold thee in a faint embrace,
 Uphold thy drooping head ,
 And show that love, however vain,
 Nor thou nor I can feel again
 Yet how much less it were to gain,
 Though thou hast left me free,
 The loveliest things that still remain
 Than thus remember thee '

The all of thine that cannot die
 Through dark and dread Eternity
 Returns again to me,
 And more thy buried love endears
 Than aught except its living years

Lord Byron

CCXLVII

One word is too often profaned
 For me to profane it,
 One feeling too falsely disdain'd
 For thee to disdain it
 One hope is too like despan
 For prudence to smother,
 And pity from thee more dear
 Than that from another

I can give not what men call love ,
 But wilt thou accept not
 The worship the heart lifts above
 And the Heavens reject not .
 The desire of the moth for the star,
 Of the night for the morrow,
 The devotion to something afar
 From the sphere of our sorrow ?

P B Shelley

CCXLVIII

*GATHERING SONG OF DONALD THE
 BLACK*

Pibroch of Donuìl Dhu
 Pibroch of Donuìl
 Wake thy wild voice anew,
 Summon Clan Conuìl

Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons !
Come in your war-aray,
Gentles and commons,

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky ,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter ,
Leave the corpse uninter'd,
The bide at the altar ,
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadsword and targes

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master

Fast they come, fast they come ,
See how they gather !
Wide waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set !
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Knell for the onset !

Sir W Scott

CCXLIY

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast,
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee

O for a soft and gentle wind !
I heard a fair one cry ,
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high ,
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we

There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ,
But hark the music, mariners !
The wind is piping loud ,
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea

A Cunningham

CCL

Ye Mariners of England
That guard our native seas !
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe

And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ,
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ,
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ,
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow ,
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ,
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ,
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow

T Campbell

CCLI

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone,
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the bane,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line
It was ten of April morn by the chime
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene,
And her van the fleetest rush'd
O'er the deadly space between
'Hearts of oak!' our captains cried, when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back,—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom —
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom

Out spoke the victor then
 As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
 'Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
 And we conquer but to save —
 So peace instead of death let us bring
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
 With the crews, at England's feet,
 And make submission meet
 To our King '

Then Denmark bless'd our chief
 That he gave her wounds repose ,
 And the sounds of joy and grief
 From her people wildly rose,
 As death withdrew his shades from the day
 While the sun look'd smiling bright
 O'er a wide and woeful sight,
 Where the fires of funeral light
 Died away

Now joy, old England, raise '
 For the tidings of thy might,
 By the festal cities' blaze,
 Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ,
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep
 Full many a fathom deep
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore '

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died,
 With the gallant good Riou
 Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave '
 While the billow mournful rolls
 And the mermaid's song condoles
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave '

T Campbell

CCLII

ODE TO DUTY

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God !
 O Duty ! if that name thou love
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove ,
 Thou who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe ,
 From vain temptations dost set free,
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them , who, in love and truth
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth
 Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot,
 Who do thy work, and know it not
 Oh ! if through confidence misplaced
 They fail, thy saving aims, dread Power ! around them
 cast

Serene will be our days and night
 And happy will our nature be
 When love is an unceasing light,
 And joy its own security
 And they a blissful course may hold
 Ev'n now, who, not unwisely bold,
 Live in the spirit of this creed ,
 Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need

I, loving freedom, and untied,
 No sport of every random gust,
 Yet being to myself a guide,
 Too blindly have reposed my trust
 And oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I defer'd
 The task, in smoother walks to stray ,
 But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul
 O! strong compunction, in me wrought,
 I supplicate for thy controul,
 But in the quietness of thought
 Me this uncharter'd freedom tires ,
 I feel the weight of chance-desires
 My hopes no more must change their name ,
 I long for a repose that ever is the same

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace ,
 Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
 And fragrance in thy footing treads ,
 Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong ;
 And the most ancient Heavens, through Thee, are fresh
 and strong

To humbler functions, awful Power !
 I call thee I myself commend
 Unto thy guidance from this hour ,
 Oh let my weakness have an end !
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self-sacrifice ,
 The confidence of reason give ,
 And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live
W. Wordsworth

CCLIII

ON THE CASTLE OF CHILLON

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind !
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty ! thou art,
 For there thy habitation is the heart—
 The heart which love of Thee alone can bind ,

And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd,
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace

Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonivard ! May none those marks efface !
For they appeal from tyranny to God

Lord Byron

CCLIV

ENGLAND AND SWITZERLAND, 1802

Two Voices are there , one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains , each a mighty voice
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty !

There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him,—but hast vainly striven
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee

—Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft ,
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left—
For, high-soul'd Maid, what sorrow would it be

That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by Thee !

W Wordsworth

CCLV

*ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN
REPUBLIC.*

Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee
And was the safeguard of the West , the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest child of Liberty

She was a maiden city, bight and free ,
 No guile seduced, no force could violate ,
 And when she took unto herself a mate,
 She must espouse the evelasting Sea

And what if she had seen those glories fade,
 Those titles vanish, and that strength decay,—
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid

When her long life hath reach'd its final day
 Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
 Of that which once was great is pass'd away

W Wordsworth

CCLVI

LONDON, 1802

O Friend ! I know not which way I must look
 For comfort, being, as I am, opprest
 To think that now our life is only diest
 For show , mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
 Or groom !—We must run glittering like a brook
 In the open sunshine, or we are unblest ,
 The wealthiest man among us is the best
 No grandeur now in nature or in book

Delights us Rapine, avarice, expense,
 This is idolatry , and these we adore
 Plain living and high thinking are no more

The homely beauty of the good old cause
 Is gone , our peace, our fearful innocence,
 And pure religion breathing household laws

W Wordsworth

CCLVII

THE SAME

Milton ! thou shouldst be living at this hour
 England hath need of thee she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,

Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness We are selfish men
 Oh 'raise us up, return to us again ,
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free ,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way
 In cheerful godliness , and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay

W Wordsworth

CCLVIII

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
 Great nations , how ennobling thoughts depart
 When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
 The student's bower for gold,—some fears unnamed
 I had, my Country '—am I to be blamed ?
 Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,
 Verily, in the bottom of my heart
 Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed

For dearly must we prize thee , we who find
 In thee a bulwark for the cause of men ,
 And I by my affection was beguiled

What wonder if a Poet now and then,
 Among the many movements of his mind,
 Felt for thee as a lover or a child ?

W Wordsworth

CCLIX

HOHENLINDEN

On Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow ,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Ise, rolling rapidly

But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat at dead of night
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
 And furious every charger neigh'd
 To join the dreadful revelry

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
 Then rush'd the steed, to battle driven,
 And louder than the bolts of Heaven
 Far flash'd the red artillery

But redder yet that light shall glow
 On Linden's hills of stained snow,
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy

The combat deepens On, ye Brave
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!
 Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part, where many meet!
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre

T Campbell

CCLX

AFTER BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun,
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found,
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by,
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh
'Tis some poor's fellow's skull,' said he,
'Who fell in the great victory

'I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about,
And often when I go to plough
The ploughshare turns them out
For many thousand men,' said he,
'Were slain in that great victory'

'Now tell us what 'twas all about,'
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes,
'Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for'

'It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
'Who put the French to rout,
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out
But every body said,' quoth he,
'That 'twas a famous victory

'My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by,
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

'With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,

And many a childing mother then
 And newborn baby died
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory

' They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won ;
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory

' Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won
 And our good Prince Eugene ,'
 ' Why 'twas a very wicked thing '
 Said little Wilhelmine ,
 ' Nay nay my little girl , ' quoth he,
 ' It was a famous victory

' And every body praised the Duke
 Who this great fight did win ' ,
 ' But what good came of it at last ? ' ,
 Quoth little Peterkin —
 ' Why that I cannot tell , ' said he,
 ' But 'twas a famous victory ' ,

R. Southey

CCLXI

PRO PATRIA MORI

When he who adores thee has left but the name
 Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
 Oh ! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
 Of a life that for thee was resign'd !
 Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
 Thy tears shall efface their decree ,
 For, Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
 I have been but too faithful to thee

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love ,
Every thought of my reason was thine
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above
Thy name shall be mingled with mine '
Oh ! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see ,
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee

T Moore

CCLXII

*THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE
AT CORUNNA*

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried,
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried
We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning
No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him
Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow
We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head,
And we far away on the billow '
Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him

But half of our heavy task was done
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fiesh and goiy ,
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone with his glory

C Wolfe

CCLXIII

SIMON LEE THE OLD HUNTSMAN

In the sweet shue of Cardigan,
 Not far from pleasant Ivor Hall,
 An old man dwells, a little man,—
 'Tis said he once was tall
 Full five-and-thirty yeais he lived
 A running huntsman meriy ,
 And still the centie of his cheek
 Is red as a ripe cherry

No man like him the horn could sound,
 And hill and valley rang with glee,
 When Echo bandied, round and round,
 The halloo of Simon Lee
 In those proud days he little cared
 For husbandry or tillage ,
 To blither tasks did Simon ouse
 The sleepers of the village

He all the country could outrun,
 Could leave both man and horse behind ,
 And often, ere the chase was done,
 He reel'd and was stone-blind
 And still there's something in the world
 At which his heart rejoices ,
 For when the chiming hounds are out,
 He dearly loves their voices

But oh the heavy change !—bereft
Of health, strength, friends and kindred, see !
Old Simon to the world is left
In liveried poverty —
His master's dead, and no one now
Dwells in the Hall of Ivor ,
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead ,
He is the sole survivor

And he is lean and he is sick,
His body, dwindled and awry,
Rests upon ankles swoln and thick ,
His legs are thin and dry
One prop he has, and only one, —
His wife, an aged woman,
Lives with him, near the waterfall,
Upon the village common

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,
Not twenty paces from the dooi,
A scrap of land they have, but they
Are poorest of the poor
This scrap of land he from the heath
Enclosed when he was stronger ,
But what to them avails the land
Which he can till no longer ?

Oft, working by her husband's side,
Ruth does what Simon cannot do ,
For she, with scanty cause for pride,
Is stouter of the two
And, though you with your utmost skill
From labour could not wean them,
'Tis little, very little, all
That they can do between them

Few months of life has he in store
As he to you will tell,
For still, the more he works, the more
Do his weak ankles swell
My gentle Reader, I perceive
How patiently you've waited,
And now I fear that you expect
Some tale will be related

O Reader ! had you in your mind
 Such stores as silent thought can bring,
 O gentle Reader ! you would find
 A tale in every thing
 What more I have to say is short,
 And you must kindly take it
 It is no tale , but, should you think,
 Perhaps a tale you'll make it

One summer-day I chanced to see
 This old Man doing all he could
 To unearth the root of an old tree,
 A stump of rotten wood
 The mattock totter'd in his hand ,
 So vain was his endeavour
 That at the root of the old tree
 He might have work'd for ever.

' You're overtask'd, good Simon Lee,
 Give me your tool,' to him I said ,
 And at the word right gladly he
 Received my proffer'd aid
 I struck, and with a single blow
 The tangled root I sever'd,
 At which the poor old man so long
 And vainly had endeavour'd

The tears into his eyes were brought,
 And thanks and praises seem'd to run
 So fast out of his heart, I thought
 They never would have done
 —I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
 With coldness still returning ,
 Alas ! the gratitude of men
 Hath oftener left me mourning

W Wordsworth

CCLXIV

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
 In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days ,
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies ,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces

I loved a Love once, fairest among women
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ,
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces,

How some they have died, and some they have left
me,
And some are taken from me , all are departed ,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces

C Lamb

CCLXV

THE JOURNEY ONWARDS

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving
So loth we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us ,
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us '

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
We talk with joyous seeming—
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad then beaming ,

While memory brings us back again
 Each early tie that twined us,
 Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
 To those we've left behind us !

And when, in other climes, we meet
 Some isle or vale enchanting,
 Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,
 And nought but love is wanting ,
 We think how great had been our bliss
 If Heaven had but assign'd us
 To live and die in scenes like this,
 With some we've left behind us !

As travellers oft look back at eve
 When eastward darkly going,
 To gaze upon that light they leave
 Still faint behind them glowing,—
 So, when the close of pleasure's day
 To gloom hath near consign'd us,
 We turn to catch one fading ray
 Of joy that's left behind us

T Moore

CCLXVI

YOUTH AND AGE

There's not a joy the world can give like that it
 takes away
 When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's
 dull decay,
 'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone,
 which fades so fast,
 But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth
 itself be past
 Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of
 happiness
 Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt, or ocean of excess
 The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in
 vain
 The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never
 stretch again

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself
comes down ,
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its
own ,
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our
tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the
ice appears

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth
distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more than
former hope of rest ,
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and
gray beneath

Oh could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a
vanish'd scene,—
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish
though they be,
So midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would
flow to me !

Lord Byron

CCLXVII

A LESSON

There is a Flower, the lesser Celandine,
That shrinks like many more from cold and rain,
And the first moment that the sun may shine,
Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again !

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on swarm,
Or blasts the green field and the trees distrest,
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm
In close self shelter, like a thing at rest

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I past,
And recognized it, though an alter'd form,
Now standing forth an offering to the blast,
And buffeted at will by rain and storm

I stopp'd and said, with inly-mutter'd voice,
 'It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold,
 This neither is its courage nor its choice,
 But its necessity in being old.

'The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew,
 It cannot help itself in its decay,
 Stuff in its members, wither'd, changed of hue,'—
 And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was gray

To be a prodigal's favourite—then, woe's truth,
 A miser's pensioner—behold our lot!

O Man! that from thy fan and shining youth
 Age might but take the things Youth needed not!

W Wordsworth

CCLXVIII

PAST AND PRESENT

I remember, I remember
 The house where I was born,
 The little window where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn,
 He never came a wink too soon
 Nor brought too long a day,
 But now, I often wish the night
 Had borne my breath away

I remember, I remember
 The roses, red and white,
 The violets, and the lily-cups—
 Those flowers made of light!
 The lilacs where the robin built,
 And where my brother set
 The laburnum on his birth-day,—
 The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
 Where I was used to swing,
 And thought the air must rush as fresh
 To swallows on the wing,
 My spirit flew in feathers then
 That is so heavy now,
 And summer pools could hardly cool
 The fever on my brow

I remember, I remember
 The fir trees dark and high,
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky
 It was a childish ignorance,
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm farther off from Heaven
 Than when I was a boy

T Hood

CCLXIX

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

Oft in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me
 The smiles, the tears
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken,
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimm'd and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken '
 Thus in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me
 When I remember all
 The friends so link'd together
 I've seen around me fall
 Like leaves in wintry weather,
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed '
 Thus in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

T Moore

CCLXX

*STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION
NEAR NAPLES*

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
 The waves are dancing fast and bright,
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
 The purple noon's transparent might
 The breath of the moist earth is light
 Around its unexpanded buds,
 Like many a voice of one delight—
 The winds', the birds', the ocean-floods'—
 The city's voice itself is soft like Solitude's
 I see the deep's untrampled floor
 With green and purple sea-weeds strown,
 I see the waves upon the shore
 Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown
 I sit upon the sands alone,
 The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
 Is flashing round me, and a tone
 Arises from its measured motion—
 How sweet ' did any heart now share in my emotion
 Alas ! I have nor hope nor health,
 Nor peace within nor calm around,
 Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
 The sage in meditation found,
 And walk'd with inward glory crown'd—
 Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure,
 Others I see whom these surround—
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure,
 To me that cup has been dealt in another measure
 Yet now despair itself is mild
 Even as the winds and waters are,
 I could lie down like a tired child,
 And weep away the life of care
 Which I have borne, and yet must bear,—
 Till death like sleep might steal on me,
 And I might feel in the warm air
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony

P B Shelley

CCLXXI

THE SCHOLAR

My days among the Dead are past ,
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day

With them I take delight in weal
And seek relief in woe ,
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude

My thoughts are with the Dead , with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind

My hopes are with the Dead , anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all Futurity ,
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust

R Southey

CCLXXII

THE MERMAID TAVERN

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern ?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine ?

Or are fruits of Paradise,
 Sweeter than those dainty pies
 Of venison? O generous food!
 Drest as though bold Robin Hood
 Would, with his Maid Marian,
 Sup and bouse from horn and can

I have heard that on a day
 Mine host's sign-board flew away
 Nobody knew whither, till
 An astrologer's old quill
 To a sheepskin gave the story,
 Said he saw you in your glory,
 Underneath a new-old sign
 Sipping beverage divine,
 And pledging with contented smack
 The Mermaid in the Zodiac

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
 What Elysium have ye known,
 Happy field or mossy cavern,
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

J Keats

CCLXXIII

THE PRIDE OF YOUTH

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
 Walking so early,
 Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
 Singing so mairly

‘Tell me, thou bonny bird,
 When shall I marry me?’
 —‘When six braw gentlemen
 Kirkward shall carry ye’

‘Who makes the bridal bed,
 Birdie, say truly?’
 —‘The gray-headed sexton
 That delves the grave duly

'The glowworm o'er grave and stone
 Shall light thee steady,
 The owl from the steeple sing
 Welcome, proud lady'

Sir W Scott

CCLXXIV

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

One more Unfortunate
 Weary of breath
 Rashly importunate,
 Gone to her death !
 Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care ,
 Fashion'd so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair !
 Look at her garments
 Clinging like elements ,
 Whilst the wave constantly
 Drips from her clothing ,
 Take her up instantly,
 Loving, not loathing
 Touch her not scornfully ,
 Think of her mournfully,
 Gently and humanly ,
 Not of the stains of her—
 All that remains of her
 Now is pure womanly
 Make no deep scrutiny
 Into her mutiny
 Rash and undutiful
 Past all dishonour,
 Death has left on her
 Only the beautiful
 Still, for all slips of hers,
 One of Eve's family—
 Wipe those poor lips of hers
 Oozing so clammy

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses ,
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home ?

Who was her father ?
Who was her mother ?
Had she a sister ?
Had she a brother ?
Or was there a dearest one
Still, and a nearest one
Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun !
Oh ! it was pitiful !
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence ,
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river .
Mad from life's history,

Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hui'd—
Any where, any where
Out of the world '

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute Man '
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can '

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair '

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them,
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly '

Dreadfully staring
Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest
—Cross her hands humbly
As if playing dumbly,
Over her breast '

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour

T Hood

CCLXXV

ELEGY

Oh snatch'd away in beauty's bloom !
 On thee shall press no ponderous tomb ,
 But on thy turf shall roses rear
 Their leaves, the earliest of the year,
 And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom
 And oft by yon blue gushing stream
 Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
 And feed deep thought with many a dream,
 And lingering pause and lightly tread ,
 Fond wretch ! as if her step disturb'd the dead !
 Away ! we know that tears are vain,
 That Death nor heeds nor hears distress
 Will this unteach us to complain ?
 Or make one mourner weep the less ?
 And thou, who tell'st me to forget,
 Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet

Lord Byron

CCLXXVI

HESTER

When maidens such as Hester die
 Their place ye may not well supply,
 Though ye among a thousand try
 With vain endeavour
 A month or more hath she been dead,
 Yet cannot I by force be led
 To think upon the woemy bed
 And her together
 A springy motion in her gait,
 A rising step, did indicate
 Of pride and joy no common mate
 That flush'd her spirit
 I know not by what name beside
 I shall it call if 'twas not pride,
 It was a joy to that allied
 She did inherit

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool ,
But she was train'd in Nature's school,
Nature had blest her
A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stuns, is hard to bind ,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester

My sprightly neighbour ' gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore
Some summer morning—
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet fore-warning?

C Lamb

CCLXXVII

TO MARY

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee ,
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be
It never through my mind had past
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more !

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again ,
And still the thought I will not brook
That I must look in vain !
But when I speak—thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid ,
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary ! thou art dead !

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
 All cold and all serene—
 I still might press thy silent heart,
 And where thy smiles have been
 While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
 Thou seemest still mine own ,
 But there I lay thee in thy grave—
 And I am now alone !
 I do not think, where'er thou art,
 Thou hast forgotten me ,
 And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
 In thinking too of thee
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn
 Of light ne'er seen before,
 As fancy never could have drawn,
 And never can restore !

C Wolfe

CCLXXVIII

CORONACH

He is gone on the mountain,
 He is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer-dried fountain,
 When our need was the sorest
 The font reappearing
 From the raindrops shall borrow,
 But to us comes no cheering,
 To Duncan no morrow !
 The hand of the reaper
 Takes the ears that are hoary,
 But the voice of the weeper
 Wails manhood in gloir
 The autumn winds rushing
 Waft the leaves that are searest,
 But our flower was in flushing
 When blighting was nearest
 Fleet foot on the corral,
 Sage counsel in cumber,
 Red hand in the foray,
 How sound is thy slumber !

Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever !

Sir W Scott

CCLXXIV

THE DEATH BED

We watch'd her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro
So silently we seem'd to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out
Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died
For when the morn came dim and sad
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours

T. Hood

CCLXXX

AGNES

I saw her in childhood—
A bright, gentle thing,
Like the dawn of the morn,
On the dews of the spring
The daisies and hare-bells
Her playmates all day,
Herself as light-hearted
And artless as they

I saw her again—
 A fair girl of eighteen,
 Fresh glittering with graces
 Of mind and of mien
 Her speech was all music,
 Like moonlight she shone,
 The envy of many,
 The glory of one

Years, years fledted over—
 I stood at her foot
 The bud had grown blossom,
 The blossom was fruit
 A dignified mother,
 Her infant she bore,
 And look'd, I thought, fairer
 Than ever before

I saw her once more—
 'Twas the day that she died,
 Heaven's light was around her,
 And God at her side,
 No wants to distress her,
 No fears to appal—
 O then, I felt, then
 She was fairest of all !

H F Lyte

CCLXXVI

ROSABELLE

O listen, listen, ladies gay !
 No haughty feat of arms I tell,
 Soft is the note, and sad the lay
 That mourns the lovely Rosabelle

'Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !
 And, gentle ladye, deign to stay !
 Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
 Nor tempt the stormy fith to-day

'The blackening wave is edged with white,
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly,
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams foiebode that wreck is nigh

'Last night the gifted Seel did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay,
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch,
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?'

'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall

'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle'

—O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam,
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen,
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his non panoply

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale,
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold—
 Lie buried within that proud chapelle ,
 Each one the holy vault doth hold—
 But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle

And each Saint Clair was buried there,
 With candle, with book, and with knell ,
 But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
 The dunge of lovely Rosabelle

Sir IV. Scott

CCLXXXII

ON AN INFANT DYING AS SOON AS BORN

I saw where in the shroud did lurk
 A curious frame of Nature's work ,
 A flow'et crush'd in the bud,
 A nameless piece of Babyhood,
 Was in her cradle-coffin lying ,
 Extinct, with scarce the sense of dying
 So soon to exchange the imprisoning womb
 For darker closets of the tomb !
 She did but ope an eye, and put
 A clear beam forth, then straight up shut
 For the long dark ne'er more to see
 Through glasses of mortality
 Riddle of destiny, who can show
 What thy short visit meant, or know
 What thy errand here below ?
 Shall we say, that Nature blind
 Check'd her hand, and changed her mind
 Just when she had exactly wrought
 A finish'd pattern without fault ?
 Could she flag, or could she tire,
 Or lack'd she the Promethean fire
 (With her nine moons' long workings sicken'd)
 That should thy little limbs have quicken'd ?
 Limbs so firm, they seem'd to assure
 Life of health, and days mature
 Woman's self in miniature !

Limbs so fair, they might supply
 (Themselves now but cold imagery)
 The sculptor to make Beauty by
 Or did the stern eyed Fate descry
 That babe or mother, one must die ,
 So in mercy left the stock
 And cut the branch , to save the shock
 Of young years widow'd, and the pain
 When Single State comes back again
 To the lone man who, left of wife,
 Thenceforward drags a maiméd life ?
 The economy of Heaven is dark,
 And wisest clerks have miss'd the mark
 Why human buds, like this, should fall,
 More brief than fly ephemeral
 That has his day , while shivell'd clones
 Stiffen with age to stocks and stones ,
 And crabbed use the conscience sears
 In sinners of an hundred years
 —Mother's prattle, mother's kiss,
 Baby fond, thou ne'er wilt miss
 Rites, which custom does impose,
 Silver bells, and baby clothes ,
 Coral redder than those lips
 Which pale death did late eclipse ,
 Music framed for infants' glee,
 Whistle never tuned for thee ,
 Though thou want'st not, thou shalt have them,
 Loving hearts were they which gave them.
 Let not one be missing ; nurse,
 See them laid upon the hearse
 Of infant slain by doom perverse
 Why should kings and nobles have
 Pictured trophies to their grave,
 And we, churls, to thee deny
 Thy pretty toys with thee to lie—
 A more harmless vanity ?

C Lamb

CCLXXXIII

IN MEMORIAM

A child's a plaything for an hour ,
 Its pretty tricks we try
 For that or for a longer space,—
 Then true, and lay it by
 But I knew one that to itself
 All seasons could controul ,
 That would have mock'd the sense of pain
 Out of a grievéd soul
 Thou straggler into loving arms,
 Young climber up of knees,
 When I forget thy thousand ways
 Then life and all shall cease !

M Lamb

CCXXXIV

THE AFFLICTION OF MARGARET

Where art thou, my beloved Son,
 Where art thou, woe to me than dead ?
 Oh find me, prosperous or undone !
 Or if the grave be now thy bed,
 Why am I ignorant of the same
 That I may rest , and neither blame
 Nor sorrow may attend thy name ?
 Seven years, alas ! to have received
 No tidings of an only child—
 To have despan'd, have hoped, believed,
 And been for evermore beguiled,—
 Sometimes with thoughts of vey bliss !
 I catch at them, and then I miss ,
 Was ever darkness like to this ?
 He was among the prime in worth,
 An object beauteous to behold ,
 Well born, well bred , I sent him forth
 Ingenuous, innocent, and bold
 If things ensued that wanted grace
 As hath been said, they were not base ;
 And never blush was on my face

Ah ! little doth the young-one dream
When full of play and childish cares
What power is in his wildest scream
Heard by his mother unawares !
He knows it not, he cannot guess ,
Years to a mother bring distress ,
But do not make her love the less

Neglect me ! no, I suffer'd long
From that ill thought , and being blind
Said ' Pride shall help me in my wrong
Kind mother have I been, as kind
As ever breathed ' and that is true ,
I've wet my path with tears like dew,
Weeping for him when no one knew

My Son, if thou be humbled, poor,
Hopeless of honour and of gain,
Oh ! do not dread thy mother's door ,
Think not of me with grief and pain
I now can see with better eyes ,
And worldly grandeur I despise
And fortune with her gifts and lies

Alas ! the fowls of heaven have wings,
And blasts of heaven will aid their flight ,
They mount—how short a voyage brings
The wanderers back to their delight !
Chains tie us down by land and sea ,
And wishes, vain as mine, may be
All that is left to comfort thee

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan
Maim'd, mangled by inhuman men ,
Or thou upon a desert thrown
Inheritest the lion's den ,
Or hast been summon'd to the deep
Thou, thou, and all thy mates, to keep
An incommunicable sleep

I look for ghosts but none will force
Their way to me , 'tis falsely said
That there was ever intercourse
Between the living and the dead ,

For surely then I should have sight
Of him I wait for day and night
With love and longings infinite

My apprehensions come in crowds ,
I dread the rustling of the grass ,
The very shadows of the clouds
Have power to shake me as they pass
I question things, and do not find
One that will answer to my mind ,
And all the world appears unkind

Beyond participation lie
My troubles, and beyond relief
If any chance to heave a sigh
They pity me, and not my grief
Then come to me, my Son, or send
Some tidings that my woes may end '
I have no other earthly friend

W. Wordsworth

CCLXXXV

HUNTING SONG

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day ,
All the jolly chase is here
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear ,
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily merrily mingle they,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay '

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Spriglets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming ,
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green ,
Now we come to chant our lay
'Waken, lords and ladies gay '

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 To the green-wood haste away,
 We can show you where he lies,
 Fleet of foot and tall of size;
 We can show the marks he made
 When 'gainst the oak his antlers flay'd;
 You shall see him brought to bay,
 'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Louder, louder chant the lay
 Waken, lords and ladies gay!
 Tell them youth and mirth and glee
 Run a course as well as we,
 Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,
 Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk,
 Think of this, and rise with day,
 Gentle lords and ladies gay!

Sir W. Scott

CCLXXXVI

TO THE SKYLARK

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
 Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond
 Mount, daring waif!—that love-prompted strain
 —'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain
 Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
 All independent of the leafy Spring

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood,
 A privacy of glorious light is thine,
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine,
 Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home

W. Wordsworth

CCLXXXVII.

TO A SKYLARK

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit !
 Bid thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it
 Pouest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated air
 Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest,
 Like a cloud of fire,
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest
 In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun
 O'er which clouds are brightening,
 Thou dost float and run,
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun
 The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight ,
 Like a star of heaven
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight
 Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there
 All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over
 flow'd
 What thou art we know not ,
 What is most like thee ?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody ,—

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not

Like a high born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower

Like a glow worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from
the view

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged
thieves

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphal chaunt
Match'd with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of
 pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee
 Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety

Waking or asleep
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught,
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
 thought

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear,
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now!

P B Shelley

CCLXXXVIII

THE GREEN LINNET

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread
Of Spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequester'd nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard seat !
And flowers and birds once more to greet,
My last year's friends together

One have I mark'd, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest
Hail to Thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion !
Thou, Linnet ! in thy green array
Presiding Spirit here to-day
Dost lead the revels of the May ,
And this is thy dominion

While buds, and butterflies, and flowers,
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
Art sole in thy employment ,
A Life, a Presence like the air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blest with any one to pair ,
Thyself thy own enjoyment

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perch'd in ecstasies
Yet seeming still to hover ,
There ! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over

My dazzled sight he oft deceives—
A brother of the dancing leaves ,
Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves
Pours forth his song in gushes ,

As if by that exulting strain
 He mock'd and treated with disdain
 The voiceless Form he chose to feign,
 While fluttering in the bushes

IV Wordsworth

CCLXXXIX

TO THE CUCKOO

O blithe new-comer ! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice
 O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bud,
 Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass
 Thy twofold shout I hear,
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,
 At once far off and near

Though babbling only to the vale
 Of sunshine and of flowers,
 Thou bringest unto me a tale
 Of visionary hours

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
 Even yet thou art to me
 No bud, but an invisible thing,
 A voice, a mystery,

The same whom in my school boy days
 I listen'd to, that Cry
 Which made me look a thousand ways
 In bush, and tree, and sky

To seek thee did I often rove
 Through woods and on the green,
 And thou wert still a hope, a love,
 Still long'd for, never seen !

And I can listen to thee yet,
 Can lie upon the plain
 And listen, till I do beget
 That golden time again

O bless'd Bud ! the earth we pace
 Again appears to be
 An unsubstantial, faery place,
 That is fit home for Thee !

W Wordsworth

CCXC

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thine happiness,—
 That thou, light-wing'd Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease

O, for a draught of vintage ! that hath been
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delv'd earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth !
 O for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stain'd mouth,
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan,
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies,
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs,
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards
 Already with thee ! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays ,
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy
 ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalm'd darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ,
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ,
 Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves ,
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves

Darkling I listen ; and for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Call'd him soft names in many a muséd rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath ,
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy !
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
 No hungry generations tread thee down ,
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for
 home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn ,
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
 Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill side , and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
 Fled is that music —Do I wake or sleep ?
J Keats

CCXC1

UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,
 SEPT 3, 1802

Earth has not anything to show more fair
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty
 This City now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning — silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky,—
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ,
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !

The river glideth at his own sweet will
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ,
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !
W Wordsworth

CCXCII

To one who has been long in city pent,
 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
 And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
 Full in the smile of the blue firmament

Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
 Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lan
 Of wavy grass, and reads a debona
 And gentle tale of love and languishment ?

Returning home at evening, with an ear
 Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye
 Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,

He mourns that day so soon has glided by •
 E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
 That falls through the clear ether silently

J Keats

CCXCIII

OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT

I met a traveller from an antique land
 Who said Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert Near them on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
 And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed ,
 And on the pedestal these words appear
 'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings •
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair !'
 Nothing beside remains Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
 The lone and level sands stretch far away

P B Shelley

CCXCIV

*COMPOSED AT NEIDPATH CASTLE, THE
PROPERTY OF LORD QUEENSBERRY,*

1803

Degenerate Douglas ! oh, the unworthy lord !
Whom mere despite of heart could so far please
And love of havoc, (for with such disease
Fame taxes him,) that he could send forth word

To level with the dust a noble horde,
A brotherhood of venerable trees,
Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like these,
Beggard and outraged '—Many hearts deplored
The fate of those old trees, and oft with pain
The traveller at this day will stop and gaze
On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed

For shelter'd places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
And the green silent pastures, yet remain

W Wordsworth

CCXCV

THE BEECH TREE'S PETITION

O leave this barren spot to me !
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !
Though bush or floweret never grow
My dark unwarming shade below,
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue,
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn,
Nor murmuring tubes from me derive
Th' ambrosial amber of the hive,
Yet leave this barren spot to me
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
 The sky grow bright, the forest green ,
 And many a wintry wind have stood
 In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
 Since childhood in my pleasant bower
 First spent its sweet and sportive hour ,
 Since youthful lovers in my shade
 Then vows of truth and rapture made,
 And on my trunk's surviving frame
 Carved many a long-forgotten name
 Oh ! by the sighs of gentle sound,
 First breathed upon this sacred ground ,
 By all that Love has whisper'd here,
 Or Beauty heald with lavish'd ear ,
 As Love's own altar honour me .
 Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !
T. Campbell

CCXCVI

ADMONITION TO A TRAVELLER

Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine eye !
 —The lovely Cottage in the guardian nook
 Hath staid thee deeply , with its own dear brook,
 Its own small pasture, almost its own sky !

But covet not the abode , forbear to sigh
 As many do, repining while they look ,
 Intruders—who would tear from Nature's book
 This precious leaf with harsh impiety

—Think what the home must be if it were thine,
 Even thine, though few thy wants ! —Roof, window,
 door,
 The very flowers are sacred to the Pool,

The roses to the porch which they entwine .
 Yea, all that now enchants thee, from the day
 On which it should be touch'd, would melt away !

W. Wordsworth

CCXCVII

TO THE HIGHLAND GIRL OF
INVERSNYDE

Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head
And these gray rocks, that household lawn,
Those trees—a veil just half withdrawn,
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake,
This little bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode ,
In truth together ye do seem
Like something fashion'd in a dream ,
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep !
But O fair Creature ! in the light
Of common day, so heavenly bright,
I bless Thee, Vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart
God shield thee to thy latest years !
Thee neither know I nor thy peers
And yet my eyes are fill'd with tears

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away ,
For never saw I mien or face
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence
Here scatter'd, like a random seed,
Remote from men, Thou dost not need
The embarrass'd look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a Mountaineer
A face with gladness overspread ,
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred ,

And seemliness complete, that sways
 Thy courtesies, about thee plays,
 With no restraint, but such as springs
 From quick and eager visitings
 Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
 Of thy few words of English speech
 A bondage sweetly brook'd, a strife
 That gives thy gestures grace and life !
 So have I, not unmoved in mind,
 Seen birds of tempest-loving kind—
 Thus beating up against the wind

What hand but would a garland cull
 For thee who art so beautiful ?
 O happy pleasure ! here to dwell
 Beside thee in some heathy dell,
 Adopt your homely ways, and dress,
 A shepherd, thou a shepherdess !
 But I could frame a wish for thee
 More like a grave reality
 Thou art to me but as a wave
 Of the wild sea and I would have
 Some claim upon thee, if I could,
 Though but of common neighbourhood
 What joy to hear thee, and to see !
 Thy elder brother I would be,
 Thy father—anything to thee

Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace
 Hath led me to this lonely place
 Joy have I had, and going hence
 I bear away my recompence.
 In spots like these it is we prize
 Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes
 Then why should I be loth to stir ?
 I feel this place was made for her,
 To give new pleasure like the past,
 Continued long as life shall last
 Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
 Sweet Highland Girl ! from thee to part,
 For I, methinks, till I grow old

As fair before me shall behold
 As I do now, the cabin small,
 The lake, the bay, the waterfall,
 And Thee, the Spirit of them all !

IV Wordsworth

CCXCVIII

THE REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland Lass !
 Reaping and singing by herself,
 Stop here, or gently pass !
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
 And sings a melancholy strain,
 O listen ! for the vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound

No nightingale did ever chaunt
 More welcome notes to weary bands
 Of travellers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day ?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again !

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending,
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending,—
 I listen'd, motionless and still,

And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

IV Wordsworth

CCXCIV

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three
years

Poor Susan has pass'd by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird

'Tis a note of enchantment, what ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees,
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale
Down which she so often has tripp'd with her pail,
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves

She looks, and her heart is in heaven but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all pass'd away from her eyes!

W Wordsworth

CCC

TO A LADY, WITH A GUITAR

Ariel to Miranda —Take
This slave of music, for the sake
Of him, who is the slave of thee,
And teach it all the harmony
In which thou canst, and only thou,
Make the delighted spirit glow,
Till joy denies itself again
And, too intense, is turn'd to pain

Foi by permission and command
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,
Poor Ariel sends this silent token
Of more than ever can be spoken ,
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who
From life to life must still pursue
Your happiness, for thus alone
Can Ariel ever find his own
From Prospero's enchanted cell,
As the mighty veises tell,
To the throne of Naples he
Lit you o'er the trackless sea,
Flitting on, your prow before,
Like a living meteor
When you die, the silent Moon
In her interlunar swoon
Is not sadder in her cell
Than deserted Ariel —
When you live again on earth,
Like an unseen Star of birth
Ariel guides you o'er the sea
Of life from your nativity —
Many changes have been run
Since Ferdinand and you begun
Your course of love, and Ariel still
Has track'd your steps and served you will
Now in humbler, happier lot,
This is all remember'd not ,
And now, alas ! the poor Sprite is
Imprison'd for some fault of his
In a body like a grave—
From you he only dares to crave,
For his service and his sorrow
A smile to day, a song to morrow

The artist who this idol wrought
To echo all harmonious thought,
Fell'd a tree, while on the steep
The woods were in their winter sleep,
Rock'd in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine ,
And dreaming, some of Autumn past,

And some of Spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love And so this tree,—
Oh that such our death may be '—
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again
From which, beneath heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought this loved Guitar ,
And taught it justly to reply
To all who question skilfully
In language gentle as thine own ,
Whispering in enamour'd tone
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells
—For it had learnt all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
And the many-voicéd fountains ,
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening , and it knew
That seldom heard mysterious sound
Which, driven on its diurnal round,
As it floats through boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way
—All this it knows, but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The Spirit that inhabits it,
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions , and no more
Is heard than has been felt before
By those who tempt it to betray
These secrets of an elder day
But, sweetly as its answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps its highest holiest tone
For our beloved Friend alone

P B Shelley

CCCI

THE DAFFODILS

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host of golden daffodils,
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze
 Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretch'd in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance
 The waves beside them danced, but they
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee --
 A Poet could not but be gay
 In such a jocund company !
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought ,
 For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude ,
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils

IV Wordsworth

CCCLII

TO THE DAISY

With little here to do or see
 Of things that in the great world be,
 Sweet Daisy ! oft I talk to thee
 For thou art worthy,
 Thou unassuming Common-place
 Of Nature, with that homely face,
 And yet with something of a grace
 Which Love makes for thee !

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
 I sit and play with similes,
 Loose types of things through all degrees,
 Thoughts of thy raising,
 And many a fond and idle name
 I give to thee, for praise or blame
 As is the humour of the game,
 While I am gazing
 A nun demure, of lowly port,
 Or spightly maiden, of Love's court,
 In thy simplicity the sport
 Of all temptations,
 A queen in crown of rubies drest,
 A starveling in a scanty vest;
 Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
 Thy appellations
 A little Cyclops, with one eye
 Staring to threaten and defy,
 That thought comes next—and instantly
 The freak is over,
 The shape will vanish, and behold!
 A silver shield with boss of gold
 That spreads itself, some faery bold
 In fight to cover
 I see thee glittering from afar—
 And then thou art a pretty star,
 Not quite so fair as many are
 In heaven above thee!
 Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
 Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest,—
 May peace come never to his nest
 Who shall reprove thee!
 Sweet Flower! for by that name at last
 When all my reveries are past
 I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
 Sweet silent Creature!
 That breath'st with me in sun and air,
 Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
 My heart with gladness, and a share
 Of thy meek nature!

W. Wordsworth

CCCHH

ODE TO AUTUMN

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun,
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run,
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core,
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel, to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind,
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spare the next swath and all its twined flowers
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook,
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble-plains with icy hue,
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river-sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies,
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing, and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies

J Keats

CCCIV

ODE TO WINTER

Germany, December, 1800

When first the fiery-mantled Sun
 His heavenly race began to run,
 Round the earth and ocean blue
 His children four the Seasons flew
 First, in green apparel dancing,
 The young Spring smiled with angel-grace ;
 Rosy Summer next advancing,
 Rush'd into her sire's embrace—
 Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her keep
 For ever nearest to his smiles,
 On Calpe's olive-shaded steep
 Or India's citron-cover'd isles
 More remote, and buxom-brown,
 The Queen of vintage bow'd before his throne
 A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,
 A ripe sheaf bound her zone

But howling Winter fled afar
 To hills that prop the polar stair,
 And loves on deer-borne car to ride
 With barren darkness by his side,
 Round the shore where loud Lofoden
 Whirls to death the roaring whale,
 Round the hall where Runic Odin
 Howls his wail-song to the gale,
 Save when adown the ravaged globe
 He travels on his native storm,
 Deflowering Nature's grassy robe
 And trampling on her faded form —
 Till light's returning Lord assume
 The shaft that drives him to his polar field,
 Of power to pierce his raven plume
 And crystal-cover'd shield

Oh, sire of storms ! whose savage car
 The Lapland drum delights to hear,
 When Fienzy with her blood-shot eye
 Implores thy dreadful deity—

Archangel ! Power of desolation !
 Fast descending as thou art,
 Say, hath mortal invocation
 Spells to touch thy stony heart ?
 Then, sullen Winter ! hear my prayer,
 And gently rule the ruin'd year,
 No! chill the wanderer's bosom bare
 No! freeze the wretch's falling tear
 To shuddering Want's unmantled bed
 Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lend,
 And gently on the orphan head
 Of Innocence descend

But chiefly spare, O king of clouds !
 The sailor on his airy shrouds,
 When wicks and beacons strew the steep,
 And spectres walk along the deep
 Milder yet thy snowy breezes
 Pour on yonder tented shores,
 Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,
 Or the dark-brown Danube roars
 Oh, winds of Winter ! list ye there
 To many a deep and dying groan ?
 Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,
 At shrieks and thunders louder than your own ?
 Alas ! ev'n you unhallow'd breath
 May spare the victim fallen low,
 But Man will ask no truce to death,—
 No bounds to human woe

L Campbell

CCCV

YARROW UNVISITED

1803

From Stirling Castle we had seen
 The mazy Forth unavell'd,
 Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,
 And with the Tweed had travell'd,
 And when we came to Clovenford,
 Then said my 'winsome Marrow,'
 'Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
 And see the Braes of Yarrow'

' Let Yarrow folk, fine Selkirk town,
 Who have been buying, sell'ng,
 Go back to Yarrow, 'tis then own,
 Each maiden to her dwelling '
 On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
 Hares couch, and rabbits burrow,
 But we will downward with the Tweed,
 Not turn aside to Yarrow

' There's Gala Water, Leader Haughs,
 Both lying right before us,
 And Dryburgh, where with chiming Tweed
 The lintwhites sing in chorus,
 There's pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land
 Made blithe with plough and harrow
 Why throw away a needful day
 To go in search of Yarrow ?

' What's Yarrow but a river baie
 That glides the dark hills under ?
 There are a thousand such elsewhere
 As worthy of your wonder '
 — Strange words they seem'd of slight and scorn ;
 My True-love sigh'd for sorrow,
 And look'd me in the face, to think
 I thus could speak of Yarrow '

' O green,' said I, ' are Yarrow's holms,
 And sweet is Yarrow flowing '
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
 But we will leave it growing
 O'er hilly path and open strath
 We'll wander Scotland thorough,
 But, though so near, we will not turn
 Into the dale of Yarrow

' Let bees and home-bred kine partake
 The sweets of Burn-mill meadow,
 The swan on still Saint Mary's Lake
 Float double, swan and shadow '
 We will not see them ; will not go
 To-day, nor yet to-morrow,
 Enough if in our hearts we know
 There's such a place as Yarrow.

'Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown '
 It must, or we shall rue it
 We have a vision of our own,
 Ah ! why should we undo it ?
 The treasured dreams of times long past,
 We'll keep them, winsome Marrow '
 For when we're there, although 'tis fan,
 'Twill be another Yarrow !

'If Care with freezing years should come
 And wandering seem but folly,—
 Should we be loth to stir from home,
 And yet be melancholy,
 Should life be dull, and spirits low
 'Twill soothe us in our sorrow
 That earth has something yet to show,
 The bonny holms of Yarrow !'

IV Wordsworth

CCCVI

YARROW VISITED

September, 1814

And is this—Yarrow ?—This the stream
 Of which my fancy cherish'd
 So faithfully, a waking dream,
 An image that hath perish'd ?
 O that some minstrel's harp were near
 To utter notes of gladness
 And chase this silence from the air,
 That fills my heart with sadness !

Yet why ?—a silvery current flows
 With uncontroll'd meanderings,
 Nor have these eyes by greener hills
 Been soothed, in all my wanderings
 And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
 Is visibly delighted,
 For not a feature of those hills
 Is in the mirror slighted

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow Vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness,
Mild dawn of promise ' that excludes
All profitless dejection ;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection

Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding ?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the heid is feeding
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The Water-wraith ascended thrice,
And gave his doleful warning

Delicious is the lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers
And pity sanctifies the veise
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love ,
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow !

But thou that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy
The grace of forest charms decay'd,
And pastoral melancholy

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature ,
And rising from those lofty groves
Behold a ruin hoary,
The shatter'd front of Newark's towers,
Renown'd in Border story

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
 For sportive youth to stray in,
 For manhood to enjoy his strength,
 And age to wear away in !
 Yon cottage seems a bowel of bliss,
 A covert for protection
 Of tender thoughts that nestle there—
 The brood of chaste affection

How sweet on this autumnal day
 The wild-wood fruits to gather,
 And on my True-love's forehead plant
 A crest of blooming heather !
 And what if I enwreathed my own ?
 'Twere no offence to reason ,
 The sober hills thus deck their brows
 To meet the wintry season

I see—but not by sight alone,
 Loved Yarrow, have I won thee ,
 A ray of Fancy still survives—
 Her sunshine plays upon thee !
 Thy ever-youthful waters keep
 A course of lively pleasure ,
 And gladsome notes my lips can breathe
 Accordant to the measure

The vapours linger round the heights,
 They melt, and soon must vanish ,
 One hour is thine, not more is mine—
 Sad thought ! which I would banish,
 But that I know, where'er I go,
 Thy genuine image, Yarrow !
 Will dwell with me, to heighten joy,
 And cheer my mind in sorrow

W Worsworth

CCCVII

THE INVITATION

Best and brightest come away,—
 Fairer far than this fair Day,

Which, like thee, to those in sorrow
 Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
 To the rough year just awake
 In its cradle on the brake
 The brightest hour of unborn Spring
 Through the winter wandering,
 Found, it seems, the halcyon moor
 To hoar February born,
 Bending from heaven, in azure mirth,
 It kiss'd the forehead of the earth,
 And smiled upon the silent sea,
 And bade the frozen streams be free,
 And waked to music all their fountains,
 And breathed upon the frozen mountains,
 And like a prophetess of May
 Strew'd flowers upon the barren way,
 Making the wintry world appear
 Like one on whom thou smilest, dear

Away, away, from men and towns,
 To the wild wood and the downs—
 To the silent wilderness
 Where the soul need not repress
 Its music, lest it should not find
 An echo in another's mind,
 While the touch of Nature's art
 Harmonizes heart to heart

Radiant Sister of the Day
 Awake 'arise' and come away!
 To the wild woods and the plains,
 To the pools where winter rains
 Image all their roof of leaves,
 Where the pine its garland weaves
 Of sapless green, and ivy dun,
 Round stems that never kiss the sun,
 Where the lawns and pastures be
 And the sandhills of the sea,
 Where the melting hour-frost wets
 The daisy-star that never sets,
 And wind-flowers and violets
 Which yet join not scent to hue
 Crown the pale year weak and new,

When the night is left behind
In the deep east, dim and blind,
And the blue noon is over us,
And the multitudinous
Billows murmur at our feet,
Where the earth and ocean meet,
And all things seem only one
In the universal Sun.

P B Shelley

CCCVIII

THE RECOLLECTION

Now the last day of many days
All beautiful and bright as thou,
The loveliest and the last, is dead
Rise, Memory, and write its praise !
Up—to thy wonted work ! come, trace
The epitaph of glory fled,
For now the earth has changed its face,
A frown is on the heaven's brow

We wander'd to the Pine Forest
That skirts the Ocean's foam ,
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of heaven lay ,
It seem'd as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies
Which scatter'd from above the sun
A light of Paradise !

We paused amid the pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
As serpents interlaced,—
And soothed by every azure breath
That under heaven is blown,

To harmonies and hues beneath,
As tender as its own
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep
Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean-woods may be.

How calm it was '—The silence there
By such a chain was bound,
That even the busy woodpecker
Made stiller with her sound
The inviolable quietness,
The breath of peace we drew
With its soft motion made not less
The calm that round us grew
There seem'd, from the remotest seat
Of the white mountain waste
To the soft flower beneath our feet,
A magic circle traced,—
A spirit interfused around,
A thrilling silent life,
To momentary peace it bound
Our mortal nature's strife,—
And still I felt the centre of
The magic circle there
Was one fair form that fill'd with love
The lifeless atmosphere

We paused beside the pools that lie
Under the forest bough,
Each seem'd as 'twere a little sky
Gulf'd in a world below;
A firmament of purple light
Which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night
And purer than the day—
In which the lovely forests grew
As in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue
Than any spreading there
There lay the glade and neighbouring lawn,
And through the dark-green wood

The white sun twinkling like the dawn
 Out of a speckled cloud
 Sweet views which in our world above
 Can never well be seen
 Were imaged in the water's love
 Of that fair foiest green
 And all was interfused beneath
 With an Elysian glow,
 An atmosphere without a breath,
 A softer day below
 Like one beloved, the scene had lent
 To the dark water's breast
 Its every leaf and lineament
 With more than truth exprest,
 Until an envious wind crept by,
 Like an unwelcome thought
 Which from the mind's too faithful eye
 Blots one dear image out
 —Though thou art ever fair and kind,
 The forests ever green,
 Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind
 Than calm in waters seen !

P B Shelley

CCCIY

BY THE SEA

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free ,
 The holy time is quiet as a Nun
 Breathless with adoration , the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity ,
 The gentleness of heaven is on the Sea
 Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,
 And doth with his eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder—everlastingly
 Dear child ! dear girl ! that walkest with me here,
 If thou appear untouch'd by solemn thought
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine

Thou liest in Abiaham's bosom all the year,
 And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
 God being with thee when we know it not

W Wordsworth

CCCX

SONG TO THE EVENING STAR

Star that bringest home the bee,
 And sett'st the weary labourer free !
 If any star shed peace, 'tis Thou
 That send'st it from above,
 Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
 Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
 Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
 Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard
 And songs when toil is done,
 From cottages whose smoke unstor'd
 Curls yellow in the sun

Star of love's soft interviews,
 Parted lovers on thee muse ,
 Then remembrance in Heaven
 Of thrilling vows thou art,
 Too delicious to be given
 By absence from the heart

T. Campbell

CCCXI

DATUR HORA QUIETI

The sun upon the lake is low,
 The wild birds hush their song,
 The hills have evening's deepest glow,
 Yet Leonard tarries long
 Now all whom varied toil and care
 From home and love divide,
 In the calm sunset may repair
 Each to the loved one's side

The noble dame, on turret high,
 Who waits her gallant knight,
 Looks to the western beam to spy
 The flash of armour bright
 The village maid, with hand on brow
 The level ray to shade,
 Upon the footpath watches now
 For Colin's darkening plaid
 Now to their mates the wild swans row,
 By day they swim apart,
 And to the thicket wander slow
 The hind beside the hart
 The woodlark at his partner's side
 Twitters his closing song—
 All meet whom day and care divide,
 But Leonard taries long !

Sir W Scott

CCCXII

TO THE MOON

Art thou pale for weariness
 Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
 Wandering companionless
 Among the stars that have a different birth,—
 And ever-changing, like a joyless eye
 That finds no object worth its constancy ?

P B Shelley

CCCXIII

TO SLEEP

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by
 One after one, the sound of rain, and bees
 Murmuring, the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky,
 I've thought of all by turns, and yet do lie
 Sleepless, and soon the small birds' melodies
 Must hear, first utter'd from my orchard trees,
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry

Even thus last night, and two nights more I lay,
 And could not win thee, Sleep ' by any stealth
 So do not let me wear to-night away

Without Thee what is all the morn'ing's wealth ?
 Come, bless'd barrier between day and day,
 Dear mother of fiesh thoughts and joyous health !

W Wordsworth

CCCXIV

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd,
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky,
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet Vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morn'ing I dreamt it again

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
 Far, far, I had roam'd on a desolate track
 'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young,
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers
 sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to
 part,

My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

'Stay—stay with us !—rest !—thou art weary and
 worn !—

And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay,—
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away

T Campbell

C
CCCXV

A DREAM OF THE UNKNOWN

I dream'd that as I wander'd by the way
 Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring,
And gentle odours led my steps astray,
 Mix'd with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
 Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kiss'd it and then fled, as Thou mightest in dream

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
 Daisies, those pearl'd Aucturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets,
 Faint oxlips, tender blue-bells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved, and that tall flower that wets
Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
 Green cow-bind and the moonlight-colour'd May,
And cherry-blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
 Was the bright dew yet dram'd not by the day,
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine
 With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray;
And flowers azure, black, and streak'd with gold,
Fairer than any waken'd eyes behold

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
 There grew broad flag-flowers, purple prank'd with
 white,
And starry river-buds among the sedge,
 And floating water-lilies, broad and bight,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
 With moonlight beams of their own watery light,
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen

Methought that of these visionary flowers
 I made a nosegay, bound in such a way

That the same hues, which in their natural bowels
 Were mingled or opposed, the like array
 Kept these imprison'd children of the Hours
 Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay,
 I hasten'd to the spot whence I had come
 That I might there present it—O ' to Whom ?

P B Shelley

CCCXVI

KUBLA KHAN

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea
 So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round
 And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
 Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree,
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
 A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
 By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
 A mighty fountain momently was forced
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail
 And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
 It flung up momentarily the sacred river
 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
 Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
 Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Floated midway on the waves,
 Where was heard the mingled measure
 From the fountain and the caves
 It was a miracle of rare device,
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
 A damsel with a dulcimer
 In a vision once I saw—
 It was an Abyssinian maid,
 And on her dulcimer she play'd,
 Singing of Mount Abora
 Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me
 That with music loud and long,
 I would build that dome in air,
 That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
 And all who heard should see them there,
 And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
 Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise

S T Coleridge

CCCXVII

THE INNER VISION

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
 To pace the ground, if path be there or none,
 While a fair region round the traveller lies
 Which he forbears again to look upon,
 Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
 The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
 Of meditation, slipping in between
 The beauty coming and the beauty gone
 —If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
 Let us break off all commerce with the Muse
 With Thought and Love companions of our way—

Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,—
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews
Of inspiration on the humblest lay

W. Wordsworth

CCC\VIII

THE REALM OF FANCY

Ever let the Fancy roam ,
Pleasure never is at home
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth ,
Then let wingéd Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar
O sweet Fancy ! let her loose ,
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming ,
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloyed with tasting What do then ?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sea-faggot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night ,
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the cakéd snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon ,
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overaw'd,
Fancy, high-commission'd —send her !
She has vassals to attend her
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost ,
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather ,
All the buds and bells of May,

From dewy sward or thorny spray ,
All the heap'd Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it —thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear ,
Rustle of the reaped corn ,
Sweet buds antheming the morn
And, in the same moment—hark !
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the margold ,
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst ,
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May ;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearled with the self-same shower
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its cell'd sleep ,
And the snake all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin ;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bud's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest ,
Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-hive casts its swarm ,
Acorns ripe down pattering,
While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy ! let her loose ,
Everything is spoilt by use
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gazed at ? Where's the maid
Whose lip mature is ever new ?
Where's the eye, however blue,
Doth not weary ? Where's the face
One would meet in every place ?
Where's the voice, however soft,

One would hear so very oft ?
 At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth
 Let then wingéd Fancy find
 Thee a mistress to thy mind
 Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,
 Ere the God of Torment taught her
 How to frown and how to chide ,
 With a waist and with a side
 White as Hebe's, when her zone
 Slipt its golden clasp, and down
 Fell her kittle to her feet,
 While she held the goblet sweet,
 And Jove grew languid —Break the mesh
 Of the Fancy's silken leash ,
 Quickly break her prison-string,
 And such joys as these she'll bring
 —Let the wingéd Fancy roam,
 Pleasure never is at home

J Keats

CCCXIX

WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

I heard a thousand blended notes
 While in a grove I sate reclined,
 In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
 Bring sad thoughts to the mind
 To her fair works did Nature link
 The human soul that through me ran ,
 And much it grieved my heart to think
 What Man has made of Man
 Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bowe,
 The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths ;
 And 'tis my faith that every flower
 Enjoys the air it breathes
 The birds around me hopp'd and play'd,
 Their thoughts I cannot measure, —
 But the least motion which they made
 It seem'd a thrill of pleasure

The budding twigs spread out their fan
 To catch the breezy air,
 And I must think, do all I can,
 That there was pleasure there

If this belief from heaven be sent,
 If such be Nature's holy plan,
 Have I not reason to lament
 What Man has made of Man?

W Wordsworth

CCCXX

*RUTH OR THE INFLUENCES OF
 NATURE*

When Ruth was left half desolate
 Her father took another mate,
 And Ruth, not seven years old,
 A slighted child, at her own will
 Went wandering over dale and hill,
 In thoughtless freedom, bold

And she had made a pipe of straw,
 And music from that pipe could draw
 Like sounds of winds and floods,
 Had built a bower upon the green,
 As if she from her birth had been
 An infant of the woods

Beneath her father's roof, alone
 She seem'd to live, her thoughts her own,
 Herself her own delight
 Pleased with herself, not sad not gay,
 And passing thus the live-long day,
 She grew to woman's height

There came a youth from Georgia's shore—
 A military casque he wore
 With splendid feathers dyed,
 He brought them from the Cherokeees,
 The feathers nodded in the breeze
 And made a gallant crest

From Indian blood you deem him sprung
But no ' he spake the English tongue
And bore a soldier's name ,
And, when America was free
From battle and from jeopardy,
He 'cross the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek,
In finest tones the youth could speak
—While he was yet a boy
The moon, the glory of the sun,
And streams that murmur as they run
Had been his dearest joy

He was a lovely youth ' I guess
The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he ,
And when he chose to sport and play,
No dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea

Among the Indians he had fought ,
And with him many tales he brought
Of pleasure and of fear ,
Such tales as, told to any maid
By such a youth, in the green shade,
Were perilous to hear

He told of guls, a happy rout '
Who quit their fold with dance and shout,
Their pleasant Indian town,
To gather strawberries all day long ,
Returning with a choiral song
When daylight is gone down

He spake of plants that hourly change
Their blossoms, through a boundless range
Of intermingling hues ,
With budding, fading, faded flowers,
They stand the wonder of the bowers
From morn to evening dews

He told of the magnolia, spread
High as a cloud, high over head '
The cypress and her spouse ,

— Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
To set the hills on fire

The youth of green savannahs spake,
And many an endless, endless lake
With all its fairy crowds
Of islands, that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds

'How pleasant,' then he said, 'it were
A fisher or a hunter there,
In sunshine or in shade
To wander with an easy mind,
And build a household fire, and find
A home in every glade'

'What days and what bright years' Ah me!
Our life were life indeed, with thee
So pass'd in quiet bliss,
And all the while,' said he, 'to know
That we were in a world of woe,
On such an earth as this'

And then he sometimes interwove
Fond thoughts about a father's love,
'For there,' said he, 'are spun
Around the heart such tender ties,
'That our own children to our eyes
Are dearer than the sun

'Sweet Ruth' and could you go with me
My helpmate in the woods to be,
Our shed at night to rear,
Or run, my own adopted bride,
A sylvan huntress at my side,
And drive the flying deer'

'Beloved Ruth'—No more he said
The wakeful Ruth at midnight shed
A solitary tear
She thought again—and did agree
With him to sail across the sea,
And drive the flying deer.

' And now, as fitting is and right,
We in the church our futh will plight,
A husband and a wife '
Even so they did , and I may say
That to sweet Ruth that happy day
Was more than human life

Through dream and vision did she sink,
Delighted all the while to think
That, on those lonesome floods
And green savannahs, she should share
His board with lawful joy, and bear
His name in the wild woods

But, as you have before been told,
This Stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,
And with his dancing ciest
So beautiful, through savage lands
Had roam'd about, with vagrant bands
Of Indians in the West

The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of a tropic sky
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a youth to whom was given
So much of earth—so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood

Whatever in those climes he found
Irregular in sight or sound
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse, seem'd allied
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart.

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,
The beauteous forms of Nature wrought,—
Fair trees and gorgeous flowers ,
The breezes their own languor lent ,
The stars had feelings, which they sent
Into those favour'd bowers

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween
That sometimes there did intervene
Pure hopes of high intent

For passions link'd to forms so fan
And stately, needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment

But ill he lived, much evil saw,
With men to whom no better law
Nor better life was known,
Deliberately and undeceived
Those wild men's vices he received,
And gave them back his own

His genius and his moral flame
Were thus impan'd, and he became
The slave of low desires
A man who without self-control
Would seek what the degraded soul
Unworthily admires

And yet he with no feign'd delight
Had woo'd the maiden, day and night
Had loved her, night and morn
What could he less than love a maid
Whose heart with so much nature play'd—
So kind and so forlorn?

Sometimes most earnestly he said,
'O Ruth' I have been wiser than dead,
False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain
Encompass'd me on every side
When I, in confidence and pride,
Had cross'd the Atlantic main

'Before me shone a glorious world
Fresh as a banner bright, unful'd
To music suddenly
I look'd upon those hills and plains,
And seem'd as if let loose from chains
To live at liberty'

'No more of this—for now, by thee,
Dear Ruth' more happily set free,
With nobler zeal I burn,
My soul from darkness is released
Like the whole sky when to the east
The morning doth return'

Full soon that better mind was gone ,
No hope, no wish remain'd, not one,—
They stir'd him now no more ,
New objects did new pleasure give,
And once again he wish'd to live
As lawless as before

Meanwhile, as thus with him it faied,
They for the voyage were prepared,
And went to the sea-shore
But, when they thither came, the youth
Deserted his poor bride, and Ruth
Could never find him more

God help thee, Ruth !—Such pains she had
That she in half a year was mad
And in a prison housed ,
And there, with many a doleful song
Made of wild words, her cup of wrong
She fearfully caroused

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,
Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew,
Nor pastimes of the May,
—They all were with her in her cell ,
And a clear brook with cheerful knell
Did o'er the pebbles play

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain,
There came a respite to her pain ,
She from her prison fled ;
But of the Vagrant none took thought ,
And where it liked her best she sought
Her shelter and her bread

Among the fields she breathed again
The master-current of her brain
Ran permanent and free ,
And, coming to the banks of Tone,
There did she rest , and dwell alone
Under the greenwood tree.

The engines of her pain, the tools
That shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools,
And ams that gently stu

The vernal leaves—she loved them still,
Nor ever tax'd them with the ill
Which had been done to her
A barn her Winter bed supplies,
But, till the warmth of Summer skies
And Summer days is gone,
(And all do in this tale agree)
She sleeps beneath the greenwood tree,
And other home hath none
An innocent life, yet far astray!
And Ruth will, long before her day,
Be broken down and old
Sore aches she needs must have! but less
Of mind, than body's wretchedness,
From damp, and rain, and cold.
If she is pined by want of food
She from her dwelling in the wood
Repairs to a road-side,
And there she begs at one steep place,
Where up and down with easy pace
The horsemen-travellers ride
That oaten pipe of hers is mute
Or thrown away but with a flute
Her loneliness she cheers,
This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,
At evening in his homeward walk
The Quantock woodman hears
I, too, have pass'd her on the hills
Setting her little water mills
By spouts and fountains wild—
Such small machinery as she turn'd
Ere she had wept, ere she had mourn'd,—
A young and happy child!
Farewell! and when thy days are told,
Ill-fated Ruth! in hallow'd mould
Thy corpse shall buried be,
For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
And all the congregation sing
A Christian psalm for thee

W Wordsworth

CCCVXI

*WRITTEN AMONG THE
EUGANEAN HILLS*

Many a green isle needs must be
 In the deep wide sea of Misery,
 O! the maine! woin and wan,
 Never thus could voyage on
 Day and night, and night and day,
 Drifting on his dreary way,
 With the solid darkness black
 Closing round his vessel's track,
 Whilst above, the sunless sky
 Big with clouds, hangs heavily,
 And behind the tempest fleet
 Hurries on with lightning feet,
 Riving sail, and cord, and plank,
 Till the ship has almost drank
 Death from the o'er-brimming deep,
 And sinks down, down, like that sleep
 When the dreamer seems to be
 Weltering through eternity,
 And the dim low line before
 Of a dark and distant shore
 Still recedes, as ever still
 Longing with divided will,
 But no power to seek or shun,
 He is ever drifted on
 O'er the unrepousing wave,
 To the haven of the grave

Ah, many flowering islands lie
 In the waters of wide Agony
 To such a one this morn was led
 My bark, by soft winds piloted
 —Mid the mountains Euganean
 I stood listening to the paean
 With which the legion'd rooks did hail
 The Sun's uprise majestic
 Gathering round with wings all hoar,

Through the dewy mist they sail
Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven
Bursts, and then,—as clouds of even
Fleck'd with fire and azure, lie
In the unfathomable sky,—
So their plumes of purple grain
Starr'd with drops of golden rain
Gleam above the sunlight woods,
As in silent multitudes
On the morning's fitful gale
Through the broken mist they sail,
And the vapours cloven and gleaming
Follow down the dark steep streaming,
Till all is bright, and clear, and still
Round the solitary hill

Beneath is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fan,
Underneath Day's azure eyes,
Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,—
A peopled labyrinth of walls,
Amphitrite's destined halls,
Which her hoary sire now paves
With his blue and beaming waves
Lo! the sun upsprings behind,
Broad, red, radiant, half-reclined
On the level quivering line
Of the waters crystalline,
And before that chasm of light,
As within a furnace bright,
Column, tower, and dome, and spue,
Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing with inconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean
To the sulphur-tinted skies,
As the flames of sacrifice
From the marble shrines did rise
As to pierce the dome of gold
Where Apollo spoke of old

Sun-gilt City! thou hast been

Ocean's child, and then his queen ,
 Now is come a darker day
 And thou soon must be his prey,
 If the power that raised thee here
 Hallow so thy watery bier
 A less dear ruin than than now,
 With thy conquest-branded brow
 Stooping to the slave of slaves
 From thy throne among the waves
 Wilt thou be,—when the sea-mew
 Flies, as once before it flew,
 O'er thine isles depopulate,
 And all is in its ancient state,
 Save where many a palace-gate
 With green sea-flowers overgrown
 Like a rock of ocean's own,
 Topples o'er the abandon'd sea
 As the tides change sullenly
 The fisher on his watery way
 Wandering at the close of day,
 Will spread his sail and seize his oar
 Till he pass the gloomy shore,
 Lest thy dead should, from then sleep,
 Bursting o'er the stailight deep,
 Lead a rapid masque of death
 O'er the waters of his path

Noon descends around me now
 'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,
 When a soft and purple mist
 Like a vaporous amethyst,
 Or an au-dissolvéd star
 Mingling light and fragrance, fall
 From the curved horizon's bound
 To the point of heaven's profound,
 Fills the overflowing sky ;
 And the plains that silent lie
 Underneath, the leaves unsodden
 Where the infant Frost has trodden
 With his morning-wingéd feet
 Whose bright print is gleaming yet ,
 And the red and golden vines

Piercing with their trellised lines
 The rough, dark-skirted wilderness,
 The dun and bladed grass no less,
 Pointing from this hoary tower
 In the windless air, the flower
 Glimmering at my feet, the line
 Of the olive-sandall'd Apennine
 In the south dimly islanded,
 And the Alps, whose snows are spread
 High between the clouds and sun,
 And of living things each one,
 And my spirit, which so long
 Darken'd this swift stream of song,—
 Interpenetrated lie
 By the glory of the sky,
 Be it love, light, harmony,
 Odour, or the soul of all
 Which from heaven like dew doth fall,
 Or the mind which feeds this verse,
 Peopling the lone universe.

Noon descends, and after noon
 Autumn's evening meets me soon,
 Leading the infantine moon
 And that one star, which to her
 Almost seems to minister
 Half the crimson light she brings
 From the sunset's radiant springs
 And the soft dreams of the moon
 (Which like wingéd winds had borne
 To that silent isle, which lies
 'Mid remember'd agonies,
 The frail bark of this lone being),
 Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,
 And its ancient pilot, Pain,
 Sits beside the helm again

Other flowering isles must be
 In the sea of Life and Agony
 Other spirits float and flee
 O'er that gulf. Ev'n now, perhaps,
 On some rock the wild wave wraps,

With folded wings they waiting sit
For my bark, to pilot it
To some calm and blooming cove,
Where for me, and those I love,
May a windless bower be built,
Far from passion, pain, and guilt,
In a dell 'mid lawny hills
Which the wild sea-murmur fills,
And soft sunshine, and the sound
Of old forests echoing round,
And the light and smell divine
Of all flowers that breathe and shine
—We may live so happy there,
That the Spirits of the Air
Envyng us, may ev'n entice
To our healing paradise
The polluting multitude
But their rage would be subdued
By that clime divine and calm,
And the winds whose wings rain balm
On the uplifted soul, and leaves
Under which the bright sea heaves,
While each breathless interval
In their whisperings musical
The inspired soul supplies
With its own deep melodies,
And the Love which heals all strife
Circling, like the breath of life,
All things in that sweet abode
With its own mild brotherhood —
They, not it, would change, and soon
Every sprite beneath the moon
Would repent its envy vain,
And the Earth grow young again

P B Shelley

CCCXXII

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
 Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes ! O thou
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
 The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until
 Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow
 Her clamour o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
 With living hues and odours plain and hill
 Wild Spout, which art moving everywhere,
 Destroyer and Preserver, Heal, oh heal !

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's com-
 motion,
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
 Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,
 Angels of rain and lightning ! there are spread
 On the blue surface of thine angry surge,
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
 Of some fierce Maenad, ev'n from the dim verge
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height—
 The locks of the approaching storm Thou drest
 Of the dying year, to which this closing night
 Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
 Vaulted with all thy congregated might
 Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
 Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst Oh heal !

Thou who didst waken from his summer-dreams
 The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
 I ull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,
 Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
 And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
 Quivering within the wave's intense day,

All overgrown with azure moss, and flowers
 So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ! 'Thou
 For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
 Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
 The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
 The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
 Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fern
 And tremble and despoil themselves Oh hear !

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ,
 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ,
 A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
 The impulse of thy strength, only less free
 Than Thou, O uncontrollable ! If even
 I were as in my boyhood, and could be
 The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
 As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
 Scarce seem'd a vision,—I would ne'er have staid
 As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need
 Oh ! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !
 I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !
 A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
 One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud

Make me thy lyre, ev'n as the forest is
 What if my leaves are falling like its own !
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
 Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
 Sweet though in sadness Be thou, Spirit fierce,
 My spirit ! be thou me, impetuous one !
 Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
 Like wither'd leaves, to quicken a new birth ,
 And, by the incantation of this verse,
 Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !
 Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth
 The trumpet of a prophecy ! O Wind,
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

P B Shelley

LCCXXIII

NATURE AND THE POET

*Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm,
painted by Sir George Beaumont*

I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile !
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee
I saw thee every day , and all the while
Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air !
So like, so very like, was day to day !
Whene'er I look'd, thy image still was there ,
It trembled, but it never pass'd away

How perfect was the calm ! It seem'd no sleep,
No mood, which season takes away, or brings
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things

Ah ! then—if mine had been the painter's hand
To express what then I saw , and add the gleam
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream,—

I would have planted thee, thou hoary pile,
Amid a world how different from this !
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile ,
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss

Thou shouldst have seem'd a treasure-house divine
Of peaceful years , a chronicle of heaven,—
Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine
The very sweetest had to thee been given

A picture had it been of lasting ease,
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife ,
No motion but the moving tide , a breeze ,
On merely silent Nature's breathing life

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
 Such picture would I at that time have made,
 And seen the soul of truth in every part,
 A steadfast peace that might not be betray'd

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more,
 I have submitted to a new control
 A power is gone, which nothing can restore,
 A deep distress hath humanized my soul

Not for a moment could I now behold
 A smiling sea, and be what I have been
 The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old,
 This, which I know, I speak with mind serene

Then, Beaumont, Friend ! who would have been the
 friend
 If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,
 This work of thine I blame not, but commend,
 This sea in anger, and that dismal shore

O 'tis a passionate work !—yet wise and well,
 Well chosen is the spirit that is here,
 That hulk which labours in the deadly swell
 This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear !

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,
 I love to see the look with which it braves,
 —Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time—
 The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves

—Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
 Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind !
 Such happiness, wherever it be known,
 Is to be pitied, for 'tis surely blind

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
 And frequent sights of what is to be borne !
 Such sights, or worse, as are before me here —
 Not without hope we suffer and we mourn

W Worsworth

CCCXLIV

THE POET'S DREAM

On a Poet's lips I slept
 Dreaming like a love-adept
 In the sound his breathing kept,
 Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
 But feeds on the aerial kisses
 Of shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses
 He will watch from dawn to gloom
 The lake-reflected sun illumine
 The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
 Nor heed nor see what things they be—
 But from these create he can
 Forms more real than living Man,
 Nurslings of Immortality!

P B Shelley

CCCXV

GLEN ALMAIN, THE NARROW GLEN

In this still place, remote from men,
 Sleeps Ossian, in the Narrow Glen,
 In this still place, where murmurs on
 But one meek streamlet, only one
 He sang of battles, and the breath
 Of stormy war, and violent death,
 And should, methinks, when all was past,
 Have rightfully been laid at last
 Where rocks were rudely heap'd, and rent
 As by a spout turbulent,
 Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,
 And everything unconciled,
 In some complaining, dim retreat,
 For fear and melancholy meet,
 But this is calm; there cannot be
 A more entire tranquillity

Does then the Bard sleep here indeed ?
 Or is it but a groundless creed ?
 What matters it ?—I blame them not
 Whose fancy in this lonely spot
 Was moved , and in such way express'd
 Their notion of its perfect rest
 A convent, even a hermit's cell,
 Would break the silence of this Dell
 It is not quiet, is not ease ,
 But something deeper far than these
 The separation that is here
 Is of the grave , and of austere
 Yet happy feelings of the dead
 And, therefore, was it rightly said
 That Ossian, last of all his race '
 Lies buried in this lonely place

III Wordsworth

CCCXXVI

'The World is too much with us , late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ,
 Little we see in Nature that is ours ,
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon '

This Sea that bates her bosom to the moon,
 The winds that will be howling at all hours
 And are up gather'd now like sleeping flowers,
 For this, for every thing, we are out of tune ,

It moves us not —Great God ! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,—
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,

Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ,
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ,
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn

IV. Wordsworth

CCCXXVII

WITHIN KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL,
CAMBRIDGE

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-match'd aims the Architect who plann'd
(Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed Scholais only) this immense
And glorious work of fine intelligence !
—Give all thou canst, high Heaven rejects the loise
Of nicely-calculated less or more —
So deem'd the man who fashion'd for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scoop'd into ten thousand cells
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die,
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality

W Wordsworth

CCCVIII

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

Thou still unavish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady ?
What men or gods are these ? What maidens loth ?
What mad pursuit ? What struggle to escape ?
What pipes and timbrels ? What wild ecstasy ?
Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on,
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare,
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve,
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu,
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,
 For ever piping songs for ever new,
 More happy love ! more happy, happy love !
 For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
 For ever panting, and for ever young,
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue

Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest ?
 What little town by river or sea shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn ?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be, and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return

O Attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with bide
 Of mule men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed,
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity Cold Pastoral !
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know

J Keats

CCCXXIX

YOUTH AND AGE

Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
 Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee —
 Both were mine ! Life went a-maying
 With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
 When I was young !
 When I was young ?—Ah, woful when !
 Ah ! for the change 'twixt Now and Then !
 This breathing house not built with hands,
 This body that does me grievous wrong,
 O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands
 How lightly then it flash'd along
 Like those tum skiffs, unknown of yore,
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,
 That fear no spite of wind or tide !
 Nought cared this body for wind or weather
 When Youth and I lived in't together

Flowers are lovely, Love is flower-like,
 Friendship is a sheltering tree,
 O ! the joys, that came down shower-like,
 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
 Ere I was old !

Ere I was old ? Ah woful Ere,
 Which tells me, Youth's no longer here !
 O Youth ! for years so many and sweet,
 'Tis known that Thou and I were one,
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—
 It cannot be, that Thou art gone !
 Thy vesper bell hath not yet toll'd —
 And thou wert aye a masker bold !
 What strange disguise hast now put on
 To make believe that Thou art gone ?
 I see these locks in silvery slips,
 This drooping gait, this alter'd size
 But Springtide blossoms on thy lips,
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !
 Life is but Thought • so think I will
 That Youth and I are house-mates still

' Yon cloud with that long purple cleft
Bungs fiesh into my mind
A day like this, which I have left
Full thirty years behind

' And just above yon slope of corn
Such colours, and no other,
Weie in the sky that April morn,
Of this the very brother

' With rod and line I sued the sport
Which that sweet season gave,
And to the church-yard come, stopp'd short
Beside my daughter's grave

' Nine summers had she scarcely seen,
The pride of all the vale,
And then she sang,—she would have been
A very nightingale

' Six feet in earth my Emma lay,
And yet I loved her more—
For so it seem'd,—than till that day
I e'er had loved before

' And tuning from her grave, I met,
Beside the churchyard yew,
A blooming Gnl, whose han was wet
With points of mooring dew

' A basket on her head she bare,
Her brow was smooth and white
To see a child so very fan,
It was a pure delight '

' No fountain from its rocky cave
E'er tupp'd with foot so free,
She seem'd as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea

' There came from me a sigh of pain
Which I could ill confine,
I look'd at her, and look'd again
And did not wish her mine '

—Matthew is in his grave, yet now
 Methinks I see him stand
 As at that moment, with a bough
 Of wilding in his hand

W. Wordsworth

CCCCXI

THE FOUNTAIN

A Conversation

We talk'd with open heart, and tongue
 Affectionate and true,
 A pair of friends, though I was young,
 And Matthew seventy-two

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
 Beside a mossy seat,
 And from the turf a fountain broke
 And gurgled at our feet

'Now, Matthew!' said I, 'let us match
 This water's pleasant tune
 With some old border-song, or catch
 That suits a summer's noon,'

'Or of the church-clock and the chimes
 Sing here beneath the shade
 That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
 Which you last April made!'

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
 The spring beneath the tree,
 And thus the dear old man replied,
 The gray-hair'd man of glee

'No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears,
 How merrily it goes!
 'I will murmur on a thousand years
 And flow as now it flows

' And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain's brink

' My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stunn'd,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard

' Thus fares it still in our decay
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what Age takes away,
Than what it leaves behind

' The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their notes when they please,
Are quiet when they will

' With Nature never do they wage
A foolish strife, they see
A happy youth, and then old age
Is beautiful and free

' But we are press'd by heavy laws,
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore

' If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own,
It is the man of mirth

' My days, my friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me, but by none
Am I enough beloved'

' Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains'
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
 Indemnifying fleetness,
 And those of youth, a seeming length,
 Proportion'd to their sweetness

J. Campbell

CCCLXXXIII

THE HUMAN SEASONS

Four Seasons fill the measure of the year,
 There are four seasons in the mind of man
 He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
 Takes in all beauty with an easy span

He has his Summer, when luxuriously
 Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he loves
 To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
 Is nearest unto heaven's quiet coves

His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
 He fanleth close, contented so to look
 On mists in idleness—to let fair things
 Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook

He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
 Or else he would forego his mortal nature

J. Keats

CCCLXXXIV

1 DIRGE

Rough wind, that moanest loud
 Grief too sad for song,
 Wild wind, when sullen cloud
 Kneels all the night long,
 Sad storm whose tears are vain,
 Bare woods whose branches strain,
 Deep caves and dreary main,—
 Wail for the world's wrong!

P. B. Shelley

CCCLXXXV

I HRENO'S

O World ! O Life ! O Time !
 On whose last steps I climb,
 Trembling at that where I had stood before •
 When will return the glory of your prime ?
 No more—Oh, never more !

Out of the day and night
 A joy has taken flight
 Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar
 Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
 No more—Oh, never more !

P B Shelley

CCCLXXXVI

THE TROSACHS

'There's not a nook within this solemn Pass,
 But were an apt confessional for One
 Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
 That Life is but a tale of morning grass

Wither'd at eve From scenes of art which chase
 That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes
 Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
 Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass

Untouch'd, unbreathed upon —Thrice happy quest,
 If from a golden perch of aspen spray
 (October's workmanship to rival May),

The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
 That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,
 Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest !

W Wordsworth

CCCXXVII

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky
 So was it when my life began,
 So is it now I am a man,
 So be it when I shall grow old
 Or let me die !
 The Child is father of the Man
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety

W Wordsworth

CCCXXXVIII

*ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY
 FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY
 CHILDHOOD*

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
 The earth, and every common sight
 To me did seem
 Apparell'd in celestial light,
 The glory and the freshness of a dream
 It is not now as it hath been of yore, -
 Tun wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more

 The rainbow comes and goes,
 And lovely is the rose,
 The moon doth with delight
 Look round her when the heavens are bare,
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair,
 The sunshine is a glorious birth,
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath past away a glory from the earth
 Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
 And while the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of grief
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,—
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong—
 I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
 The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,

And all the earth is gay,
 Land and sea

Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every beast keep holiday,—
 Thou child of joy

Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
 Shepherd-boy!

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make, I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee,
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal,

The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all
 Oh evil day! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning
 This sweet May-morning,
 And the children are culling
 On every side

In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers, while the sun shines warm
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm—
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!

—But there's a tie, of many, one,
 A single field which I have look'd upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone
 The pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
 The Soul that uses with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting
 And cometh from afar,

Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy '
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy ,
 The Youth, who daily faither from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ,
 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ,
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And, even with something of a mother's mind
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely nurse doth all she can
 To make her foster-child, her inmate, Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
 A six years' darling of a pigmy size '
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes '
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ,
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral ,
 And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song
 Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife ,
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride

The little actor cons another part,
 Lolling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
 With all the Persons, down to p^{er}ished Age,
 That life brings with her in her equipage,
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy soul's immensity,
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy herbage, thou eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted for ever by the eternal Mind,—
 Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
 On whom those truths do rest
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave,
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
 A Presence which is not to be put by,
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly flight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That Nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest,
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast —
 —Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise,
 But for those obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings,
 Blank misgivings of a creature
 Moving about in worlds not realized,
 High instincts, before which our mortal nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
 Are yet a master-light of all our seeing,
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal Silence truths that wake,

To perish never,
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
 Nor man nor boy

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!
 Hence, in a season of calm weather

Though inland far we be,
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither,

Can in a moment travel thither—
 And see the children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore

Then, sing ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
 And let the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound!

We, in thought, will join your throng
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance which was once so bright
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower,

We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind,
 In the primal sympathy
 Which having been must ever be

In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering,
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
 Forbode not any severing of our loves !
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might,
 I only have relinquish'd one delight
 To live beneath you more habitual sway
 I love the brooks which down their channels fret
 Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they,
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day
 Is lovely yet,

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality,
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears

W Wordsworth

CCCXXIX

Music, when soft voices die,
 Vibrates in the memory—
 Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
 Live within the sense they quicken

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
 Are heap'd for the beloved's bed,
 And so thy thoughts, when Thou art gone,
 Love itself shall slumber on

P B Shelley

End of the Golden Treasury

NOTES
INDEX OF WRITERS
AND
INDEX OF FIRST LINES

NOTES

(1861—1891)

Summary of Book First

THE Elizabethan Poetry, as it is rather vaguely termed, forms the substance of this Book, which contains pieces from Wyatt under Henry VIII to Shakespeare midway through the reign of James I, and Drummond who carried on the early manner to a still later period. There is here a wide range of style,—from simplicity expressed in a language hardly yet broken in to verse,—through the pastoral fancies and Italian conceits of the strictly Elizabethan time,—to the passionate reality of Shakespeare yet a general uniformity of tone prevails. Few readers can fail to observe the natural sweetness of the verse, the single-hearted straightforwardness of the thoughts—not less, the limitation of subject to the many phases of one passion, which then characterized our lyrical poetry,—unless when, as in especial with Shakespeare, the ‘purple light of Love’ is tempered by a spirit of sterner reflection. For the didactic verse of the century, although lyrical in form, yet very rarely rises to the pervading emotion, the golden cadence, proper to the LYRIC.

It should be observed that this and the following Summaries apply in the main to the Collection here presented, in which (besides its restriction to Lyrical Poetry) a strictly representative or historical Anthology has not been aimed at. Great excellence, in human art as in human character, has from the beginning of things been even more uniform than mediocrity, by virtue of the closeness of its approach to Nature—and so far as the standard of Excellence kept in view has been attained in this volume, a comparative absence of extreme or temporary phases in style, a similarity of tone and manner, will be found throughout—something neither modern nor ancient, but true and speaking to the heart of man alike throughout all ages.

PAGE NO

- 2 3 *what* hushed, quieted
- 1 *Rouse Memnon's mother* Awaken the Dawn from the dark Earth and the clouds where she is resting. This is one of that limited class of early myths which may be reasonably interpreted as representations of natural phenomena. Aurora in the old mythology is mother of Memnon (the East), and wife of Tithonus (the appearances of Earth and Sky during the last hours of Night). She leaves him every morning in renewed youth, to prepare the way for Phoebus (the Sun), whilst Tithonus remains in perpetual old age and grayness.
- " — 1 23 *by Peneus' stream* Phoebus loved the Nymph Daphne whom he met by the river Peneus in the vale of Tempe. L. 27 *Amphion's lyre* He was said to have built the walls of Thebes to the sound of his music. L. 35 *Night like a drunkard reels* Compare Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Scene 3, 'The grey-eyed morn smiles,' &c.—It should be added that three lines, which appeared hopelessly misprinted, have been omitted in this Poem.
- 1 6 *Time's chest* in which he is figuratively supposed to lay up past treasures. So in *Trionus*, Act III, Scene 3, 'Time hath a wall at his back' &c. In the *Arcadia*, *chest* is used to signify *tomb*.
- 5 7 A fine example of the highwrought and conventional Elizabethan Pastorahism, which it would be unreasonable to criticize on the ground of the unshepherdlike or unical character of some images suggested. Stanza 6 was perhaps inserted by Isaac Walton.
- 6 5 This beautiful lyric is one of several recovered from the various Elizabethan Song books, for the publication of which our thanks are due to Mr. A. H. Bullen (1887, 1888).
- 6 12 One stanza has been here omitted, in accordance with the principle noticed in the Preface. Similar omissions occur in a few other poems. The most serious abbreviation by which it has been attempted to bring Crashaw's 'Wishes' and Shelley's 'Euganean Hills,' with one or two more, within the scheme of this selection, is commended with much diffidence to the judgment of readers acquainted with the original pieces.
- 9 13 Sidney's poetry is singularly unequal, his short life, his frequent absorption in public employment, hindered doubtless the development of his genius. His great contemporary fame, second only, it appears, to Spenser's, has been hence obscured. At times he is heavy and even prosaic, his simplicity is rude and bare, his verse unmelodious. These, however, are the 'defects of his merits.' In

PAGE NO

- a certain depth and clarity of feeling,—in the rare and noble quality of disinterestedness (to put it in one word),—he has no superior, hardly perhaps an equal, amongst our Poets, and after or beside Shakespeare's Sonnets, his *Astrophel and Stella*, in the Editor's judgment, offers the most intense and powerful picture of the passion of love in the whole range of our poetry—*Hundreds of years* 'The very rapture of love,' says Mr. Ruskin, 'A lover like this does not believe his mistress can grow old or die.'
- 12 19 Readers who have visited Italy will be reminded of more than one picture by this gorgeous Vision of Beauty, equally sublime and pure in its Paradisaical naturalness. Lodge wrote it on a voyage to 'the Islands of Tiberias and the Cumrues,' and he seems to have caught, in those southern seas, no small portion of the qualities which marked the almost contemporary Art of Venice,—the glory and the glow of Veronese, Titian, or Tintoret.—From the same source is No. 71, a charming picture in the purest style of the later Italian Renaissance. *The clear* (l. 1) is the crystalline or outermost heaven of the old cosmography. *For a fair there's fairer none*. If you desire a Beauty, there is none more beautiful than Rosaline.
- 14 22 Another gracious lyric from an Elizabethan Song book, first reprinted (it is believed) in Mr. W. J. Linton's 'Rare Poems,' in 1883.
- 15 23 *that fair thou owest* that beauty thou ownest
- 16 25 From one of the three Song books of T. Campion, who appears to have been author of the words which he set to music. His merit as a lyrical poet (recognized in his own time, but since then forgotten) has been again brought to light by Mr. Bullen's taste and research.—*swerving* (st. 2) is his conjecture for *changing* in the text of 1601.
- 20 31 *the star Whose worths unknown, although his height be taken* apparently, Whose stellar influence is uncalculated, although his angular altitude from the plane of the astrolabe or astrofical horizon used by astrologers has been determined.
- 20 32 This lovely song appears, as here given, in Puttenham's 'Arte of English Poesie,' 1589. A longer and inferior form was published in the 'Arcadia' of 1590, but Puttenham's prefatory words clearly assign his version to Sidney's own authorship.
- 23 37 *keel* keep cooler by stuning round
- 24 39 *expense* loss
- 40 *please* press
- 25 41 *Nativity, once in the main of light* when a star has risen and entered on the full stream of light,—another of the astrological phrases no longer familiar

PAGE NO

- crooked eclipses* is coming thwart the Sun's apparent course
Wordsworth, thinking probably of the 'Venus' and the 'Lucifer,' said finely of Shakespeare 'Shakespeare could not have written an Epic, he would have died of plethora of thought' This prodigality of nature is exemplified equally in his Sonnets The copious selection here given (which from the wealth of the material, required greater consideration than any other portion of the Editor's task),—contains many that will not be fully felt and understood without some earnestness of thought on the reader's part But he is not likely to regret the labour
- 26 42 *upon mispison growing* either, granted in error, or, on the growth of contempt
- 43 With the tone of this Sonnet compare Hamlet's 'Give me that man That is not passion's slave' &c Shakespeare's writings show the deepest sensitiveness to passion—hence the attraction he felt in the contrasting effects of apathy
- 26 44 *grief* sorrow Renaissance influences long impeded the return of English poets to the charming realism of this and a few other poems by Wyatt
- 25 45 Pandion in the ancient fable was father to Philomela
- 29 47 In the old legend it is now Philomela, now Procne (the swallow) who suffers violence from Tereus This song has a fascination in its calm intensity of passion, that 'sad earnestness and vivid exactness' which Cardinal Newman ascribes to the master pieces of ancient poetry
- 31 50 *proved* approved
- 51 *censures* judges
- 52 Exquisite in its equably-balanced metrical flow
- 32 53 Judging by its style, this beautiful example of old simplicity and feeling may, perhaps, be referred to the earlier years of Elizabeth *Late* forgot lately
- 35 57 Printed in a little Anthology by Nicholas Breton, 1597 It is, however, a stronger and finer piece of work than any known to be his—St 1 *silly* simple; *dole* quiet, *chief* chiefly St 3 *If there be* obscure Perhaps, if there be any who speak harshly of thee, thy pain may plead for pity from Fate This poem, with 60 and 113, are each graceful variations of a long popular theme
- 36 58 *That busy archer* Cupid *Describes* used actively, *points out*—'The last line of this poem is a little obscured by transposition He means, *Do they call ingrateness there a virtue?*' (C Lamb)
- 37 59 *White Iope* suggested, Mr Bullen notes, by a passage in Propertius (ii, 20) describing Spirits in the lower world

Vobiscum est Iope, vobiscum candida Tyro

PAGE NO

- 38 62 *cypres* or *cyprius*,—used by the old writers for *crape* whether from the French *crepe* or from the Island whence it was imported Its word in similarity in spelling to *cypress* has, here and in Milton's Penseroso, probably confused readers
- 9 63 *gamage* confused noise
- 11 66 'I never saw anything like this funeral dunge,' says Charles Lamb, 'except the ditty which reminds Ferdinand of his drowned father in the Tempest As that is of the water, watery, so this is of the earth, earthy Both have that intenseness of feeling, which seems to resolve itself into the element which it contemplates'
- 43 70 Paraphrased from an Italian madrigal
Non so conoscer poi
Se voi le rose, o s'an le rose in voi
- 44 72 *crystal* fairness
- 45 73 *stare* startling
- 74 This 'Spousal Verse' was written in honour of the Ladies Elizabeth and Katherine Someiset Nowhere has Spenser more emphatically displayed himself as the very poet of Beauty The Renaissance impulse in England is here seen at its highest and purest The genius of Spenser, like Chaucer's, does itself justice only in poems of some length Hence it is impossible to represent it in this volume by other pieces of equal merit, but of impracticable dimensions And the same applies to such poems as the *Lover's Lament* or the *Ancient Manner*
- 46 — *entrail'd* twisted *Feateously* elegantly
- 48 — *shend* shame
- 49 — *a noble peer* Robert Devereux, second Lord Essex, then at the height of his brief triumph after taking Cadiz hence the allusion following to the Pillars of Hercules, placed near Gades by ancient legend
- — *Elsa* Elizabeth
- 50 — *twins of Jove* the stars Castor and Pollux *baldrick*, belt, the zodiac
- 52 79 This lyric may with very high probability be assigned to Campton, in whose first Book of Airs it appeared (1601) The evidence sometimes quoted ascribing it to Lord Bacon appears to be valueless

Summary of Book Second

THIS division, embracing generally the latter eighty years of the Seventeenth century, contains the close of our Early poetical style and the commencement of the Modern In Dryden we see the first master of the new in Milton, whose genius dominates here as Shakespeare's in the former book,—the crown and consummation of the early period. Their splen-

did Odes are far in advance of any prior attempts, Spenser's excepted: they exhibit that wider and grander range which years and experience and the struggles of the time conferred on Poetry. Our Muses now give expression to political feeling, to religious thought, to a high philosophic statesmanship in writers such as Marvell, Herbert, and Wotton whilst in Marvell and Milton, again, we find noble attempts, hitherto rare in our literature, at pure description of nature, destined in our own age to be continued and equalled. Meanwhile the poetry of simple passion, although before 1660 often deformed by verbal fancies and conceits of thought, and afterwards by levity and an artificial tone,—produced in Herrick and Waller some charming pieces of more finished art than the Elizabethan until in the courtly compliments of Sedley it seems to exhaust itself, and lie almost dormant for the hundred years between the days of Wither and Suckling and the days of Burns and Cowper.—That the change from our early style to the modern brought with it at first a loss of nature and simplicity is undeniable yet the bolder and wider scope which Poetry took between 1620 and 1700, and the successful efforts then made to gain greater clearness in expression, in their results have been no slight compensation.

PAGE NO

- 58 85 1 8 *whist* hushed
 — — 1 32 *than* obsolete for *then* *Pan* used here for the Lord of all
 59 — 1 38 *consort* Milton's spelling of this word, here and elsewhere, has been followed, as it is uncertain whether he used it in the sense of *accompanying*, or simply for *concert*
 61 — 1 21 *Lays and Lemures* household gods and spirits of relations dead *Flamens* (l 24) Roman priests *That twice-batter'd god* (l 29) Dagon
 62 — 1 6 *Osiris*, the Egyptian god of Agriculture (here, perhaps by confusion with Apis, figured as a Bull), was torn to pieces by Typho and embalmed after death in a sacred chest. This myth, reproduced in Syria and Greece in the legends of Thammuz, Adonis, and perhaps Absyrtus, may have originally signified the annual death of the Sun or the Year under the influences of the winter darkness. Horus, the son of Osiris, as the New Year, in his turn overcomes Typho.
 L 8 *unshower'd* grass as watered by the Nile only
 L 33 *youngest-teemed* last-born *Bright-harness'd* (l 37) armoured
 64 87 *The Late Massacre* the Vaudois persecution, carried on in 1655 by the Duke of Savoy. No more mighty Sonnet than this 'collect in verse,' as it has been justly named, probably can be found in any language. Readers should observe that it is constructed on the original Italian or Provençal model. This form, in a

PAGE NO

- language such as ours, not affluent in rhyme, presents great difficulties, the rhymes are apt to be forced, or the substance commonplace. But, when successfully handled, it has a unity and a beauty of effect which place the strict Sonnet above the less compact and less lyrical systems adopted by Shakespeare, Sidney, Spenser, and other Elizabethan poets.
- 65 88 Cromwell returned from Ireland in 1650, and Marvell probably wrote his lines soon after, whilst living at Nunappleton in the Fairfax household. It is hence not surprising that (st 21—24) he should have been deceived by Cromwell's professed submissiveness to the Parliament which, when it declined to register his decrees, he expelled by armed violence—one despotism, by natural law, replacing another. The poet's insight has, however, truly prophesied that result in his last two lines.
- This Ode, beyond doubt one of the finest in our language, and more in Milton's style than has been reached by any other poet, is occasionally obscure from imitation of the condensed Latin syntax. The meaning of st 5 is 'rivalry or hostility are the same to a lofty spirit, and limitation more hateful than opposition'. The allusion in st 11 is to the old physical doctrines of the non-existence of a vacuum and the impenetrability of matter—in st 17 to the omen traditionally connected with the foundation of the Capitol at Rome—*forced*, fated. The ancient belief that certain years in life complete natural periods and are hence peculiarly exposed to death, is introduced in st 26 by the word *climacteric*.
- 68 89 *Lycidas*. The person here lamented is Milton's college contemporary, Edward King, drowned in 1637 whilst crossing from Chester to Ireland. Strict Pastoral Poetry was first written or perfected by the Dorian Greeks settled in Sicily—but the conventional use of it, exhibited more magnificently in *Lycidas* than in any other pastoral, is apparently of Roman origin. Milton, employing the noble freedom of a great artist, has here united ancient mythology, with what may be called the modern mythology of Camus and Saint Peter,—to direct Christian images. Yet the poem, if it gains in historical interest, suffers in poetry by the harsh intrusion of the writer's narrow and violent theological politics.—The metrical structure of this glorious elegy is partly derived from Italian models.
- 69 — 1 11 *Sisters of the sacred well* the Muses, said to frequent the Pierian Spring at the foot of Mount Olympus.
- 70 — 1 10 *Mona Angelsea*, called by the Welsh poets, the Dark Island, from its dense forests. *Deva* (1 11) the Dee—a river which may have derived its magical

- character from Celtic traditions it was long the boundary of Britain and English—These places are introduced, as being near the scene of the shipwreck. *Orpheus* (l. 14) was torn to pieces by Thracian women. *Amaryllis* and *Neaera* (l. 24, 25) names used here for the love-idols of poets. *Damoetas* previously for a shepherd. L. 31 *the blind Fury* Atropos, fabled to cut the thread of life.
- 71 80 *Arethuse* (l. 1) and *Minerva*. Scottish and Italian writers here alluded to as representing the pastoral poetry of Theocritus and Virgil. L. 4 *oat* pipe, used here like Collins' *oaten stop* l. 1, No 156, for *Song*. L. 12 *Hippotades* Aeolus, god of the Winds. *Panope* (l. 13) a Nereid. Certain names of local deities in the Hellenic mythology render some fortune in the natural landscape, which the Greeks studied and analysed with their usual unequalled insight and feeling. *Panope* seems to express the boundlessness of the ocean-horizon when seen from a height, as compared with the limited sky-line of the land in hilly countries such as Greece or Asia Minor. *Camus* (l. 19) the Crum put for King's University. *The sanguine flower* (l. 22) the Hyacinth of the ancients probably our Iris. *The Pilot* (l. 25) Saint Peter, figuratively introduced as the head of the Church on earth, to foretell 'the ruin of our corrupted clergy,' as Milton regarded them, 'then in their height' under Laud's primacy.
- 72 — l. 1 *screech* screeching, apparently Milton's con-
vage (Masson). L. 5 *the wolf* the Puritans of the time were excited to alarm and persecution by a few conversions to Roman Catholicism which had recently occurred. *Alpheus* (l. 9) a stream in Southern Greece, supposed to flow underseas to join the *Arethuse*. *Swart star* (l. 15) the Dog-star, called swartly because its heliacal rising in ancient times occurred soon after midsummer. l. 19 *rathe* early. L. 36 *moist vows* either tearful prayers, or prayers for one at sea. *Bellerus* (l. 37) a giant, apparently created here by Milton to personify Belemus, the ancient title of the Land's End. *The great Vision*—the story was that the Archangel Michael had appeared on the rock by Marazion in Mount's Bay which bears his name. Milton calls on him to turn his eyes from the south homeward, and to pity Lycidas, if his body has drifted into the troubled waters off the Land's End. Finisterie being the land due south of Marazion, two places in that district (then through our trade with Corunna probably less unfamiliar to English ears), are named,—*Namancos* now Nájio in Galic, & *Bayona* north of the Minho, or perhaps a fortified rock (one of the *Cres* Islands) not unlike Saint Michael's Mount, at the entrance of Vigo Bay.

PAGE NO

- 73 89 1 6 *ore* rays of golden light *Doric* lay (l 25)
Sicilian, pastoral
- 75 93 *The assault* was an attack on London expected in 1642, when the troops of Charles I reached Brentford 'Written on his door' was in the original title of this sonnet Milton was then living in Aldersgate Street
The Emathian Conqueror When Thebes was destroyed (B.C. 335) and the citizens massacred by thousands, Alexander ordered the house of Pindar to be spared
- 7 — 1 2, *the repeated air Of sad Electra's poet* Plutarch has a tale that when the Spartan confederacy in 404 B.C. took Athens, a proposal to demolish it was rejected through the effect produced on the commanders by hearing part of a chorus from the *Electra* of Euripides sung at a feast There is however no apparent congruity between the lines quoted (167, 168 Ed. Dindorf) and the result ascribed to them
- 95 A fine example of a peculiar class of Poetry,—that written by thoughtful men who practised this Art but little Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Berkeley, Dr Johnson, Lord Macaulay, have left similar specimens
- 78 98 These beautiful verses should be compared with Wordsworth's great Ode on *Immortality* and a copy of Vaughan's very rare little volume appears in the list of Wordsworth's library —In imaginative intensity, Vaughan stands beside his contemporary Marvell
- 79 99 *Favonius* the spring wind
- 80 100 *Themis* the goddess of justice Skinner was grandson by his mother to Sir E. Coke —hence, as pointed out by Mr Keightley, Milton's allusion to the *bench* L 8 Sweden was then at war with Poland, and France with the Spanish Netherlands
- 82 103 1 28 *Sydneean showers* either in allusion to the conversations in the 'Arcadia,' or to Sidney himself as a model of 'gentleness' in spirit and demeanour
- 85 105 Delicate humour, delicately blended with thought, at once simple and subtle It is full of conceit and paradox, but these are imaginative, not as with most of our Seventeenth Century poets, intellectual only
- 88 110 *Elizabeth of Bohemia* Daughter to James I, and ancestor of Sophia of Hanover These lines are a fine specimen of gallant and courtly compliment
- 89 111 Lady M. Ley was daughter to Sir J. Ley, afterwards Earl of Marlborough, who died March, 1629, coincidently with the dissolution of the third Parliament of Charles' reign Hence Milton poetically compares his death to that of the Orator Isocrates of Athens, after Philip's victory in 328 B.C.
- 93 118 A masterpiece of humour, grace, and gentle feeling,

- all, with Hemick's unfailing art, kept precisely within the peculiar key which he chose,—or Nature for him,—in his Pastorals *L 2 the god unshorn* Imberbis Apollo *St 2 beads* prayers
- 96 123 With better taste, and less diffuseness, Quarles might (one would think) have retained more of that high place which he held in popular estimate among his contemporaries
- 99 127 *From Prison* to which his active support of Charles I twice brought the high-spirited writer *L 7 Gods* thus in the original, Lovelace, in his fanciful way, making here a mythological allusion *Birds*, commonly substituted, is without authority *St 3, l 1 committed* to prison
- 100 128 *St 2 l. 4 blue-god* Neptune
- 104 133 *Waly waly* an exclamation of sorrow, the root and the pronunciation of which are preserved in the word *caterwaul* *Brae*, hillside *burn*, brook *bush*, adorn *Saint Anton's Well* below Arthur's Seat by Edinburgh *Cramasie*, crimson
- 105 134 This beautiful example of early simplicity is found in a Song-book of 1620
- 106 135 *burd*, maiden
- 107 180 *corbies*, crows *fail*, turf *hause*, neck *theek*, thatch —If not in their origin, in their present form this, with the preceding poem and 133, appear due to the Seventeenth Century, and have therefore been placed in Book II
- 108 137 The poetical and the prosaic, after Cowley's fashion, blend curiously in this deeply-felt elegy
- 112 141 Perhaps no poem in this collection is more delicately fancied, more exquisitely finished By placing his description of the Fawn in a young girl's mouth, Marvell has, as it were, legitimated that abundance of 'imaginative hyperbole' to which he is always partial he makes us feel it natural that a maiden's favourite should be whiter than milk, sweeter than sugar—'lilies without, roses within' The poet's imagination is justified in its seeming extravagance by the intensity and unity with which it invests his picture
- 113 142 The remark quoted in the note to No. 65 applies equally to these truly wonderful verses Marvell here throws himself into the very soul of the *Garden* with the imaginative intensity of Shelley in his *West Wind*—This poem appears also as a translation in Marvell's works The most striking verses in it, here quoted as the book is rare, answer more or less to stanzas 2 and 6 —
- Alma Quies, teneo te ' et te, germana Quies,
Simplicitas ' vos ergo diu per templa, per urbes
Quaesivi, regum perque alta palatia, frustra
Sed vos hortorum per opaca silentia, longe
Celarunt plantae virides, et concolor umbra

PAGE NO

- 115 143 St 3 *tutties* nosegays St 4 *silly* simple
L'Allegro and *Il Penseroso* It is a striking proof of Milton's astonishing power, that these, the earliest great Lyrics of the Landscape in our language, should still remain supreme in their style for range, variety, and melodious beauty The Bright and the Thoughtful aspects of Nature and of Life are their subjects but each is preceded by a mythological introduction in a mixed Classical and Italian manner — With that of *L'Allegro* may be compared a similar mythe in the first Section of the first Book of S. Marmion's graceful *Cupid and Psyche*, 1687
- 116 144 *The mountain-nymph*, compare Wordsworth's Sonnet, No 254 L 38 is in *apposition* to the preceding, by a syntactical license not uncommon with Milton
- 118 — l 14 *Cynosure*, the Pole Star *Corydon*, *Thyrsus*, &c Shepherd names from the old Idylls *Rebeck* (l 28) an elementary form of violin
- 119 — l 24 *Jonson's learned sock* His comedies are deeply coloured by classical study L 28 *Lydian airs* used here to express a light and festive style of ancient music The 'Lydian Mode,' one of the seven original Greek Scales, is nearly identical with our 'Major'
- 120 145 l 3 *bestead* avail L 19 *starr'd Ethiop queen* Cassiopeia, the legendary Queen of Ethiopia, and thence translated amongst the constellations
- 121 — *Cynthia* the Moon Milton seems here to have transferred to her chariot the dragons anciently assigned to Demeter and to Medea
- 122 — *Hermes*, called *Tismegistus*, a mystical writer of the Neo Platonist school L 27 *Thebes*, &c subjects of Athenian Tragedy *Buskin'd* (l 30) tragic, in opposition to *sock* above L 32 *Musaeus* a poet in Mythology L 37 *him that left half told* Chaucer in his incomplete 'Squire's Tale'
- 123 — *great bards* Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, are here presumably intended L 9 *frowned* curled *The Attic Boy* (l 10) Cephalus
- 124 146 Emigrants supposed to be driven towards America by the government of Charles I
- 125 — l 9, 10 *But apples*, &c A fine example of Marvell's imaginative hyperbole
- 147 l 6 *concent* = harmony
- 128 149 A lyric of a strange, fanciful, yet solemn beauty — Cowley's style intensified by the mysticism of Henry More — St 2 *monument* the World
- 129 151 Entitled 'A Song in Honour of St Cecilia's Day 1697'

Summary of Book Third

It is more difficult to characterize the English Poetry of the Eighteenth century than that of any other. For it was an age not only of spontaneous transition, but of bold experiment: it includes not only such absolute contrasts as distinguish the 'Rape of the Lock' from the 'Parish Register,' but such vast contemporaneous differences as lie between Pope and Collins, Burns and Cowper. Yet we may clearly trace three leading moods or tendencies—the aspects of courtly or educated life represented by Pope and carried to exhaustion by his followers, the poetry of Nature and of Man, viewed through a cultivated, and at the same time an impassioned frame of mind by Collins and Gray—lastly, the study of vivid and simple narrative, including natural description, begun by Gay and Thomson, pursued by Burns and others in the north, and established in England by Goldsmith, Peirce, Crabbe, and Cowper. Great varieties in style accompanied these diversities in aim: poets could not always distinguish the manner suitable for subjects so far apart: and the union of conventional and of common language, exhibited most conspicuously by Burns, has given a tone to the poetry of that century which is better explained by reference to its historical origin than by naming it artificial. There is, again, a nobleness of thought, a courageous aim at high and, in a strict sense mainly, excellence in many of the writers—nor can that period be justly termed tame and wanting in originality, which produced poems such as Pope's Satires, Gray's Odes and Elegy, the ballads of Gay and Cray, the songs of Burns and Cowper. In truth Poetry at this, as at all times, was a more or less unconscious mirror of the genius of the age: and the many complex causes which made the Eighteenth century the turning time in modern European civilization are also more or less reflected in its verse. An intelligent reader will find the influence of Newton as markedly in the poems of Pope, as of Elizabeth in the plays of Shakespeare. On this great subject, however, these indications must here be sufficient.

PAGE NO

134 153 We have no poet more marked by rapture, by the ecstasy which Plato held the note of genuine inspiration, than Collins. Yet but twice or thrice do his lyrics reach that simplicity, that *sinceram sermonis Attici gratiam* to which this ode testifies his enthusiastic devotion. His style, as his friend Dr Johnson truly remarks, was obscure, his diction often harsh and unskilfully laboured, he struggled nobly against the narrow, artificial manner of his age, but his too scanty years did not allow him to reach perfect mastery.

St 3 *Hybla* near Syracuse *Her whose* was the nightingale, 'for which Sophocles seems to have entertained a peculiar fondness', Collins here refers to the famous chorus in the *Oedipus at Colonus*. St 4 *Cepheus* the stream encircling Athens on the north and west, passing Colonus. St 6 *stay'd to sing* stayed her song when Imperial tyranny was established at Rome. St 7 refers to the Italian annalist poetry of the Renaissance. In Collins' day, Dante was almost unknown in England. St 8 *meeting soul* which moves sympathetically to wards Simplicity as she comes to inspire the poet. St 9 *Of these* Taste and Genius.

The Bard. In 1757, when this splendid ode was completed, so very little had been printed, whether in Wales or in England, in regard to Welsh poetry, that it is hard to discover whence Gray drew his Cymric allusions. The fabled massacre of the Bards (shown to be wholly groundless in Stephens' *Literature of the Kymry*) appears first in the family history of Sir John Wynn of Gwydir (cir 1600), not published till 1773, but the story seems to have passed in MS to Carte's History, whence it may have been taken by Gray. The references to *high-born Hoel* and *soft Llewellyn*, to *Cadwalla* and *Urien*, may, similarly, have been derived from the 'Specimens' of early Welsh poetry, by the Rev. E. Evans—as, although not published till 1764, the MS, we learn from a letter to Dr. Wharton, was in Gray's hands by July 1760, and may have reached him by 1757. It is, however, doubtful whether Gray (of whose acquaintance with Welsh we have no evidence) must not have been also aided by some Welsh scholar. He is one of the poets least likely to err in epithets at random 'soft' or gentle is *llygaf* or *llygad* and specially given to Llewellyn in contemporary Welsh poetry, and is hence here used with particular propriety. Yet, without such assistance as we have suggested, Gray could hardly have selected the epithet, although applied to the King (p. 141-3) among a crowd of others, in Llygad Gwr's Ode, printed by Evans—After lamenting his comrades (st. 2, 3) the Bard prophesies the fate of Edward II, and the conquests of Edward III (4) his death and that of the Black Prince (5) of Richard II, with the wars of York and Lancaster, the murder of Henry VI (*the meek usurper*), and of Edward V and his brother (6). He turns to the glory and prosperity following the accession of the Tudors (7), through Elizabeth's reign (8) and concludes with a vision of the poetry of Shakespeare and Milton.

140 150 1 13 *Gloster* Gilbert de Glouc, son-in-law to Edward Mortimer, one of the Lords Marchers of Wales

PAGE NO

- 141 159 *High-born Hoel, soft Llewellyn* (l 15), the *Dissertation de Bardis* of Evans names the first as son to the King Owain Gwynedd Llewelyn, last King of North Wales, was murdered 1282 L 16 *Cadwalllo* Cadwallon (died 631) and *Ulien Rheged* (early kings of Gwynedd and Cumbria respectively) are mentioned by Evans (p 78) as bards none of whose poetry is extant L 20 *Modred* Evans supplies no data for this name, which Gray (it has been supposed) uses for Merlin (Myrddin Wyllt), held prophet as well as poet—The italicized lines mark where the Bard's song is joined by that of his predecessors departed L 22 *Arvon* the shores of Carnarvonshire opposite Anglesey Whether intentionally or through ignorance of the real dates, Gray here seems to represent the *Bard* as speaking of these poets, all of earlier days, Llewelyn excepted, as his own contemporaries at the close of the thirteenth century
- Gray, whose penetrating and powerful genius rendered him in many ways an initiator in advance of his age, is probably the first of our poets who made some acquaintance with the rich and admirable poetry in which Wales from the Sixth Century has been fertile,—before and since his time so barbarously neglected, not in England only Hence it has been thought worth while here to enter into a little detail upon his Cymric allusions
- 142 — l 5 *She-wolf* Isabel of France, adulterous Queen of Edward II—L 35 *Towers of Julius* the Tower of London, built in part, according to tradition, by Julius Caesar
- 143 — l 2 *bristled boar* the badge of Richard III L 7 *Half of thy heart* Queen Eleanor died soon after the conquest of Wales L 18 *Arthur* Henry VII named his eldest son thus, in deference to native feeling and story
- 144 161 The Highlanders called the battle of Culloden, Drumossie
- 145 162 *blithing*, singing blithely *loaming*, broad lane *bughts*, pens *scorning*, rallying *dowie*, dreary *daffin'* and *cabbun'*, joking and chatting *leglin*, milkpail *shear-ing*, reaping *bandsters*, sheaf-binders *lyart*, grizzled *runkled*, wrinkled *fleeching*, coaxing *gloaming*, twilight *bogle*, ghost *dool*, sorrow
- 147 164 The Editor has found no authoritative text of this poem, to his mind superior to any other of its class in melody and pathos Part is probably not later than the seventeenth century in other stanzas a more modern hand, much resembling Scott's, is traceable Logan's poem (163) exhibits a knowledge rather of the old legend than of the old verses—*Hecht*, promised, the obsolete *hight mavis*, thrush

PAGE NO

- ulla*, every *lav'rock*, lark *laughs*, valley-meadows
twined, parted from *marrow*, mate *syne*, then
- 148 165 The Royal George, of 108 guns, whilst undergoing a partial careening at Spithead, was overset about 10 A M Aug 29, 1782 The total loss was believed to be nearly 1000 souls—This little poem might be called one of our trial-pieces, in regard to taste The reader who feels the vigour of description and the force of pathos underlying Cowper's bare and truly Greek simplicity of phrase, may assume himself *se valde profecisse* in poetry
- 151 167 A little masterpiece in a very difficult style Catullus himself could hardly have bettered it In grace, tenderness, simplicity, and humour, it is worthy of the Ancients and even more so, from the completeness and unity of the picture presented
- 155 172 Perhaps no writer who has given such strong proofs of the poetic nature has left less satisfactory poetry than Thomson Yet this song, with 'Rule Britannia' and a few others, must make us regret that he did not more seriously apply himself to lyrical writing
- 156 174 With what insight and tenderness, yet in how few words, has this painter-poet here himself told *Love's Secret!*
- 157 177 l 1 *Aeolian lyre* the Greeks ascribed the origin of their Lyrical Poetry to the Colonies of Aeolis in Asia Minor
- 158 — *Thracia's hills* (l 9) supposed a favourite resort of Mars *Feather'd king* (l 13) the Eagle of Jupiter, admirably described by Pindar in a passage here imitated by Gray *Idalia* (l 19) in Cyprus, where *Cytherea* (Venus) was especially worshipped
- 159 — l 6 *Hyperion* the Sun St 6—8 allude to the Poets of the Islands and Mainland of Greece, to those of Rome and of England
- 160 — l 27 *Theban Eagle* Pindar
- 163 178 l 5 *chaste eyed Queen* Diana
- 164 179 From that wild rhapsody of mingled grandeur, tenderness, and obscurity, that 'medley between inspiration and possession,' which poor Smart is believed to have written whilst in confinement for madness
- 165 181 *the dreadful light* of life and experience
- 166 182 *Attic warbler* the nightingale
- 168 184 *sleekit*, sleek *bickering brattle*, fluttering flight *laith*, loth *patile*, ploughstaff *whyles*, at times a *damsen-icker*, a corn-eat now and then *thraive*, shock *lave*, rest *foggage*, after grass *snell*, biting *but hald* without dwelling-place *thole*, bear *cranreuch*, hoarfrost *thy lane*, alone *a gley*, off the right line, awry
- 175 188 *stour*, dust-storm, *braw*, snarl
- 176 189 *scath*, hurt *tent*, guard *steer*, molest

PAGE NO

- 177 191 *drumlie*, muddy *berk*, birch
 178 192 *greet*, cry *daurna*, dare not — There can hardly exist a poem more truly tragic in the highest sense than this nor, perhaps, Sappho excepted, has any Poetess equalled it
- 180 193 *fou*, merry with drink *coost*, craned *unco sheigh*, very proud *gast*, forced *abirgh*, aside *Ailva craig*, a rock in the Firth of Clyde *grat his een blert*, cried till his eyes were blurred *loupin*, leaping *lunn*, waterfall *sarr*, sore *smoor'd*, smothered *crouse* and *canty*, blithe and gay
- 181 194 Burns justly named this 'one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots or any other language' One stanza, interpolated by Beattie, is here omitted — it contains two good lines, but is out of harmony with the original poem *Begonit*, little cup probably altered from *beguennette* *thraw*, twist *calles*, fresh
- 182 195 Burns himself, despite two attempts, failed to improve this little absolute masterpiece of music, tenderness, and simplicity this 'Romance of a life' in eight lines — *Eerie* strictly, scared uneasy
- 188 196 *arts*, quarters *row*, roll *shaw*, small wood in a hollow, spinney *knowes*, knolls
- 184 197 *jo*, sweetheart *brent*, smooth *pow*, herd
 — 198 *leal*, faithful St 3 *fain*, happy
- 185 199 Henry VI founded Eton
 188 200 Written in 1773, towards the beginning of Cowper's second attack of melancholy madness — a time when he altogether gave up prayer, saying, 'For him to implore mercy would only anger God the more' Yet had he given it up when sane, it would have been 'madness'
- 191 203 The Editor would venture to class in the very first rank this Sonnet, which, with 201, records Cowper's gratitude to the Lady whose affectionate cure for many years gave what sweetness he could enjoy to a life radically wretched Petrarch's sonnets have a more ethereal grace and more perfect finish, Shakespeare's more passion, Milton's staid and supreme in stateliness, Wordsworth's in depth and delicacy But Cowper's unites with an exquisiteness in the turn of thought which the ancients would have called Irony, an intensity of pathetic tenderness peculiar to his loving and ingenuous nature — There is much in this, much that is unimportant or of now exhausted interest in his poems but where he is great, it is with that elementary greatness which rests on the most universal human feelings Cowper is our highest master in simple pathos
- 193 205 Cowper's last original poem, founded upon a story told in Anson's 'Voyages' It was written March 1799, he died in next year's April
- 195 206 Very little except his name appears recoverable with

PAGE NO

regard to the author of this truly noble poem, which appeared in the 'Scriptorapologia, or Collins' Doggerel Dish of All Sorts,' with three or four other pieces of merit, Birmingham, 1804—*Everlasting* used with side allusion to a cloth so named, at the time when Collins wrote

Summary of Book Fourth

It proves sufficiently the lavish wealth of our own age in Poetry, that the pieces which, without conscious departure from the standard of Excellence, render this Book by far the longest, were with very few exceptions composed during the first thirty years of the Nineteenth century. Exhaustive reasons can hardly be given for the strangely sudden appearance of individual genius that, however, which assigns the splendid national achievements of our recent poetry to an impulse from the France of the first Republic and Empire is inadequate. The first French Revolution was rather one result,—the most conspicuous, indeed, yet itself in great measure essentially retrogressive,—of that wider and more potent spirit which through enquiry and attempt, through strength and weakness, sweeps mankind round the circles (not, as some too confidently argue, of Advance, but) of gradual Transformation and it is to this that we must trace the literature of Modern Europe. But, without attempting discussion on the motive causes of Scott, Wordsworth, Shelley, and others, we may observe that these Poets carried to further perfection the later tendencies of the Century preceding, in simplicity of narrative, reverence for human Passion and Character in every sphere, and love of Nature for herself—that, whilst maintaining on the whole the advances in art made since the Restoration, they renewed the half-forgotten melody and depth of tone which marked the best Elizabethan writers—that, lastly, to what was thus inherited they added a richness in language and a variety in metre, a force and fire in narrative a tenderness and bloom in feeling, an insight into the finer passages of the Soul and the inner meanings of the landscape, a larger sense of Humanity,—hitherto scarcely attained, and perhaps unattainable even by predecessors of not inferior individual genius. In a word, the Nation which, after the Greeks in their glory, may fairly claim that during six centuries it has proved itself the most richly gifted of all nations for Poetry, expressed in these men the highest strength and prodigality of its nature. They interpreted the age to itself—hence the many phases of thought and style they present—to sympathize with each, fervently and impartially, without fear and without fancifulness, is no doubtful step in the higher education of the soul. For purity in taste is absolutely proportionate to strength—and when once the mind has raised itself to grasp and to delight in excellence, those who love most will be found to love most wisely.

But the gallery which this Book offers to the reader will add him more than any piece. It is a royal Palace of Poetry which he is invited to enter

Adparet domus intus, et atria longa patescunt—

though it is, indeed, to the sympathetic eye only that its treasures will be visible

PAGE NO

- 197 206 This beautiful lyric, printed in 1783, seems to anticipate in its imaginative music that return to our great early age of song, which in Blake's own lifetime was to prove,—how gloriously! that the English Muses had resumed their 'ancient melody' —Keats, Shelley, Byron,—he overlived them all
- 199 210 *stout Cortez* History would here suggest *Balboa* (A T) It may be noticed, that to find in Chapin's Homer the 'pure serene' of the original, the reader must bring with him the imagination of the youthful poet,—he must be 'a Greek himself,' as Shelley finely said of Keats
- 202 212 The most tender and true of Byron's smaller poems
- 203 213 This poem exemplifies the peculiar skill with which Scott employs proper names—a rarely misleading sign of true poetical genius
- 213 226 Simple as *Lucy Gray* seems, a mere narrative of what 'has been, and may be again,' yet every touch in the child's picture is marked by the deepest and purest ideal character. Hence, pathetic as the situation is, this is not strictly a pathetic poem, such as Wordsworth gives us in 221, Lamb in 261, and Scott in his *Maid of Neidpath*,—'almost more pathetic,' as Tennyson once remarked, 'than a man has the right to be' And Lyte's lovely stanzas (224) suggest, perhaps, the same remark
- 222 235 In this and in other instances the addition (or the change) of a Title has been risked, in hope that the aim of the piece following may be grasped more clearly and immediately
- 228 242 This beautiful Sonnet was the last word of a youth, in whom, if the fulfilment may ever safely be prophesied from the promise, England lost one of the most rarely gifted in the long roll of her poets. Shakespeare and Milton, had their lives been closed at twenty-five, would (so far as we know) have left poems of less excellence and hope than the youth who, from the petty school and the London surgery, passed at once to a place with them of 'high collateral glory'
- 230 245 It is impossible not to regret that Moore has written so little in this sweet and genuinely national style
- 231 246 A masterly example of Byron's command of strong

PAGE NO

- thought and close reasoning in verse —as the next is equally characteristic of Shelley's wayward intensity
- 240 253 Bonmivard, a Genevese, was imprisoned by the Duke of Savoy in Chillon on the lake of Geneva for his courageous defence of his country against the tyranny with which Piedmont threatened it during the first half of the Seventeenth century —This noble Sonnet is worthy to stand near Milton's on the Vaudois massacre
- 241 254 Switzerland was usurped by the French under Napoleon in 1800 Venice in 1797 (255)
- 243 259 This battle was fought Dec 2, 1800, between the Austrians under Archduke John and the French under Moreau, in a forest near Munich *Hohen Linden* means *High Linetrees*
- 247 262 After the capture of Madrid by Napoleon, Sir J Moore retreated before Soult and Ney to Corunna, and was killed whilst covering the embarkation of his troops
- 257 272 The Mermaid was the club house of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and other choice spirits of that age
- 258 273 *Maisie* Mary—Scott has given us nothing more complete and lovely than this little song, which unites simplicity and dramatic power to a wild-wood music of the rarest quality. No moral is drawn, far less any conscious analysis of feeling attempted —the pathetic meaning is left to be suggested by the mere presentment of the situation A narrow criticism has often named this, which may be called the Homeric manner, superficial, from its apparent simple facility, but first rate excellence in it is in truth one of the least common triumphs of Poetry —This style should be compared with what is not less perfect in its way, the searching out of inner feeling, the expression of hidden meanings, the revelation of the heart of Nature and of the Soul within the Soul, —the analytical method, in short,—most completely represented by Wordsworth and by Shelley
- 268 277 Wolfe resembled Keats, not only in his early death by consumption and the fluent freshness of his poetical style, but in beauty of character —brave, tender, energetic, unselfish, modest Is it fanciful to find some reflex of these qualities in the *Burial* and *Mary* ? Out of the abundance of the heart
- 264 278 *correr* covert on a hillside *Cumber* trouble
- 265 280 This book has not a few poems of greater power and more perfect execution than *Agnes* and the extract which we have ventured to make from the deep-hearted author's *Sad Thoughts* (No 224) But none are more emphatically marked by the note of exquisiteness
- 266 281 st 3 *inch* island
- 270 283 From *Poetry for Children* (1809), by Charles and Mary

PAGE NO

- Lamb This tender and original little piece seems clearly to reveal the work of a noble and afflicted sister, who was at once the happiness, the misery, and the life long blessing of her equally noble minded brother
- 278 2-9 This poem has an exaltation and a glory, joined with an exquisiteness of expression, which place it in the highest rank among the many masterpieces of its illustrious Author
- 289 300 *interlunar swoon* interval of the moon's invisibility
- 294 304 *Calpe* - Gibraltar *Lofoden* the Maelstrom whirlpool off the N W coast of Norway
- 295 305 This lovely poem refers here and there to a ballad by Hamilton on the subject better treated in 103 and 104
- 307 315 *Arcturi* seemingly used for *northern stars* *And wild roses, &c* Our language has perhaps no line modulated with more subtle sweetness
- 308 316 Coleridge describes this poem as the fragment of a dream-vision,—perhaps, an opium-dream?—which entered itself in his mind when fallen asleep after reading a few lines about 'the Khan Kubla' in Purchas' *Pilgrimage*
- 312 318 *Ceres' daughter* Proserpine *God of Torment* Pluto
- 320 321 The leading idea of this beautiful description of a day's landscape in Italy, appears to be—On the voyage of life are many moments of pleasure, given by the sight of Nature, who has power to heal even the worldliness and the uncharity of man
- 321 — 1 23 *Amphitrite* was daughter to Ocean
- 325 322 1 21 *Maenad* a frenzied Nymph, attendant on Dionysos in the Greek mythology May we not call this the most vivid, sustained, and unimpressioned amongst all Shelley's magical personifications of Nature?
- 326 — 1 5 Plants under water sympathize with the seasons of the land, and hence with the winds which affect them
- 327 323 Written soon after the death, by shipwreck, of Wordsworth's brother John This poem may be profitably compared with Shelley's following it Each is the most complete expression of the innermost spirit of his art given by these great Poets —of that Idea which, as in the case of the true Painter, (to quote the words of Reynolds,) 'subsists only in the mind The sight never beheld it, nor has the hand expressed it it is an idea residing in the breast of the artist, which he is always labouring to impart, and which he dies at last without imparting'
- 328 — *the Kind* the human race
- 331 327 *the Royal Saint* Henry VI

PAGE NO

331 325 st 4 *this* folk *its* has been here plausibly but, perhaps, unnecessarily, conjectured — Every one knows the general story of the Italian Renaissance, of the Revival of Letters — From Petrarch's day to our own, that ancient world has renewed its youth. Poets and artists, students and thinkers, have yielded themselves wholly to its fascination, and deeply penetrated its spirit. Yet perhaps no one more truly has vivified, whilst idealizing, the picture of Greek country life in the fancied Golden Age, than Keats in these lovely (if somewhat unequally executed) stanzas — his quick imagination, by a kind of 'natural magic,' more than supplying the scholarship which his youth had no opportunity of gaining.

No 195 This poem, under the title *Absence*, has been set to an air worthy of its beauty, by Mr F H Crossley (published 1889)

INDEX OF WRITERS

WITH DATES OF BIRTH AND DEATH

- ALEXANDER, William (1580—1640) 29
- BARBAULD, Anna Letitia (1743—1825) 207
- BARNFIELD, Richard (16th Century) 45
- BEAUMONT, Francis (1588—1616) 90
- BLAKE, William (1757—1827) 174, 180, 181, 208
- BURNS, Robert (1759—1796) 161, 168, 176, 184, 188, 189, 190,
191, 193, 196, 197
- BYRON, George Gordon Noel (1788—1824) 212, 214, 216, 234,
246, 253, 266, 275
- CAMPBELL, Thomas (1777—1844) 225, 231, 241, 250, 251, 259,
295, 304, 310, 314, 332
- CAMPION, Thomas (c 1567—1620) 25, 26, 50, 52, 55, 59, 76, 79,
101, 143
- CAREW, Thomas (1589—1639) 112
- CARY, Henry (—1743) 167
- CIBBER, Colley (1671—1757) 155
- COLERIDGE, Hartley (1796—1849) 215
- COLERIDGE, Samuel Taylor (1772—1834) 211, 316, 329
- COLLINS, John (18th Century) 206
- COLLINS, William (1720—1756) 153, 160, 178, 186
- COWLEY, Abraham (1618—1667) 130, 137
- COWPER, William (1731—1800) 165, 170, 183, 200, 202, 203, 204,
205
- CRASHAW, Richard (1615?—1652) 103
- CUNNINGHAM, Allan (1784—1842) 249
- DANIEL, Samuel (1562—1619) 46
- DEAKER, Thomas (—1688?) 75
- DEVEREUX, Robert (1567—1601) 83
- DONNE, John (1573—1631) 12
- DRAYTON, Michael (1563—1631) 49

DRUMMOND, William (1557—1619) 1, 61, 62, 77, 80, 81, 84
 DRYDEN, John (1631—1700) 86, 151

ELLIOTT, Jane (18th Century) 162

FLITCHER, John (1576—1625) 132

GAY, John (1685—1732) 166

GOLDSMITH, Oliver (1724—1771) 175

GRAHAM, ——— (1735—1797) 169

GRAY, Thomas (1716—1771) 152, 166, 170, 177, 182, 187,
 199, 201

GRIFINE, Robert (1561?—1592) 60

HABINGTON, William (1605—1615) 148

HERRBERT, George (1591—1632) 97

HERRICK, Robert (1591—1634?) 108, 113, 118, 119, 120, 124,
 139, 140

HEYWOOD, Thomas (———1649?) 73

HOOD, Thomas (1798—1815) 268, 274, 279

JONSON, Ben (1574—1637) 96, 102, 116

KEATS, John (1795—1821) 209, 210, 235, 237, 242, 243, 272, 290,
 292, 303, 318, 328, 333

LAMB, Charles (1775—1833) 264, 276, 282

LAMB, Mary (1764—1847) 283

LINDSAY, Anne (1750—1825) 192

LODGE, Thomas (1556—1625) 19, 71

LOGAN, John (1748—1788) 163

LOVPLACE, Richard (1618—1658) 109, 127, 128

LYLYE, John (1554—1600) 72

LYTTE, Henry Francis (1798—1847) 221, 280

MARLOWE, Christopher (1562—1593) 7

MARVILL, Andrew (1620—1678) 88, 105, 111, 112, 116

MICKLE, William Julius (1731—1786) 194

MILTON, John (1608—1674) 85, 87, 89, 93, 94, 99, 100, 111, 144,
 145, 147

MOORE, Thomas (1780—1852) 229, 245, 261, 265, 269

NAIRN, Carolina (1766—1815) 199

NASH, Thomas (1567—1601?) 1

NORRIS, John (1657—1711) 149

PHILIPS, Ambrose (1671—1719) 157

POPE, Alexander (1688—1744) 154

PRIOR, Matthew (1602—1721) 173

QUARLES, Francis (1592—1644) 123

ROGERS, Samuel (1762—1855) 171, 185

- SCOTT, Walter (1771—1832) 213, 227, 230, 236, 238, 240, 248, 273, 278, 280, 285, 311
SEDLLEY, Charles (1639—1701) 106, 126
SHAKESPEARE, William (1564—1616) 2, 3, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 23, 24, 27, 31, 35, 37, 38, 39, 41, 42, 43, 48, 51, 56, 62, 64, 65, 67, 68, 69, 78, 82
SHIRLEY, Percy Bysshe (1792—1822) 215, 219, 228, 232, 239, 247, 270, 287, 293, 300, 307, 308, 312, 315, 321, 322, 324, 334, 335, 339
SHIRLEY, James (1596—1606) 91, 92
SIDNEY, Philip (1554—1586) 13, 32, 40, 47, 58
SMART, Christopher (1722—1770) 179
SOUTHEY, Robert (1774—1843) 260, 271
SPENSER, Edmund (1553—1598—9) 74
SUCALING, John (1608—9—1641) 129
SYLVESTER, Joshua (1568—1618) 34

THOMSON, James (1700—1748) 158, 172

VAUGHAN, Henry (1621—1695) 98, 188, 150

WALLER, Edmund (1605—1687) 115, 122
WEBSTER, John (———1638?) 66
WILMOT, John (1647—1680) 107
WITHER, George (1588—1667) 131
WOLFE, Charles (1791—1823) 262, 277
WORDSWORTH, William (1770—1850) 217, 220, 221, 222, 223, 226, 233, 244, 252, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 263, 267, 284, 286, 288, 289, 291, 294, 296, 297, 298, 299, 301, 302, 305, 306, 309, 313, 317, 319, 320, 323, 325, 326, 327, 330, 331, 336, 337, 338
WOTTON, Henry (1568—1639) 95, 110
WYAT, Thomas (1503—1542) 28, 44

ANONYMOUS, 8, 20, 21, 22, 30, 33, 36, 53, 54, 57, 70, 104, 114, 117, 121, 125, 133, 134, 135, 136, 164, 195

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
A Chieftain to the Highlands bound	211
A child's a plaything for an hour	270
A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by	305
A slumber did my spirit seal	210
A sweet disorder in the dress	95
A weary lot is thine, fair maid	225
A wet sheet and a flowing sea	275
Absence, hear thou this protestation	81
Ah, Chlons ' could I now but sit	86
Ah ' County Guy, the hour is nigh	217
All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd	149
All thoughts, all passions, all delights	199
And are ye sure the news is true	181
And is this—Yarrow?—This the Stream	297
And thou art dead, as young and fair	231
And wilt thou leave me thus	20
Aniel to Miranda —Take	288
Art thou pale for weariness	305
Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers	50
As it fell upon a day	27
As I was walking all alone	107
As slow our ship her foamy track	261
At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears	288
At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly	230
Avenge, O Lord ' Thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones	64
Awake, Aeolian lyre, awake	157
Awake, awake, my Lyre	101
Bards of Passion and of Mirth	197
Beauty sat bathing by a spring	13
Behold her, single in the field	287
Being your slave, what should I do but tend	9
Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed	277
Best and brightest, come away	299
Bid me to live, and I will live	97
Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy	125
Blow, blow, thou winter wind	34
Bright Star ' would I were steadfast as thou art	228

	PAGE
Call for the robin redbreast and the wren	41
Calm was the day, and through the trembling air	1
Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in Armour	7
Care charmer Sleep, son of the Sable Night	28
Come away, come away, Death	38
Come, cheerful day, put of my life to me	51
Come little babe, come silly soul	55
Come live with me and be my Love	5
Come, Sleep O Sleep ' the curtain knot of peace	21
Come unto these yellow sands	2
Crabbed Age and Youth	6
Cupid and my Campaspe play'd	14
Cynack, whose grandsire, on the royal bench	80
Daughter of Jove, relentless power	188
Draughter to that good Earl, once President	89
Degenerate Douglas ' oh, the unworthy lord	289
Doth then the world go thus, doth all thus move	54
Down in yon garden sweet and gay	147
Drink to me only with thine eyes	92
Duncan Gray cam here to woo	180
Earl March look'd on his dying child	225
Earth has not anything to show more fair	251
E'en like two little bank-dividing brooks	96
Eternal Spirit of the charmless Mind	240
Ethereal minstrel ' pilgrim of the sky	273
Ever let the Fancy roam	310
Fain would I change that note	6
Fair Daffodils, we weep to see	111
Fair pledges of a fruitful tree	110
Farewell ' thou art too dear for my possessing	25
Fear no more the heat o' the sun	40
Fine knacks for ladies, cheap, choice, brave and new	22
Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow	30
For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove	155
Forget not yet the tried intent	18
Four Seasons fill the measure of the year .	339
From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony	63
From Stirling Castle we had seen	295
Full fathom five thy father lies	40
Gather ye rose-buds while ye may	87
Gem of the crimson colour'd Even .	218
Get up, get up for shame ' The blooming morn	93
Go fetch to me a pint o' wine	152
Go, lovely Rose	91
Hail thou most sacred venerable thing	128
Hail to thee, blithe Spirit .	274
Happy the man, whose wish and care	136
Happy those early days, when I .	78
Happy were he could finish forth his fate	55

Index of First Lines

377

	PAGE
He that loves a rosy cheek	90
He is gone on the mountain	264
Hence, all you vain delights	108
Hence, loathed Melancholy	116
Hence, vain deluding Joys	120
He sang of God, the mighty source	161
High-way, since you my chief Parnassus be	9
How happy is he born and taught	76
How like a winter hath my absence been	10
How sleep the brave who sink to rest	144
How sweet the answer Echo makes	217
How vainly men themselves amaze	118
I am monarch of all I survey	190
I arise from dreams of Thee	205
I cannot change, as others do	87
I dream'd that as I wander'd by the way	807
I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden	208
I have had playmates, I have had companions	250
I have no name	165
I heard a thousand blended notes	812
I meet thy pensive, moonlight face	211
I met a traveller from an antique land	282
I remember, I remember	254
I saw Eternity the other night	129
I saw her in childhood	265
I saw my lady weep	19
I saw where in the shroud did lurk	268
I travell'd among unknown men	208
I wander'd lonely as a cloud	291
I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile	327
I wish I were where Helen lies	106
If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song	170
If doughty deeds my lady please	153
If I had thought thou couldst have died	263
If Thou survive my well contented day	41
If to be absent were to be	100
I'm wearing awa', Jean	184
In a dream nighted December	222
In the downfall of life, when I find I'm declining	195
In the sweet shine of Candigan	243
In this still place, remote from men	329
In Xanadu did Kubla Khan	303
It is a beauteous evening, calm and free	303
It is not growing like a tree	77
It was a dismal and a fearful night	108
It was a lover and his lass	8
It was a summer evening	244
I've heard them lifting at our ewe-milking	145
Jack and Joan, they think no ill	115
John Anderson my jo, John	185

	PAGE
Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting	43
Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son	79
Let me not to the marriage of true minds	20
Life ! I know not what thou art	196
Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore	2
Like to the clear in highest sphere	12
Love in my bosom, like a bee	43
Love in thy youth, fair Maid, be wise	90
Love not me for comely grace	94
Lo ! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours	166
Many a green isle needs must be	320
Mary ! I want a lyre with other strings	101
Milton ! thou shouldst be living at this hour	242
Mine be a cot beside the hill	169
Mortality, behold and fear	73
Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes	309
Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold	199
Music, when soft voices die	346
My days among the Dead are past	257
My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains	279
My heart leaps up when I behold	341
My Love in her attire doth shew her wit	96
My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow	39
My thoughts hold mortal strife	38
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his	20
Never love unless you can	16
Never seek to tell thy love	156
No longer mourn for me when I am dead	42
Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note	217
Not, Celia, that I juster am	94
Now the golden Morn aloft	133
Now the last day of many days	301
O blithe new-comer ! I have heard	278
O Brignall banks are wild and fair	203
O Friend ! I know not which way I must look	242
O happy shades ! to me unblest	168
O if thou knew'st how thou thyself dost harm	18
O leave this barren spot to me	283
O listen, listen, ladies gay	266
O lovers' eyes are sharp to see	227
O Mary, at thy window be	175
O me ! what eyes hath love put in my head	31
O Mistress mine, where are you roaming	22
O my Luve's like a red, red rose	177
O never say that I was false of heart	11
O saw ye bonnie Lesley	176
O say what is that thing call'd Light	136
O talk not to me of a name great in story	202
O Thou, by Nature taught	134
O waly waly up the bank	104

Index of First Lines

379

	PAGE
O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms	224
O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being	325
O World! O Life! O Time	340
Obscurest night involved the sky	193
Of all the girls that are so smart	151
Of a' the airts the wind can blow	188
Of Nelson and the North	237
Of Neptune's empire let us sing	80
Of this fair volume which we World do name	53
Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray	213
Oft in the stilly night	255
Oh snatch'd away in beauty's bloom	262
On a day, alack the day	17
On a Poet's lips I slept	329
Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee	241
One more Unfortunate	259
One word is too often profaned	233
On Linden, when the sun was low	243
Our bugles sang to thee, for the night-cloud had lower'd	306
Over the mountains	84
Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day	45
Phoebus, arise . . .	2
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu	233
Poor Soul, the centre of my sinful earth	52
Proud Maizie is in the wood . . .	258
Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair	81
Rough Wind, that moanest loud	339
Ruin seize thee, ruthless King	140
Season of mist and mellow fruitfulness	298
See with what simplicity	85
Shall I compare thee to a summer's day	15
Shall I, wasting in despair	102
She dwelt among the untrodden ways	208
She is not fair to outward view	207
She walks in beauty, like the night	206
She was a Phantom of delight	206
Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea	4
Since thee's no help, come let us kiss and part	30
Sleep, angry beauty, sleep and fear not me	31
Sleep on, and dream of Heaven awhile	154
Sleep, sleep, beauty bright	165
Souls of Poets dead and gone	257
Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king	1
Star that bungest home the bee	304
Stern Daughter of the Voice of God	239
Surprized by joy--impatient as the wind	230
Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes	90
Sweet Highland Gull, a very shower	285
Sweet Love, if thou wilt gain a monarch's glory	14

	PAGE
Sweet stream, that winds through yonder glade	104
Swiftly walk over the western wave	104
Take, O take those lips away	29
Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense	331
Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind	88
Tell me where is Fanny bled	12
That time of year thou may'st in me behold	23
That which her slender waist confined	96
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day	172
The forward youth that would appear	65
The fountains mingle with the river	216
The glories of our blood and state	74
The last and greatest Herald of Heaven's King	55
The lovely lass o' Inverness	144
The man of life upright	52
The merchant, to secure his treasure	155
The more we live, more brief appear	338
The nightingale, as soon as April bringeth	28
The poplars are fell'd, farewell to the shade	167
There be none of Beauty's daughters	204
There is a flower, the lesser Celandine	253
There is a garden in her face	92
There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away	252
There's not a nook within this solemn Pass	340
There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream	311
The sea hath many thousand sands	33
The sun is warm, the sky is clear	256
The sun upon the lake is low	304
The twentieth year is well nigh past	192
The world is too much with us, late and soon	330
They are all gone into the world of light	109
They that have power to hurt, and will do none	26
This is the month, and thus the happy morn	56
This Life, which seems so fair	51
Though others may her brow adore	21
Thou art not fair, for all thy red and white	34
Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness	331
Three years she grew in sun and shower	200
Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream	146
Tunely blossom, Infant fair	138
Tired with all these, for restful death I cry	54
Toll for the Brave	148
To me, fair Friend, you never can be old	11
To one who has been long in city pent	242
Turn back, you wanton five!	16
'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won	129
'Twas on a lofty vase's side	137
Two Voices are there, one is of the Sea	241
Under the greenwood tree	7
Upon my lap my sovereign sits	105
Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms staying	333
Victorious men of earth, no more	71

	PAGE
Wee, lords and ladies gay	272
Wee, blackit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie	168
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee	37
Weep you no more, sad fountains	14
Were I as base as is the lowly plann	21
We talk'd with open heart, and tongue	336
We walk'd along, while bright and red	334
We watch'd her breathing thro' the night	265
Whenas in silks my Julia goes	95
When Britain first at Heaven's command	189
When first the fiery-mantled Sun	294
When God at first made Man	78
When he who adores thee has left but the name	246
When icicles hang by the wall	23
When I consider how my light is spent	76
When I have borne in memory what has tamed	243
When I have fears that I may cease to be	229
When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced	4
When I survey the bught	126
When I think on the happy days	182
When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes	10
When in the chronicle of wasted time	15
When lovely woman stoops to folly	156
When Love with unconfined wings	99
When maidens such as Hester die	262
When Music, heavenly maid, was young	161
When Ruth was left half desolate	313
When the lamp is shatter'd	226
When the sheep are in the fold, and the kye at hame	178
When thou must home to shades of underground	37
When to the sessions of sweet silent thought	24
When we two parted	221
Where art thou, my beloved Son	270
Where shall the lover rest	222
Where the bee sucks, there suck I	2
Where the remote Bermudas lide	124
Whether on Ida's shady brow	197
While that the sun with his beams hot	32
Whoe'er she be	82
Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant	220
Why so pale and wan, fond lover	100
Why weep ye by the tide, ladie	215
With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies	36
With little here to do or see	291
With sweetest milk and sugar first	112
Ye banks and braes and streams around	177
Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon	157
Ye distant spires, ye antique towers	185
Ye Mariners of England	235
Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine eye	284
Yet once more, O ye laurels and once more	68
You meaner beauties of the night	88

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